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THE

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# ITINERANT;

OR,

## MEMOIRS OF AN ACTOR.



### PART II.

VOL. II.



*BY S. W. RYLEY.*



“ The world’s a stage,  
“ And all the men and women merely players;  
“ They have their exits and their entrances;  
“ And one man, in his time, plays many parts.”

SHAKSPEARE.



PHILADELPHIA:

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1817.



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OF

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# THE ITINERANT.

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## CHAP. XIII.

### “ KNAVE OR NOT.”

HOLCROFT.

WE had settled to leave town in the course of the following week, and as a preparative, had taken leave of all our acquaintance, except Mr. Woodfall and his amiable wife. Mrs. Woodfall, formerly Miss Collins, made one of my company during my unfortunate management at Worcester, Gloucester, &c. and was afterwards transplanted to Drury-lane theatre, from whence she married the worthy little printer,\* whom I have the pleasure to call friend.

With this good couple we spent the present evening, in rational and amusing conversation; in their society, time flew without the extraneous aid of four by honours, or the black aces. Indeed, if I may hazard an opinion from my own limited experience, cards are less used comparatively in London, than in provincial towns. In Liverpool and Chester for instance, they seem essential to the very being of the

\* This gentleman is son to the Mr. Woodfall formerly proprietor of Woodfall's Register, and highly celebrated as a reporter. Trusting entirely to memory, without the aid of notes, he would attend the courts of law in the morning, and the house of commons in the evening, and make as correct a report of the speeches and proceedings in each place, as those who took them down in writing, and was never known to err in a single point.

inhabitants ; a necessary of life, without which existence would be a burthen. On the contrary, at the houses where we visited in town, I recollect but one solitary instance in which games of chance were introduced. Intellect languishes at a card table—the well-informed mind is there placed on a level with mental imbecility—nay, perhaps ranks below it as a card player—and for this reason, the one thinks the pursuit beneath his notice,—the other has no pleasure in any thing else.

The following morning, I was alarmed by the sudden appearance of Sullivan's landlord. "Oh Mr. Romney!" said he, with much agitation, "for mercy's sake come to poor Mr. Sullivan; he has certainly taken leave of his senses, and forever ruined the reputation of my house. My wife is in fits, and unless something be done immediately, I must apply to a magistrate."

From this strange introduction, I was led to conclude, what at the same time appeared very improbable, that Sullivan had taken some improper liberties with Shore's wife. When I hinted this, "Oh, dear! no, sir," replied he, "though that would have been no worse than what he has done."

"In the name of all that's rational, what has he done?" I enquired.

"You know, sir," replied the man, "he frequently stays out late, at least what we early folks call late, on which account he has a key of the door, for I would trust him with untold gold if I had it. Alas! little did I think—but to go on, sir. I generally rise early to open my shop. I had been up perhaps an hour this morning, and was cutting out work for my men, when I heard a noise in Mr. Sullivan's room, something like striking the floor with a hammer. I had often noticed him beating with his feet, what he calls the d—l's tattoo, which never ceases when he is intent on his writing; but this was quite different, louder, less frequent, and more distinct. The Lord knows I had no suspicion of what was really the case,

but led by mere curiosity, I ventured up stairs to the first landing, and listening, could plainly hear the cries of a young infant. Sinner that I am, you might have knocked me down with a feather. If you'll believe me, sir, I had scarcely strength to crawl to his door, which stood ajar; and what do you think I saw?"

"Well—well—what? Go on," cried I, impatiently.

"Mr. Sullivan seated in his chair, without coat, rocking a child, whilst his bed was occupied by some person, whom I suspected to be a woman. Such goings on, sir, in the house of a methodist, could not silently be endured; but my astonishment was so great, I could not summon courage to enter the room, and was retiring to commune with my wife, when Vigo put his head through the opening of the door, seized my coat, and detained me. I spoke to the dog, who immediately let me go, and Mr. Sullivan hearing my voice, faintly exclaimed, for he seemed nearly exhausted, 'Mr. Shore come in, and view death in all her various aspects. Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live.' 'True, Mr. Sullivan,' I replied, for I now found my spirit rise, 'man hath but a short time to live, and therefore it should be better spent than in lewdness and fornication.'

"I spoke this in rather a loud key, which brought my wife from her room; and in her passion, if I had not prevented her, she would I believe have torn the woman, weak as she was, from the bed, and raised the neighbourhood. At length I succeeded in getting her out of the room, but the consequence was, for though a good woman, she cannot always govern her temper, hysteric fits, which held her a considerable time. When she revived, we began to reason more calmly, and after a word or two in prayer, determined to do nothing rashly, trusting that Providence would not involve us in other people's guilt. Having obtained my wife's promise not to enter Mr. Sullivan's chamber till my return, I came to apprise you of the melancholy business, and to ask your advice."

At the conclusion of this uncommon detail, Shore looked at me as the oracle on which he depended for earthly salvation. I could not help smiling at his simplicity, and though my ideas of the business were different from his, yet I found there was wretchedness and misery, which must be immediately enquired into, and if possible relieved.

With this view I accompanied him to Fulwood's Rents, and there, sure enough, a very pitiable scene presented itself. Poor Sullivan, wearied out with rocking, had given the infant to its almost speechless mother, and with that absence of mind for which he was remarkable, without putting on his coat, or removing his night-cap, repaired to the next tavern to purchase a small quantity of wine, as a means of recruiting the nearly lifeless system of this unfortunate female. On his return through the shop he encountered Mrs. Shore, who, though she had engaged not to *enter* his room, had not promised to be a tacit observer *out* of it. The sight of poor Sullivan, pale and trembling, would, on any other occasion, have roused her compassion, but now, had no other effect than to increase the natural violence of her disposition. In bitter reproaches she was pouring forth her wrath on the spectre-like figure, who stood silently waiting the conclusion of her harangue, when I entered the shop. She then addressed herself to me. "Oh! Mr. Romney, I am glad you are come! The house, the credit, and character of Jerry Shore are ruined for ever! There he stands, wicked sinner that he is, who has caused it all."

Sullivan, at the end of this invective, shook his head, and as he walked up stairs, with a bitter sigh exclaimed, "alas! alas! they know not what they do!" At the same time taking my hand, with a piteous look he continued, "ah! my friend! are you come to rend your generous heart by a participation of woes unutterable? Come and judge if my sorrows are not now complete." As we entered the room, he seized my arm, and added, "stop! she speaks." At

that moment a plaintive voice, in a lamentable tone, sighed forth, "my child! my child!"

Sullivan approached the bed, and putting aside the curtain, presented to my view a form pale as the whited wall, and to all appearance dead. "I fear she is gone," said he, taking the child from her arm, and giving it to me, that he might examine if any pulsation remained. "Thank God! she lives!" he exclaimed fervently. "I fear the child does not," I replied, which proved to be the case, and this was probably the cause of the mother's insensibility. "Aye, it's dead! It's quite gone!" said Sullivan as his bright eyes swam in tears, and he clasped the lifeless form to his breast. "Though I could have wished it otherwise, it is a wise and just decree, for misery is my inheritance, and doubtless this little being would have been heir to all its father's misfortunes."

Having opened his box, and placed the child amongst his small stock of linen, he immediately applied some wine to the lips of the female, but without effect. "What shall I do?" cried he: "bleeding might save her life, but I have no lancet." I happened to have a sharp penknife in my pocket, and as no time was to be lost, Sullivan with much skill breathed a vein, and the effect was immediately visible.

Casting a look of wild delirium around her, she faintly said, "Where am I?" Then observing Sullivan, she put forth a hand and arm of snow white semblance, and continued, "my broken heart beats with pleasure at a sight so welcome: I have just been with my father, and he says I shall yet be happy—my child too, my infant shall be happy: but where is he?" Summoning all her strength, she felt about the bed, when finding nothing, her look was indescribable; despair was visible in her countenance, whilst she strained every nerve to articulate, "where is he? what have you done with my boy?" Then seeing blood on the sheets, "alas! alas!" she added, "you have killed my child!" and fainted away.



Mrs. Shore, who had followed us on tiptoe, at these words burst into the room, with a violence of passion scarcely to be conceived. "So! you have murdered the child!" she roared out; "but I'll make you suffer for it." Looking about, without discovering the baby, her suspicions were confirmed, and she ran out of the room, bawling "murder! murder!"

'Tis impossible to describe poor Sullivan's appearance. He clasped his hands in silent sorrow, and looked the image of despair. For my own part, I felt so perplexed between busy conjecture, unpleasant surmise, and incapacity to render any service, that I stood motionless, undetermined what to say, or how to act.

There was a pause of awful silence, whilst Sullivan employed himself in rubbing, chaffing, and endeavouring to revive the unhappy fair one; when at length I ventured to say in a low voice, "for heaven's sake! who is this female? and how came you so materially concerned?" "My dear friend," he replied, "on this you may rest assured, I am doing no more than my duty, my virtuous, my religious duty; which you, in my situation, would fulfil with more power and attention."

Sullivan's general appearance was not calculated to excite passion in the breast of a young and lovely female; yet such a one was now before my eyes, evidently loving and beloved, and lately the mother of a child, he had directly confessed to be his own. It was not probable she could be his wife, and against her being his mistress there appeared moral character, a hatred of vice, and love of virtue.

This reverie was interrupted by voices on the stairs. and in a moment a man with the insignia of office appeared at the bed side, introduced by Mrs. Shore with these words: "there he is—that's the murderer!" pointing to Sullivan. "A living child there was, and a dead child there is somewhere. I'll swear I heard it cry: my husband saw the wicked man nursing it; and I heard the abandoned woman



acknowledge it was killed. Therefore, for the credit of my house, I insist upon a search." This she began herself, in a rude manner examining the bed clothes, and in the general rummage lifted up the box lid—uttered a loud scream—and fell into hysterics on the floor.

Her husband came to her assistance, whilst the constable seized Sullivan, and began to search his pockets. Nothing, however, appeared until he drew forth my penknife, on which the marks of blood were visible. "I fear," said the man, "there has indeed been murder, and this knife the dreadful instrument." Poor Sullivan saw before him such a scene of misery, that his tongue refused to utter a word in vindication, and he stood motionless, the emblem of mute distraction.

The constable, without further enquiry, was hurrying him away, when I bade him examine the child, and if no marks of violence appeared, to touch him at his peril. "The knife," I added, "is mine, and was employed to bleed the poor woman who now lies senseless in that bed." The child was examined; the man seemed at a loss how to proceed, when Mrs. Shore, recovered from her fit, soon decided the matter, by saying, "she was sure the child had been made away with, some how or another, for she heard it cry, and in a minute afterwards the woman in the bed called out, 'you have murdered my boy!' Besides," added she, "who hid the child in the box? If it died naturally, what occasion for concealment?"

This appeared strongly against him, and the constable informed Sullivan it was his duty to take him before the sitting magistrate. "Aye, aye," vociferated Shore's wife, "away with him! I am ready to make oath the child was murdered; so away with him, and his fine madam too."

Poor Sullivan, long used to grapple with affliction, stood the scoffs and revilings of this wicked woman with a degree of apathy, accompanied with a look that spoke internal anguish; yet no agony of mind

brought from his lips an improper expression; no vent of passion, no repining at the dispensations of providence; his countenance seemed to say, "I am miserable, but it is the will of God, and His will be done."

The constable being impatient to depart, I approached Sullivan, who was bending over the form of the apparently lifeless female, and expressed my readiness, either to remain and watch over the object of his solicitude, or to accompany him to Bow Street. "Watch!" he replied; "Think you life is not extinct? How pale and ghastly she looks!" At that moment a slight convulsion spoke returning life, and a hectic flush passed over the pale countenance of Sullivan. "I thank thee, O God!" he piously ejaculated; "Restore this poor sufferer, and all other evils will appear light in the balance; but if thou hast otherwise decreed, let us both depart together. Stay by her, my dear friend; be her guardian angel until my return. And yet, I shall greatly want your support on the coming occasion. Would Mrs. Romney were here!"

I now regretted not acceding to Ann's wish; but the evil was past remedy; and with renovated spirits, the consequence of renewed hope, poor Sullivan, accompanied by the constable, and Mr. and Mrs. Shore as witnesses, left the house. After the coach had driven off, I locked the shop door, and returned to my charge, who seemed fast recovering, when loud and repeated knocks brought me again down stairs; and I think I never welcomed my wife with much greater pleasure than at this critical moment. I could now follow and support Sullivan; besides, Ann could minister to the poor fainting female with more feeling and delicacy than I could. After introducing her into the sick room, and explaining the state of the invalid, I walked with all possible expedition to Bow Street.

To the most innocent, there is something awful in a court of justice. And though this small place is

divested of the paraphernalia—the fear-inspiring costume—yet, I felt unpleasant, although, on my own account, I had nothing to fear. To be the gaze of all around, for the court was crowded; to be looked into confusion by the stern brow of official self-importance, as who shall say. “I am Sir Oracle;” add to this, the impossibility of deciding how I could essentially serve Sullivan, whose cause I yet determined to support to the utmost of my power, although ignorant of the real state of his concerns; and my situation will not appear the most enviable.

As I entered the court, the constable informed the magistrate of the business in agitation, and Sullivan was placed at the bar. The moment he appeared, a smile sat upon every countenance. The justice could with difficulty maintain his gravity, so strange and uncommon was my friend’s appearance. But emotions of a far different kind agitated me. I felt for this innocent, unoffending, honest creature, as though attached to him by the closest ties of kindred; and I trembled lest questions should be put to him, concerning the unfortunate female, which he might neither think it proper nor delicate to disclose.

Mrs. Shore was first interrogated. She stated, with many fanatical digressions, that her house, hitherto the receptacle of those who were followers of the Lamb, had, in an evil hour, and by the instigation of the wicked one, been inhabited by a wolf in sheep’s clothing; for, surely, no man could carry so fair a face, and do so foul a deed. She then related the supposed murder. The child was heard to cry—the mother exclaimed, they have murdered my boy!—the corpse found in the box—the bloody knife, which the constable produced—all, all tended to pronounce the prisoner guilty. The woman’s deposition was followed by her husband’s, to the same effect, divested of his wife’s hypocritical cant, and had a sensible effect on the bystanders. Some shuddered, others shook their heads; but when the knife was exhibited, every eye turned with disgust upon Sullivan;

and had the examination ended here, I doubt not he would have been fully committed.

On a bench appropriated to strangers, on the right of the magistrates, sat a little deformed middle aged man, taking notes, from which I concluded he was a reporter.

The chief magistrate now addressed the prisoner. "What is your name?"

"Silvester Sullivan."

"Good God!" exclaimed the little man; "from Truro, in Cornwall?"

"The same."

The stranger then rose, took his hat from the table, and solemnly ejaculating "Thy will be done!" was precipitately retreating, when the magistrate requested to be informed, if he knew the prisoner at the bar? To which he abruptly replied, "What I know, I know," and instantly departed, leaving the spectators on the gape of astonishment, and Sullivan no less surprised; for it seems the stranger was alike unknown to him and every one present. "Where do you live?" continued the magistrate, when the wonder occasioned by the little man's words and manner had subsided.

"I exist," replied Sullivan, "in that mistaken woman's house, in Fulwood's-rents."

"What trade do you follow?"

"None."

"What occupation were you brought up to?"

"A very unprofitable one; the occupation of a gentleman."

"Then doubtless you had some capital to begin with."

"I had a capital education—a capital stock of feeling for the distresses of my fellow-creatures—a lack of servility and hypocrisy—and an abundant stock of sincerity and independence."

During this short speech, the natural fire of his sparkling black eyes shone with a radiance I never saw surpassed, and which conscious integrity could

alone have kindled. The spectators seemed to feel the justice of his claims—for they whispered and nodded approbation, in proportion as they felt the error of their former opinion. This disposition, so favourable to Sullivan, I availed myself of, and begged leave to speak what I knew of the business. My request was readily accorded, and I related as much of what the reader is already acquainted with as I thought necessary, concluding with an eulogium on the character and moral conduct of the prisoner.

“What is your name and occupation?” enquired the magistrate, addressing me.

“My name is Samuel Romney —”

“Of Drury-lane theatre,” interrupted a voice from the crowd. “Little Appleby is here, in *statu quo*, to prove it, by —”

This interruption caused a laugh, which the magistrate soon put a stop to, by ordering the person, whoever he was, to be taken into custody, and fined for profane swearing.

The search proved fruitless; the offender had made his escape, at which I inwardly rejoiced. This strange mortal always addressed me as one of the regular corps of Drury-lane theatre, and when once he took a thing into his head, it was no easy matter to drive it thence. One morning I chanced to meet him taking his diurnal round, to announce the rehearsal to the different performers; “Well Appleby,” said I, “what is rehearsed this morning?” “*We*,” (he always included himself,) “*we* rehearse *Macbeth* at eleven, and *Blue Beard* at one. You are not wanted to-day, Mr. Romney; but *we* shan’t let you be idle long; you may depend upon that, I know where to find you, 15, Northumberland Street; Appleby will be punctual.”

This would-be-great little’s man’s interference, however unexpected or unpleasant, threw an accidental light upon me, for one of the magistrates had been present at my debut in Drury Lane Theatre, and thanked me for the very clear evidence I had given



upon a subject which at first appeared so intricate. A surgeon was immediately despatched to Fulwood's Rents, and returned with a full assurance that the child had not lost its life by any violence whatever, but had expired in a fit.

The magistrates, now fully convinced of Sullivan's innocence, were on the point of discharging him, when Mrs. Shore asked his worship if she must have no redress for the scandal brought upon her house by the introduction of a bad woman? Sullivan's philosophy and christian patience could not keep pace with his indignation, when he heard a character, dear to him as his own existence, reviled and treated with ignominy. Turning with much warmth, "Woman!" said he—then checking himself, as if recollecting the insignificance of his opponent—"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Shore," he continued, "you may mean well, but your zeal leads you to uncharitableness. Does your *religion* teach you this? I should think not. Give me leave to inform you, that the person you have been unguarded enough to call a *bad woman*, is an *angel*. Whatever her misfortunes may have been—whatever calamities she may have suffered—her character is unsullied; nor will I suffer it to be impeached by ignorance, or mistaken bigotry."

This was spoken with so much feeling, that every one seemed affected; and the magistrate, in the kindest manner, requested him to retire in peace, for he was honourably acquitted.

With a respectful bow Sullivan departed, and I followed him, highly gratified that this unpleasant business had come to so pleasant a conclusion.

Arrived in Fulwood's Rents, Ann flew to open the door on our first summons, but pale and agitated.

Sullivan caught the alarm, and mournfully enquired "if all was over?" "No: thank God!" replied my wife, "your friend is much recruited; but Romney has subjected me to more terror than I ever before knew the meaning of."

"How?" enquired I; "explain."

“If there be one thing in the world,” she continued, “I have a greater aversion to than another, it is a corpse. I am ashamed to own it; but it is a weakness that has clung to me from my youth, and will, I fear, never be eradicated. Soon after you left me, the sick lady’s arm being out of bed, I perceived blood issuing from the newly made orifice. This caused a very small portion of alarm, because it was not the first time my skill had been exercised in a similar way. Some linen was indispensibly necessary; but my search round the room presented nothing of the kind: the box, however, might supply me, and hastily opening it, you may judge of my feelings, for I am unable to describe them, when unprepared—unsuspecting—the lifeless form of an infant met my view! The lid fell from my trembling hand—I started back with a loud shriek, and—if fits were not a species of disorder I have constantly defied—now would have been the time to confess their influence. My screams alarmed the lady; but instantly recovering my self-command, and recollecting Mr. Shore’s mention of a baby, the truth flashed upon my mind, and I gave a turn to my fright, that could in no way interfere with her amendment. The box, however, I determined to investigate no further; and taking a cambric handkerchief from my neck, had staunched the blood, and again tied up the arm, when the surgeon made his appearance. Acquainting me with the purport of his visit, I preceded him into the room and closed the curtains, to conceal his investigation from the mother; then requesting he would look at my patient, to see if I had operated properly, he paid some compliments to my surgical skill, and departed.

Sullivan expressed his sorrow that Mrs. R—— had been so unnecessarily alarmed, and I took blame to myself for not being more explicit respecting both the mother and child; but the hurry I was in to follow my friend drove away all minor considerations, and my wife was left to experience a shock which



might have been attended with serious consequences to a feeble mind, or one less endowed with self-possession. Mr. and Mrs. Shore now arrived, and the good man made many apologies for the trouble and exposure his wife's hasty temper had occasioned. The woman herself was fawning and servile, and offered to do every thing in her power to accommodate the poor sick lady, who she might have known was a proper person, or Mr. Sullivan, the best of men, would not have brought her to an honest house. To this hypocritical speech he made no reply, but ordering some soup from a neighbouring shop, we followed Ann up stairs, and found the invalid much recovered and revived by the nourishment she had had the precaution to bring with her; then recommending the interment of the infant as soon as possible, we took leave.

Coming down stairs, the parlour door being open, I heard the pious Mrs. Shore chaunting in no very dulcet tones, "Daughters of Sion rejoice and sing," at the same time consoling herself with the contents of a pewter noggin. As she saw me pass, she requested to know how the poor dear lady was? adding, "ah !Mr. Romney ! she has been buffeted." much ! The tempter has been busy with her I doubt. Before I married my Jerry, I long buffeted the attacks of the wicked one; but in a fatal hour he prevailed, and I had a misfortune of this kind myself. Thanks to the preaching, however, I am now, through repentance and regeneration, become a *new creature*, and *take up my cross daily*. 'Daughters of Sion rejoice and sing, rejoice and sing.' Would you take a little drop of Maidstone?" offering me the glass. "Sad pain in my stomach, Mr. Romney; but this, with a blessing, always relieves me, and the Lord knows I am thankful. 'Daughters of Sion rejoice and sing, rejoice and sing.'" After chaunting this stave she took another glass, and I perceived had made some progress towards a state it was not pro-

per for me to witness. So I left *her* and the *daughters of Sion* to *take up their cross together*, and we proceeded to Northumberland Street, where I only remained to take a hasty snack, having, through the kindness of Sir Robert Peel, received an order for the House of Commons. Mrs. Clarke was this day to be examined on the Duke of York's unfortunate business; and feeling, in common with thousands of my fellow subjects, an irrepressible eagerness to see the woman, whose character and conduct were become themes of universal discussion, I with difficulty squeezed myself into a situation neither commodious nor commanding, for I could see little, and hear less.

After remaining cooped up in this place for nearly four hours, I was meditating a retreat, when, standing upon a bench, and even then not more elevated than those who sat, I espied the identical little man who conducted himself so strangely that morning in Bow Street. He held a book and a pencil, which confirmed my former supposition. A reporter for a popular morning paper occupied the seat next to me, and of him I enquired whether my conjecture was tenable?

“If he be a reporter,” he replied, “it is for an *infernal chronicle*, for I firmly believe him to be something more than mortal. Go where I will, upon business or pleasure, that strange looking object is ever before me. In the courts of law—the two houses of parliament—the Park—the theatres—and yet nobody appears to know either his name or occupation, at least nobody that I am acquainted with. From his size and deformity, he has acquired the name of little Esop, and this is all the information I can give you.”

Inconsiderable as it was, it still further roused my curiosity, and on Sullivan's account I determined to sit him out, and afterwards trace him to his abode; when turning my eyes towards the station he occupied, I found it vacant, although half a minute had not elapsed since I beheld him. With as much haste as the crowd would permit, I left the gallery, intent

on pursuing him, and almost certain of overtaking him ere he left Westminster Hall; but when I arrived there he was not to be found, nor had a gentleman I questioned seen such a person pass. As I stood for a moment chewing the cud of disappointment, I thought there was a possibility of finding him in the House of Lords: accordingly I walked in, and there sure enough my little gentleman was. "If thou escapest me now," thought I, "it will be my own fault."

The moment I entered his eye was upon me, and suspecting he might recollect my being of Sullivan's party in the morning, I concealed myself as much as possible from his sight. I remained here about an hour, keeping him constantly in view, and when he departed, followed at a distance of twenty or thirty yards. At the bottom of Westminster Hall he was accosted by two well dressed men, who remaining uncovered during the conversation, I conjectured were servants out of livery. As he spoke, his gestures were uncommonly animated, and passing them slowly, I heard him say, "send the carriage home, and be within call for the next hour."

I had scarcely got outside the door, when he passed me, and looking full in my face, I fancied there was a sarcastic smile upon his countenance, as much as to say, "you may follow, but I shall elude your vigilance." "Will you so?" thought I in reply; "and if you do, you must be something superhuman, or set me down for a driveller." As we passed along Parliament Street I kept at a considerable distance, but turning up the Strand, I found I must either follow pretty close, or amidst the concourse of pedestrians, I should lose him to a certainty.

It did not appear to me that I had the least influence upon his motions, because he never once looked behind him: on the contrary, if he had had positive intelligence that some one watched his footsteps, he could not have taken greater pains to puzzle his pursuer. After a circuitous route, we

found ourselves again at Charing Cross, when turning up St. Martin's Lane, we at length reached Holborn, where a picture shop seemed to attract his attention. Drawing my hat over my face, and likewise covering the side next him with my pocket handkerchief, I also drew near; but the mysterious little being knew me and my intentions better than I was aware of; for without taking his eyes from the window, he said, in a low tone of voice, "do you observe those luminous orbs that gild the meridian of that moonlight piece?"

"I do," I replied, for there were no gazers but ourselves.

"Those celestial bodies," he continued, "have their regular evolutions and revolutions, and were they to come in contact, the consequences would be fatal."

"Most true," I answered.

"Terrestrial bodies," pursued he, "have likewise their diurnal and nocturnal motions: for instance, I—mark me—am revolving towards the place of my residence, which is a secret that cannot, *must* not be discovered; and to come in too close contact with me may be dangerous. Go home, sir, whilst you are well. You have *acted many parts*, but do not *act the spy*. Tell Sullivan not to despair—I am at hand to save him—but Mary cannot remain—they must be separated. Now go about your *own* affairs, nor seek to pry into *mine*, for you might as well attempt to find the philosopher's stone as my residence."

This most astonishing and incomprehensible speech, at the conclusion of which he walked away, threw me into great perplexity, and I stood undetermined how to act. If I pursued him, I might injure Sullivan's interest, and if I lost this opportunity of tracing him, another might never occur; for his last defiance I looked upon as mere bravado—a feint to divert me from my purpose. It had a contrary effect; it whetted the before keen edge of curiosity, and fearless of consequences, I continued my pursuit; only keeping

at as great a distance as my eye could be trusted. As he turned up Hatton Garden, I might perhaps be sixty yards in the rear, when my attention was attracted by the cry of "Murder!" I instantly turned round, and perceived a man upon the ground, and another standing over him with a stout cudgel, as if indeed in the act of inflicting a death blow. As they were immediately behind me, I requested to know the cause of this affray.

"You are the cause," replied the seeming ruffian.

"I !!!"

"Yes:—to draw your attention from the gentleman you were pursuing; he is now beyond your reach, so ends our quarrel and your curiosity."

"I before thought I had some recollection of their persons, and this speech confirmed, beyond all doubt, their being the identical men whom little Esop addressed in Westminster Hall, and "*Be within call during the next hour,*" was now accounted for. The fellow's concluding address was, however, by no means correct; my curiosity, far from being at an end, was increased tenfold by the very means he had taken to suppress it; and though baulked in this instance, I trusted to some future chance for gratifying it, when I should be guarded against the like deception."



## CHAP. XIV.

## "THE BIRTH DAY."

T. DIBDIN.

THE following morning we went to relate my adventure to Sullivan; but were informed he was ill in bed, and the sick lady gone.

"Gone!" cried Ann.

"Gone!" repeated I, in astonishment, "has he then put his threats into execution so soon?"

"He, sir!" echoed the shoemaker, "the stranger who took away our sick lodger was a lady." On desiring him to relate the whole business, he thus proceeded. "When Mr. Sullivan awoke this morning, he complained of a violent head ache, and no wonder, poor man! for he has slept two nights in his chair. Thinking a walk would do him good, he went forth, but had scarcely left the house when a carriage drove up, -and a fine portly lady, and handsome too, although providence has thought fit to rob her of one eye, got out of the coach, and desired to be shewn to the sick female above stairs. Thinking no harm, as how should I? I led the way, when the moment the poor thing saw the stranger, she screamed and fell back in her chair. I would have assisted her, but was ordered to retire, and mind my own business. Well sir; I had scarcely had time to cut out one pair of upper-leathers, ere they both came down stairs, the young lady in great trouble, the old one comforting and supporting her. I was then ordered to fetch the box containing the infant; and, as its mother made no objection, I obeyed; and putting it into the coach, it drove off. Well sir; by and by, in comes

Mr. Sullivan, but when I mentioned the lady with one eye, as I am a sinner, I thought that moment would have been his last. David never looked so ghastly when Nathan said "Thou art the man." At length, without speaking a word, for sorrow had struck him dumb, he got up stairs with my assistance, and found a note upon the table, which he read, and threw himself in agony upon the bed, where I left him."

Leaving Ann below, I ventured up stairs to condole with, though I could not relieve this truly unfortunate man. Vigo welcomed me with joyous gesticulations, but his almost lifeless master could only hold out his hand, and feebly exclaim, "Now, my good friend, all is over!—The finishing stroke is given!—And I shall trespass no longer on your kindness than to close my eyes, in full forgiveness of all men, as I hope to be forgiven."

Thinking to rouse him from the despondency which had taken such deep hold of him, I related the adventures of the preceding day, not omitting the laughable comments of the reporter, and my own observations on the unaccountable knowledge little Esop possessed of me; for his speech plainly indicated that he was acquainted with my profession, though how he acquired that knowledge was a mystery I was unable to fathom.

The relation had the desired effect. It again awakened that curiosity which subsequent events had nearly obliterated, and the little being who appeared so conversant in his concerns, and was yet himself so decidedly unknown, served to detach his meditations from self, and to turn his thoughts into a less perturbed channel. Several times he repeated, "*She cannot remain! They must be separated!*" This threat plainly indicates an understanding of no slight kind, between little Esop, as you call him, and the person who has too successfully practised upon my poor Mary."

"You doubtless know the lady," said I.



“ Oh yes! too well,” he replied, with much feeling, “ she is, in part, the cause of all my sorrow. At a future period you shall have my full confidence; at present I am unequal to the task of recapitulating my eventful story.

Determined not to leave him a prey to despair, I informed him Mrs. R——— was below; when starting up and adjusting his dress, Ann’s cheerful spirits and undeviating good humour, gave a turn to his thoughts highly desirable at the present moment; and knowing experimentally, that however abstemious in general, he had no objection occasionally to indulge in a regale, I went out, and ordered what I conceived would do him good. This necessary refreshment proved salutary, and we were deliberating on who and what little Esop could be, when Mr. Shore tapped at the door.

The timid hare may, by kind treatment, be rendered tame as any domestic animal; but in a natural state, her enemies are so powerful and numerous, that all confidence is lost in fear, and the least noise gives apprehension of approaching danger. So it was with poor Sullivan. The tap at the door, gentle though it was, threw him into trembling agitation, and when the honest shoemaker said, “ A person wants to speak with you,” it was as much as his faltering tongue could accomplish to say,—“ I’ll come.”

During his absence, I observed the note left by the old lady, on the bed; and, I confess, never in my life had I a stronger desire to do a wrong thing. “ That letter,” said I to Ann, “ would throw some light upon this mysterious business; and yet to make myself master of its contents without Sullivan’s knowledge, would be an action I can never justify, even to myself.”

“ It is a very neat hand,” said my wife, taking up the paper, and examining the direction; “ As you say, it would be wrong to open it, if we had no motive more amiable than curiosity.”

"I am afraid, Ann, we have none so *powerful*."

"Surely a wish to serve Mr. Sullivan——"

"This is a species of sophistry, by which we may gloss over an improper action, but it will not stand the test of nice examination. If the contents of that paper are of a nature to be divulged, we shall be entrusted with them; if the contrary, I hope you are not so mere a woman as to gratify curiosity at the expense of propriety."

Ann during this short dialogue had been intently gazing on the letter, as though her eye would have penetrated the folds, and turning it hastily to look at the seal, a piece of thin paper, which appeared to have been merely slipped in, fell upon her lap, and disclosed a bank note for ten pounds. "You seem determined to penetrate the poor man's secret," said I.

"I hope the rest of the contents are as pleasing as what I have unintentionally discovered," replied she, smiling, as she returned the note to its hiding-place, and deposited both on the bed.

Sullivan now entered with an open letter in his hand, which he informed us came from a bookseller in Paternoster-row, with an offer of twenty pounds for his *Moral Essays*, "which I have accepted," he continued, "for this cogent reason, I am reduced to my last shilling."

Ann looked at me. Such an assertion, after what we had seen, savoured of duplicity, or rather, downright falsehood. "Was your purse indeed so low?" said my wife.

"Yes," replied he, "and how to replenish it, except by the sale of my manuscript, I know not." Then happening to observe the letter, he put it with a sigh, into his pocket-book.

Before we left him, I obtained a promise that he would dine with us every day, during our short stay in town, and at three o'clock Sullivan and Vigo made their appearance. He had called in Paternoster-row, and received the price of his labours, which laying on

the table, he exclaimed, "Oh! thou powerful evil, how many wretched human beings for love of thee risk life and soul! Beauty bends at thy touch, princes bow at thine altar, and ministers, spiritual and temporal, adore thee as their god!" Having thus moralised, he placed the twenty pounds in his pocket-book; and, after dinner, being the king's birth-day, we sauntered towards the Palace, to view the fashionables on their way to Court.

This was a scene quite new both to Sullivan and me, and a most absurd piece of mummary he pronounced it. "If such lavish expenditure," he observed, "was productive of general good, it might be pardoned—nay applauded, but it is not. Some few individuals profit by such folly, certainly; but they are in general, I believe, people who could gain an ample subsistence if court days were abolished. If the immense sums thrown away upon those gew-gaw dresses were collected, what a number of wretched, starving, houseless objects might be fed and clothed."

"But, my good friend," I replied, "until you can make it appear that the money would be given to the poor, if not employed in a way you so highly disapprove, I think your arguments against such expenditure untenable. It does not appear to me that the great folks would give away one half-penny more, if birth-days were blotted from the calendar; and many, very many females, must be engaged on those superb trimmings, who would otherwise be reduced, probably, to earn their living in a way less reputable. For my own part, I would not have the other sex robbed of one atom of employment; they are too much oppressed already by the entrenchments of men; who, instead of fighting the battles of their country, or forwarding the interests of agriculture, are recommending—oh shame!—laces and ribands, and thereby throwing poor girls out of a situation, nature intended *they alone* should fill."

A string of carriages lined Pall Mall, and St. James's-street, and having promenaded the whole

length, we were facing about, when, within a few yards of the place we occupied, in a handsome chariot, well attended, we beheld, superbly dressed, the individual piece of deformity we were anxious to gain a knowledge of. "He is there!" said I, pointing him out to Sullivan. "You are right," replied he, "now is the time to question him." "Not exactly," said I, stopping him, "it would be the height of indecorum to intrude at such a moment."

Looking again towards the carriage, I perceived that little Esop noticed us; and not wishing it to appear that we were interested by him individually, I drew Sullivan away, and cautioned him to be on his guard, and note the chariot and servants, that we might be prepared for a pursuit, when the owner returned from paying his respects to royalty.

The coach was the last of a long string, and for the present stationary; so getting close behind it, I asked one of the footmen, in a careless manner, if that was not Mr. Percival's carriage?

"No," replied he: "Rather blunt," thought I, but no way discouraged, I continued, "pray who does it belong to?"

"My master," again replied the man laconically.

"And who is your master?" said I, still persevering.

"That's more than we tell to every inquisitive body," answered the impudent varlet.

The cavalcade at this moment moved on, when I proposed to have a hackney coach in waiting, and the moment the little man left the palace, to follow his carriage, and stop whenever and wherever it did. After waiting a considerable time, the chariot, which we never both lost sight of, drew up, and having, as we supposed, received its owner, set off at a good round pace; our's did the same, and the coachman so well obeyed my orders, that we were within a dozen paces, when the object of our pursuit stopped at the Hummums, in Covent Garden. "Now, friend Sullivan," said I, "we shall be a match for this

mysterious being." We then jumped out, and were proceeding to the place of observation, when the coachman reminded us of the fare. I desired my companion to keep a good look out whilst I discharged the man, which having done, as quickly as possible, I hurried to the door of the Hammums, in full certainty of having housed little Esop.

The carriage had driven off, and not seeing Sullivan, I asked the waiter if he had seen a gentleman in black?

"Do you mean a quizzical person, sir, in a black vig?"

"The same?"

"He is just gone into that room, to speak with the gentleman who came from St. James's."

"So," thinks I, "this simple man's incautious conduct will involve him in something unpleasant; for the little gentleman is not likely to explain what he has decidedly said should remain a secret." I was, however, mistaken, for presently Sullivan appeared in high glee at the reception he had met with.

"But, my dear friend," added he, "we are upon a wrong scent after all."

"Wrong!" repeated I; "what mean you? I'll swear to the carriage."

"Oh, yes! we are right enough about the carriage," replied he; "but the gentleman who occupied it is a fine, tall, handsome man, as you will see in five thousand. When I discovered my error, I felt myself very awkwardly situated, as you may suppose; but seeing my embarrassment, he encouraged me, and said, 'perhaps, sir, you have mistaken the apartment.' 'I believe I have,' replied I; 'my business was with the gentleman who came from St. James's in a yellow chariot with two footmen.' 'Then you are right,' observed he; 'I am the person.' 'Impossible!' said I. 'The gentleman I expected to meet was low in stature, and rather deform-



ed in person.' 'Oh!' replied he, smiling, 'I left his Lordship at court.' 'Will you favour me,' said I eagerly, 'with his title?' He was going to give me every satisfaction, at least I suppose so, when the waiter came to say 'the company were waiting for him above stairs;' upon which he put his card into my hand, apologised for leaving me so abruptly, but if I would favour him with a call at twelve, the day after to-morrow, he would give me every information in his power. So surely," added he, "I have got into a track at last that will elucidate the whole of this mystery."

During my absence Mr. Degville had kindly sent orders for the Opera for the succeeding evening: and as Sullivan had never witnessed an amusement of the kind, Ann, "nothing loth," for it was a species of amusement she was unfashionable enough to decry, agreed to remain at home. At the appointed time we proceeded to the Haymarket, and as I led the way up the gallery stairs, I heard a female voice, neither soft nor sonorous, beg leave to use Sullivan's arm to assist her ascent.

To this request, with unsuspecting simplicity, he replied, "Certainly, madam," though a very slight knowledge of the world would have sufficed to guard him against the advances of a woman, whose appearance too plainly spoke her character; but Sullivan's heart guided all his actions, and that was too generous to admit suspicion. I had taken my station at a distance from the rest of the company, that I might not be annoyed, as heretofore, by those who came rather to hear themselves than the music, when my friend and his highly rouged, flauntingly-dressed companion made their appearance arm in arm. Sullivan, supposing he had done his duty to the utmost extent that could be required, would now have relinquished his fair one; but she kept her hold until he took his station next to me, and then seated herself by his side with the familiarity of an old acquaint-

ance. I felt much inclined to inform him how matters really stood, and of this she seemed aware, for whenever I attempted to address him in a low voice, she leaned over, and not only caught my words, but joined in the conversation.

The splendour of the place had a visible effect upon Sullivan, and to the music he seemed inclined to pay attention; but his neighbour's tongue never ceased, and an idea of her derangement took firm possession of his mind. To no other cause; he afterwards told me, could he attribute the boldness of her manner, and the uncommon, though incoherent, volubility of her speech. At length, finding she *would* talk, and that he was not allowed to listen to any thing else, he said, "I fancy you are not partial to the opera, madam?"

"Oh no!" she replied, "I don't like these here squalling *kiddies* at all; but only wait, my fine fellow, till the capering *culls* come on, and then I shall be as mute as a mouse in a cheese. Des Hayes and Vestris are the lads for my money." Sullivan stared. "I say, queer one," she continued, "where in the name of fun did you pick up that *caxon*? Such a *jazey*, I am sure, has not been made since *Daddy Noah* sailed about in the ark." My friend looked at me, and shook his head; but without noticing him, "come, parson," said she, "we are only losing time here: let's mizzle."

"Madam!"

"I say—let's *sherry* off to my *ken*, take a squeeze of *blue ruin*, a bit of *chilly*, and then turn in to *lumber*."\*

"Madam, replied Sullivan, "I am both sorry and ashamed to confess my ignorance; but your language is so much above my comprehension——"

"Eh! what!" she exclaimed, "en't you up to *slang*? Why, what a queer son of a b— of a parson

\* A glass of gin, cold meat, and a bed:

you must be." These few words were perfectly intelligible, but not therefore more pleasing: on the contrary, had a nine pounder been discharged close to his ear, it could not have conveyed more astonishment.

His countenance exhibited a mixture of horror, surprise and shame, almost ludicrous. He looked around to observe if any one besides ourselves had overheard this elegant effusion; but fortunately we were either too remote, for the gallery was very thinly attended, or the company who sat forward too much engaged with the performance to attend to us. Thinking the farce had been carried on long enough, I took Sullivan by the arm, and, unheeding the woman's vulgar vociferation, got him away. As we descended the stairs I explained the real situation of the female, adding, "My dear friend, you know too little of the world to steer your course through this deceptive town without a pilot. These unfortunate women, with which the streets swarm, support themselves by prostitution, and are continually on the watch for characters like you. If I may judge from her language, *your friend* is one of the most depraved of her fraternity——"

"My friend?" interrupted he, clasping his hands, "heaven forbid I should ever claim friendship with harlots! Good night," he added with a sigh, "I'll enter that place no more."

"The d—l you won't!" bawled out his female plague, "and who's to pay me for lost time? If I can get nothing else, I'll have your *jasey*." With this she made a snatch at his wig, which I defended, and in the scuffle Sullivan ran off.

The woman, disappointed in her reverend *cull*, as she called him, vented her spleen at me; at which I laughed, and left her to amuse the bystanders, a few of whom had by this time assembled, with her own account of a being who, in this enlightened age, was



ignorant of *slang*, and wore a *caxxon* made before the flood.

It was four o'clock ere we saw him the next day, and then a visible dejection overspread his countenance. When we enquired the cause, he answered with a sigh, you shall know all. At the appointed hour I called at the gentleman's house, when a servant in a superb livery, without demanding my name, ushered me with much politeness into a parlour, where for a few minutes I was left to exercise my judgment upon so strange an event. It seems then, thought I, my visit was expected—my person known—and perhaps my business too. I was awakened from these reflections by the door of an inner room opening; but instead of the person I expected, the individual lady, whom you heard described at my lodgings, entered, and with a violence of temper inherent in her nature, thus addressed me:—‘Oh thou vile apostate! thou imp of Satan! thou hast alienated the mind of my once virtuous child; but let me advise thee, if thou hast any regard for thine own peace and welfare—if thou valuest thy life, desist from further persecution; for Mary never shall be restored to thee until thou returnest to the bosom of that church where thou wert christened, and in the faith of which thy parents lived and died, devout and pious members.’

“She here stopped to breathe, when seizing the opportunity, I threw myself on my knees, ‘Oh, madam!’ said I, ‘recall your cruel resolution! restore me to Mary, or take my life! Our affections are mutual—no power on earth can part us!’

“‘Yes,’ replied she, ‘I both *can* and *will* part you. Time, and a life of devout seclusion will work on the sensitive mind of my child, to the exclusion of your unworthy self, and every thought that militates against her everlasting happiness. When you, Sullivan, abjure those accursed heretical opinions, that must eventually plunge your soul into endless misery

—when you again embrace the religion of your ancestors—I will acknowledge you for my son: until then you never again behold her.’

“I was preparing to reply, when placing a letter in my hand, she continued, ‘go—retire to your dwelling—read this—and make no farther attempt to discover those who are able to frustrate all your vain designs. So saying, she left me, and the same servant re-appeared, and bowed, as much as to say depart. ‘Could I not see the gentleman with whom I made the appointment?’ said I. Another bow, and a second motion to the door, was all the answer. So I took the hint with a sigh, and here I am, my friends, more miserable than ever.”

He broke the seal of his letter, which contained a bank note, and read as follows:—“out of respect to your family, I cannot know you to be in want without relieving it. Leave my daughter unmolested, and I will be your friend for ever—pursue her and dread the consequences.”

“You see now, my friends,” said Sullivan, as he folded up his letter, “a sufficient apology, I hope, for the mystery that hangs over my concerns, and which, even to you, I cannot at present throw off. I trust a time will come, when I shall have it in my power to relate my short, but eventful history.”

“To say the truth,” replied Ann, “my curiosity has many times required a curb to keep it within decent bounds. Such an air of romance seems to run through what we *do* know, that I am sometimes led to fear you are imposed upon by designing people, who knowing your open, unsuspecting nature, practise upon it, for purposes either of mischief, or downright wickedness.”

“It’s rather an expensive deception,” said I. “I would a few of my friends would undertake to deceive me now and then with a twenty pound note.”

“This, and one I received before from the same hand, must both be returned,” replied Sullivan, “I

scorn to receive favours from an enemy. Money, alas! will not purchase happiness."

"No!" replied Ann; "but in the present state of society it is impossible to be happy without it."

Sullivan now produced all his worldly wealth, and folding up the presents of his wife's mother in a blank cover, sealed and directed them. The twenty pound note received from the bookseller he offered to my wife, and begged she would become his banker.

"With pleasure," said Ann, "provided I may expend about twelve pounds in necessary articles of wearing apparel." Sullivan, glancing at his figure in the glass, replied with a sigh, "as you please. Sables would be well, but I have that within which passeth shew, clothes but the trappings and the suits of wo."

A tailor was sent for, and a handsome suit of black ordered; soon after which he left us with a heavy heart, and I spent the remainder of the evening in writing to my friend Egerton, who had that day informed me by letter, "that he had opened a new *patent* theatre, and had made capital *improvements*, by which the profession would be much benefited."

As we were seated at breakfast, Sullivan made his appearance, and being much earlier than usual, I enquired the reason; "To tell you the truth, my friend," said he, "I passed a sleepless night. I am by no means superstitious, but whenever I attempted to doze, or close my eyes, such strange visions darted across my brain, that I was led to conceive myself in a state of mental derangement. Mary—my father—the child—appeared to stand before me. This, I am well convinced, arose from the impression made upon my mind during the preceding day; but I am weak enough to confess, that if you leave town, and I am thereby destitute of communication, I know not what will become of me. You were speaking yesterday of joining your friend Egerton; would it not be possible to postpone your journey for a short time?"

I had not sent off my letter.—Ann smiled, and said, “Shall we?” “With all my heart,” said I, and in a postscript, I stated the circumstance, which would detain me a week or two longer.

“There is another matter,” said Sullivan, “on which I would consult you. My lodgings are become disagreeable on more accounts than one; and if I could procure an apartment somewhere contiguous—” “One of Mrs. Wakefield’s lodgers is leaving town this very day,” interrupted Ann, “and I dare say you may be accommodated in this house.”

Every thing was settled to our wish—Sullivan and Vigo were domesticated in Northumberland Street—and his appearance underwent a change I could not have conceived possible without ocular demonstration. To a modern suit, was added every appendage that could make him appear respectable. Respectable, did I say? he looked gentlemanly—nay, handsome! In fact, he was so altered, that Ann knew him not at the first glance, but bowed with the formality of a stranger.

During our residence in Northumberland Street, my wife had made a daily rule of bestowing a half-penny upon a poor paralysed match man. One day, when report had killed Sir Francis Burdett in a duel, she heard his voice, and as usual, attended the door. “Ah madam!” said the veteran dealer, “they have killed the best man in the kingdom, after all.” “No, honest friend,” replied my wife, “Sir Francis lives.” “Thank God!” ejaculated the poor old cripple.” “Amen,” responded my wife, and from that day her donation was increased to a penny. I mention this circumstance to shew the sincerity of the pauper. For without knowing or seeming to care whether his declaration would be well received or otherwise, he vented the honest effusions of his heart, and echoed the sentiments of thousands in this vast metropolis.

At this period I was strongly recommended to take a trip to Brighton, and I the more readily attended

to it, from the daily decreasing state of my purse. At first Sullivan strongly objected to this, from his inability to join the party, but understanding a fortnight would include the whole of our absence, and experiencing abundant comfort in his new lodging, we took a temporary leave, with the promise of writing as soon as we arrived at the place of our destination. Behold us now, settled at a respectable lodging at Brighton, where the coach from Charing Cross set us down, at four o'clock.

My first care was to engage the assembly room, and call upon the printer. These important concerns settled to my satisfaction, I was leaving the shop of the latter, when who should I stumble upon but my old friend Bew, with whom I had been a brother actor in Scotland, but who now, I understood, was settled in this fashionable and popular place as a Dentist of high celebrity.

When you take an old acquaintance by surprise, 'tis ten to one, but he discovers his real feelings. If this be allowed, the worthy operator's were much in our favour; for a cordial squeeze and the most particular enquiries, were followed by an invitation to his house. Mrs. Bew was no less friendly, and the happiest hours we passed in Brighton were spent in their society. Old managers—old times—old friends were canvassed—every thing was produced that could add to our comfort or hilarity—and at a late hour we took possession of our new apartments.

Our sitting room was on the first floor, and commanded a fine view of the ocean—or rather I should say overlooked it, for we were within a dozen yards at high water. The house was large and commodious, and our breakfast the first morning, rendered more than ordinarily pleasant by a French air, sung in very good style in an adjoining room. It was scarcely finished, when a female servant, who was the common attendant, entered this apartment, and we could plainly hear, through a thin partition, the



following short dialogue. "We have got fresh company in the house sir."

"Inteed! vy you no tell me dis before? I am ver much ashame to have disturb a dere breakfast vid my silly song. Are dey laty, or gentillhomme?"

"A gentleman and his wife sir."

"Vill you make a my compliment to dem, and say I am ver much covered vid blush at my vant of politesse."

The girl immediately came and delivered the message as well as she was able. She likewise informed us in a low voice, that our fellow lodger was a portrait painter, and added she "he is the merriest man in the world, for he jokes and sings all the day long."

This we found to be fact when we became intimate, which was the same moment we met. For I, happening to have as little mauvaise honte as the Frenchman, we set petrifying form and unsocial etiquette at a distance, and were as familiar the first hour, as though we had known each other from our cradles.

He had a prodigious fund of anecdote, and repeated them with such vivacity and good humour, that his company was a never failing source of pleasantry.

I believe it is generally understood, that our neighbours on the continent owe their sprightliness and want of reflection, as much to their mode of living, as to the salubrious temperature of their climate.

Ennui, and what we vulgarly call Blue Devils, seldom visits Monsieur; and what would throw John Bull into the dumps, or bring on a fit of serious thinking, is passed over by a Frenchman, with a shrug and an additional pinch of Strasburg; whilst, at the same time, perhaps, he endeavours to raise a laugh at the expense of his own misfortunes.

On the second day, I engaged the artist to dinner, and, amongst other matter, rendered peculiarly laughable by his gestures and broken English, he amused us with an account of his separation from his

wife, some years previous. "Ah, Monsieur Romney!" began my guest, "I am ver much please to see you so happy vid your leetel vife! By gar I vould have no devil blue if I had leetel vife. Now, sair, I vonce had leetel vife, and I vill tell you a story about Madame Roget, dat vas, Madame le Diable, dat is, for what Roget do care. Now sair, my vife vas ver pret, and ver much accomplish.—She sing-a de song vat you call Old Toweler, and de beautiful sarvent, like a de nightingale. And she vas ver good vife too, for English vife;—roasta de beef, boila de pudding, scold in de kitchen—sometimes in de parlour;—she vas vant to be vat you call de grey horse; but by gar I did chuse to be de grey horse myself. Von day, sair, I must tell you, I did see in de market place, looking at de lobster, de salmon, de soal, a gentilhomme vid his coat button up to his shin—vat you call de genteel shabby—but for all dat he vas ver shanté, but his hair vas a leetel out of his hat. So, sair, it shock a me ver much to see de gentilhomme smack a de lip at de good ting in de market, and purchase noting. Maybe, tink I, de gentilhomme cash be all at de bank, or he vould not stand so long vid his hand in his pocket, and purchase noting, for he vas ver shanté, but his hair vas a leetel out of his hat. So, sair, I did ask a de gentilhomme to dine vid me. But ven I did bring him to my lodgement, Madame Roget did cry out, sacre Dieu! vat lousy beggar you get dere? You vill tink, sair, dis affront a me much, to call a de gentilhomme de lousy beggar; for he vas ver shanté, but his hair vas a leetel out of his hat. Now, sair, as de gentilhomme coat vas rader shabby, I take him to my vardrobe, and I say, help a yourself. So he did pull off his coat, and by Gar, sair, dere vas noting but de skin—vat you call de bare back, for he had no shirt. I vas ver much shock at dis, for he vas ver shanté, but his hair vas a leetel out of his hat. Vell, sair, ven he vas dress in my shirt and my coat, he did look ver



vell—ver vill indeed—and Madame Roget no tink him lousy beggar at all. Den, sair, he had ver good appetite—vat you call stomach—but de vine did make him ver much indispose vid de vertigo in de head, dat by Gar he could not stand, and he vas ver much for sick ; so I put him in my best bed. Now, sair, in de morning eleven o'clock did come—twelve o'clock did come—but he no come—so I did go up to his chambre, and ven I open de door, by Gar! dere did come out ver bad smell—vat you call stink a la diable. And, sair, I did see by de bedside my silver tabatier, and my gold vatch, vorth fifty guinea ;—and I did say, ‘ ah! ah! sair, vat you do vid my vatch and my tabatier? you pick a my pocket:’ and de gentilhomme did reply, ‘ de vatch vas to know de hour, and de tabac to snuff away de bad smell! So I vas satisfy, for he vas ver shanté, but his hair vas a leetel out of his hat. Now, sair, de gentilhomme vas ver much skill in de opera ballet ; so he undertake to teach Madame Roget de grand rigadoon, vich vas more dan I could expect for he teach a my vife for noting. Now, sair, von day I did send my violin—for I vas teach a de music den—to de house of de laty to accompany de grand piano ; but ven I did open de case, dere vas no stick fiddle. So I did run home quite out of de breath, and I did say to my boy, ‘ by Gar! I vill vip horse you—vere is my stick fiddle? and vere is mine vife?’ He did say, ‘ she vas up a de stair vid de gentilhomme.’ Ah! ah! tink I, den he vas teach her de grand rigadoon vid my stick fiddle. So I did go up softly for fear of disturb de instruction ; but ven I did open de door, ma foi! I did see de gentilhomme vid his arm round de neck of my vife. As you may tink, sair, I vas ver much enrage at dis. ‘ Ah! ah! Madame Roget,’ said I, ‘ vat you do vid de gentilhomme?’ And she say, ‘ hold a your tongue—de gentilhomme teach a me de grand rigadoon.’ So you may tink, sair, I vas ver much oblige to de gentilhomme, for he vas skill in de opera bal-

let, and teach a my wife for noting—vich vas more dan I could expect, for he vas ver shanté, but his hair vas a leetel out of his hat. So sair, ven I did rise out of my bed de next morning, I did enquire for my wife, and I could no find her: so I did say to de fille de chambre, ‘vere is Madame Roget?’ and she did make for answer, ‘she was gone out vid de gentilhomme.’ Ah! ah! tink I to myself, teach a do grand rigadoun so soon in de morning! But, sair, ven I did look a my bureau, by Gar it was open, and all my—vat you call money—de note—de gold—de silver—vas all gone. So, sair, de gentilhomme eat a my beef—drink a my vine—take a my coat, my shirt, my tabatier, and my vatch—he dirty my best bed—steal a my monies—and by Gar, sair, to make a de conclusion, he did steal a my wife too. But for all dat, he vas very shanté, but his hair was a leetel out of his hat.”

The whimsicality of this narrative owed its merit more to the *manner* than the *matter*. The former was indescribable; and as we soon perceived we might indulge our pleasantry without offence—the feelings of the *husband*, if he ever had *such*, having long since evaporated—we gave free scope to our mirth, in which he heartily joined, and afterwards favoured us with several French songs, accompanied by his violin. In a word, he possessed talents so various and amusing, attended with good humour so inflexible, that we thought ourselves peculiarly fortunate in our choice of residence.

In the evening a walk was proposed, and after a long perambulation, we found ourselves in that seat of mortality, the church-yard, where, beneath a plain, but elegant urn, lie the remains of the once fascinating *Crouch*. A woman of such rare personal endowments—but her epitaph will describe her much better than my pen.

“ The remains of  
ANNA MARIA CROUCH,

During many years a performer in Drury-lane Theatre.

She combined with the finest taste as a singer,

The most elegant simplicity as an actress :

Beautiful, almost beyond parallel, in her person,  
She was distinguished by the powers of her mind.

They enabled her, when she quitted the stage,  
To gladden life by the charms of her conversation,  
And refine it by her manners.

She was born April 20th, 1763, and died the 21st Oct. 1805.

This stone is inscribed to her beloved remains,  
By him whom she esteemed the most faithful of her friends.”

## CHAP. XV.

**“ A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND  
INDEED.”**

O'BRIAN.

THE night following I gave my lecture at the Assembly Room ; but the bathing season not having commenced, I was thinly attended. Monsieur, however, was there, and when it was over, came up to me: “ Vell sair! bad now, better anoder time. Dis pauvre place, except in de grand season. I remember de leetel Count Boralowski came here from—vat you call—Margate—vere he had no good success. ‘Margate,’ say de dwarf, ‘is von dom place for de benefice ; I lose twenty pounds : Brighton good place, I only lose ten.’ So tink yourself vell off, Monsieur Romney, you have lose noting.”

This was poor consolation, and I began too late to repent my journey to Brighton. My finances were not in a state to bear much reduction, and an increase, I plainly perceived, was not to be expected. However, as most of the expense had already been incurred, I determined to enjoy the novelty of the scene a week longer at least, and to take every advantage that limited period would afford in exploring the country.

I know not whether I have before made the observation, but it is a singular fact, that go where I will—however remote—I am sure to encounter somebody I know.

The day succeeding my performance, Roget insisted on our dining with him at a neat country inn two miles distant, and no apology would be admitted. “ Ma foi,” said he, “ dere is noting like good dinner for de Englishman. Ven dere vas good news, he

do dine—ven dere vas bad news, he do dine—and ven dere vas no news, he do dine, and drink, and cry hip, hip, hip. Now de Frenchman, if dere be good news, he dance and sing a little; if dere be bad news, he dance a great deal; so let vat vill happen, Monsieur Bull he fill a de belly, and Monsieur François he shake a de feet.”

“True,” replied Ann, “and I sincerely wish they would both agree to shake hands.”

About two o'clock we arrived at the place where Roget had ordered dinner. It was a neat tavern on the London road, and cleanliness and civility seemed to characterise the place. The walk had given a keen edge to our appetite—the repast was good—and the wine excellent. I will not say I enjoyed it more because it was the Frenchman's treat, but I confess I sat easier under the idea that it was not my own, because my circumstances at this time rendered economy highly necessary.

The house was pleasantly situated, and our window overlooked a well stocked garden. The joke—the toast—the prudent glass went round. The sun shone with splendour on the silver surface of a pond, by the side of which ran a walk, pleasingly shaded by the willow. But his bright beams rather incommoding our optics, my wife, who was pacing the room, dropped a blind to screen us, at the moment a young and finely formed female entered upon the walk beneath, apparently in deep meditation. Mentioning this circumstance, Roget and I drew near, and had a full view, unseen, of all her movements. As she slowly passed, we could plainly perceive a miniature picture in her hand, on which her eyes were fixed, and her whole mind appeared to be absorbed in contemplation. Suddenly she stopped, as if some noise had awakened her attention, and precipitately concealed the miniature in her bosom: but finding her fears groundless, the object of her attention was again drawn forth, and eagerly met her lips.

We silently observed her motions, until the intervening branches hid her from our sight, when Ann exclaimed, "there is something more in this than meets the eye. Did you not observe her mental agony?"

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Roget, "vat can ve do to serve her?"

Without further reflection I rushed out of the room, and seeking the landlady, enquired, with seeming unconcern, who the lady was, and how long she had been her lodger? for I felt assured from the elegance of her appearance, that she could in no relative situation belong to the house.

From my loquacious and obliging hostess I gathered, that the coach from London to Brighton stopped at her house about three weeks ago, out of which this lady was carried in a fit—that she continued several days in a state the most dangerous, "during which," continued my informer, "I discovered—for I am a catholic myself—that these were the tenets of her religion. Thinking to ease her poor mind, I informed her that a family of that persuasion lived in the neighbourhood, and that I was sure the domestic priest would attend her with pleasure. This intelligence seemed greatly to revive her, and after her interview with the father, her health amended daily, although her dejection, if possible, increased. When her strength returned, she was very impatient to reach London; but from some cause or other, the priest persuaded her to postpone her journey, and all her time is passed in reading or walking by the pond."

"You know her name, I suppose?" said I.

"No, sir. The father calls her by no appellation but the young lady, or the stranger; but I think she is somebody of consequence, or he would not—although a pious man—take so much pains about her."

Finding nothing more was to be learnt, I returned to my company, who had been watching behind the blind for the mysterious fair one's return, but hitherto



without effect. When I repeated my landlady's intelligence, which added to the interest before excited, Ann proposed, with my approbation, to trace the stranger's footsteps, "which may easily be done," she observed, "in a public garden, without appearing curious." To this I assented, and the window being low, lifted her out, as the most secret way of leaving the house.

Her movements being rapid, we quickly lost sight of her, and were impatiently watching her return—prolonged beyond my expectation—when a piercing shriek, which I knew to be my wife's, carried me quick as thought after her. The moment I was in sight, she called out, "save her! oh save her!" and coming to the spot, I found the interesting stranger buffeting the water, and apparently more anxious to escape drowning, than she was before willing to court it. Without a moment's hesitation I threw aside my coat, and plunging into the middle of the pond, caught hold of her garment at the instant she was sinking from our view, and without much exertion brought her to land. Roget, who had followed me, assisted in bearing her to the house, and whilst the females were employed in conveying her to bed, I despatched a messenger for medical assistance, though before it could possibly arrive, animation was restored, and every apprehension of danger at an end.

Monsieur and I employed the time of Ann's absence in various conjectures concerning the cause of this rash action. I declared it a love affair, in which I was confirmed by the picture pressed to her lips with such enthusiasm. "The dreadful attempt," I continued, "has been occasioned by a struggle between violent affection and the imperious calls of religion."

"Oui," replied monsieur, "and dat dam Jack Priest is at de bottom of it all. Poor ting! she vill do vatever de confessor do say. Ah! Monsieur Romney, you do not know dem so vell as I. She do lose somebody de Jack Priest no like, or else he do vant her himself."



Ann now entering put a stop to the discourse, and satisfied my impatient curiosity in the following words.

“I had scarcely lost sight of the house,” said she, “when I perceived the object of my search employed in a manner I could not at first understand. She appeared to be digging a hole in the ground, and so absorbed in her purpose, that I had an opportunity of watching her movements without being observed. Having apparently made the cavity deep enough, she took the picture from her bosom—kissed it—cast an imploring look towards heaven, on which her pious soul seemed intent—then again pressing her lips to the ivory, and ejaculating something I was too distant to comprehend, she placed the semblance of her adoration in the newly made grave, and covered it carefully with earth, taking especial heed to prevent all appearance of its having been removed. She then drew forth a crucifix—kissed it with fervour—and retaining it still in her hand, plunged into the pool before I had time even to suspect her intention.—Romney,” continued my wife, “I am certain the face of this female is known to us; but where, or how, I cannot call to mind. Her accents, when reason returned, seemed equally familiar; but my memory in this particular, is very fallacious: your’s, on the contrary, is extremely acute. Would you had heard her speak!”

“Perhaps,” said I, “the buried treasure may lead to some discovery. Can you point out the place?” My wife replying, “nothing more easy,” we once again leaped from the window. The freshness of the mould pointing to the exact spot, I removed the earth, and discovered—guess my astonishment, gentle reader, when I beheld the exact semblance of Silvester Sullivan! Not the Sullivan, whose quizzical and strange appearance first attracted my attention—but the interesting—gentlemanly lineaments of my friend when dress so altered his person that Ann knew him not.

A thousand conjectures in a moment floated across my mind. "This fair unfortunate, then," said I, "is Mary! It is—I know it is! and I have been the happy instrument, in the hands of Providence, of saving a life to him most precious."

"Of restoring a lost wife," continued Ann, "to an adoring husband!"

"It may be so," I replied; "I hope it is. But if that be proved, there is a dreadful scene of tyranny somewhere; and if I mistake not, that little piece of deformity is at the bottom of it. Poor Sullivan! how my heart bleeds for him!"

"Is Monsieur Sullivan de original of that picture?" enquired Roget.

"He is."

"And de leetel piece of deform is von Jack Priest. By Gar I see trough de whole affair. Von priest tell her, if she marry de heretic she vill be dam—another say, if she no leave him, she vill be dam too. Her lofe be so strong she cannot live vidout him; so she tumble into de vater."

I could scarcely help smiling at monsieur's reasoning, though the sequel will prove that his conjectures were nearer the fact than I was at that time aware of.

It now become a matter of consideration what course to pursue. Every tie of friendship and inclination pointed out an immediate communication to Sullivan; but my wife thought a previous interview with Mary would be advisable, since I could then enter more at large into particulars, and the loss of a single post could be attended with no serious evil. The dangers of procrastination, however, were too strongly impressed upon my mind for this argument to have any weight: accordingly I despatched three lines to my friend, enforcing his presence, but without mentioning the cause. By the surgeon's order she was not to be disturbed that night, and a severe storm coming on, we sent a note to Brighton, and ordered beds.

As we were taking coffee, which Roget prepared after the French fashion, and indeed most excellent it was, the waiter entered with a manuscript play bill, which ran literally as follows :—

## THEATRE.

MR. BENJAMIN BOULTER'S BARN.

*For the Benefit of Mrs. and Master Doodle.*

For Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-comical, Historical-pastoral, Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited, these are your only men.

This Evening will be performed in a most superb manner, the  
Tragedy of

GEORGE BARNWELL,

OR

*THE LONDON PRENTICE.*

With all the Scenery, Machinery, and Dresses necessary for this  
splendid Piece.

George Barnwell and Blunt,	-	Mr. Cockney.
Thoroughgood and the Uncle,	-	Mr. Hazard.
Trueman and Lucy,	-	Master Doodle.

*With a Song and Hornpipe in Character.*

Milwood,	-	-	-	Mrs. Doodle.
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Who solicits the indulgence of her Friends this evening, on account of the delay which will unavoidably take place after the 3d Act, owing to her attendance at the door, to receive the half price.

End of the Play,

*Rolla's Address to the Peruvians by Mr. Cockney.*

To which will be added a humorous and truly laughable Farce,  
called,

## THE FREEDOM OF ELECTION.

Sir John Barleycorn, the successful Candidate,	Mr. Cockney.
Billy Bribewell, his Friend,	Mr. Hazard.
Frank Freedrink, who brought in Sir John,	Master Doodle.

Mrs. Doublechalk, the patriotic Landlady, - Mrs. Doodle.  
Who will speak an Epilogue seated on a beer barrel.

*Pit, One Shilling.—Gallery, Sixpence.*

The Barn door will be open for the better sort of people, at six o'clock, but those who go to the Gallery must come through the Pigstye.

*A Musician wanted. A blind Fiddler won't do.*

This curious bill of fare produced an irresistible effect, and completely routed the Devil Blue, as Monsieur would have expressed it.

"A play and farce performed by four people must be worth seeing," said Ann.

"By Gar, it is like vat Shakspear say," observed Roget, "von man in his time play many part, his acts being seventy ages."

"Stop, my good friend," said I, "you are sixty-three wide in your calculation. Seven ages is the text."

"Vell, never mind," replied he; "vatever de text be, de sermon is goot. Vat say you, Madame Romney? Shall we go to de play trough de pig sty or de barn door! I confess and profess I have no predilection for de former, but just as you please."

The proposal was instantly agreed to, though where the audience was to come from I could not imagine, since no figure of speech could exalt the few houses within our view into the consequence of a village of the smallest dimensions; and how Mr. Cockney and his company obtained a livelihood, was matter of astonishment. A little before seven we entered the barn door, and seated by a small table, found the representative of Milwood, painted, patched, and curled. "This is hausel," she observed, as we placed three shillings in her hand. Then turning aside, out of delicacy I suppose, she bedewed them with a copious sprinkling of saliva, and continued, "that's for luck. Would you choose a bill, ma'am?" addressing

my wife. "They are only written ones, but my Bobby writes such a beautiful hand, that the quality *prefers* them."

Finding we were the first comers, and that the barn offered few temptations for a hasty entrance, I entered into conversation with this daughter of Melpomene, and found her communicable, but vulgar and illiterate, beyond any thing I ever met in the profession.

Without ceremony she entered into the business of the theatre, and much as I had seen and heard of village theatricals, the concerns of this small company, and her mode of describing them, left managers Davis and Riggs, and all the routine of the facetious Tony le Brun far behind.

"We are likely to have a good house to-night," observed the representative of Milwood. "When the gentry comes soon, I always *thinks* it a good sign; and we are sure of a great half price.—Some coming to the gallery, I see. Wilhelmina, where are you?—mind the pigstye, you slut. As I was observing, sir, I always *makes* great benefits. Civility is a pleasant thing. If some of your vulgar folks stood at the door, the gentry would be disgusted, and as I *says*, civility costs nothing. You must not expect much from our Barnwell to-night,"—lowering her voice—"he's hard upon sixty. But mum. He's manager, and that accounts for it. Only stay till I comes on. Perhaps I flatter myself, but I never yet saw one who understood the part. There's your delicate Milwoods, and your languishing Milwoods; but what is she? I say, sir, what is she? Why a common prostitute, and how are we to give the character of such people, but by copying their manner? If you imitate a bird you must whistle; if a pig, you must grunt. When *old* Barnwell comes on you'll be laughing and cracking your jokes; but don't, I beg you won't, for he'll speak to you, you may depend upon't, if you do. The night *afore* last—stand from about the door, you ragged rascals, and let the quality come in. Four

shillings—that's right—Jack, where are you? Light the front lamps directly.—So as I was saying, sir, the manager, night afore last, made but a clumsy kind of a die in Rolla, and a gentleman in the pit cried '*Encore!*' upon which the Peruvian hero popped up his head, and bawled out, 'If you can't behave like a gentleman, you'd better leave the place;' then stretched himself out again, and died like a man."

Roget laughed heartily at this anecdote; indeed, the whole of this woman's conversation entertained him so much, that he thought not of the play; however, as Ann had seated herself in the pit, we joined her. It was eight o'clock when the curtain drew up, and Thoroughgood was in the middle of his best speech, when the attention of the audience was directed to the pit door, and a whispering voice before us announced the new comers as the gentry from the abbey. They consisted of an elderly gentleman, his wife, and two daughters, attended by a round-faced corpulent man in black. They were scarcely seated when another person joined them, whom I could not immediately obtain a sight of; but when I did, the very individual piece of deformity, little Esop, stood before me. That his business here some how concerned the unfortunate Mary, I had no doubt; and if my conjecture was established, there was not a moment to lose. As yet I had escaped observation, and if I meant to serve Sullivan, a retreat unobserved was advisable; accordingly, recommending Ann to the care of Roget, and slipping over the partition that separated the gallery, I made a precipitate retreat through the pigstye to the inn.

Being now alone, I began to form conjectures and fix plans; but they crowded so fast upon my imagination, and decision became so immediately necessary, that all was confusion; and I could decide upon nothing that carried a probability of success. Sullivan I had already written to, but ere he could arrive, the object of his journey might be carried from his reach for ever. Were I to wait the event of the



morning, and consult the afflicted female, there was danger in delay—the deformed demon was on the spot, and I fully conceived would lose no time in accomplishing his purpose. Filled with perplexity, I paced the room, undetermined what to do, yet resolved to do something.

In extraordinary cases, when the mind is taken by surprise, in endeavouring to counteract some immediate danger, the most simple and plain method—one that would unavoidably strike an unconcerned observer, is overlooked, and unnecessary and impracticable schemes present themselves. So it was with me. Whilst I was ransacking my imagination for means to serve Sullivan, the most easy and obvious method escaped my notice—namely—an application to the lady, who, though indisposed, was perfectly mistress of her senses, and at her own disposal.

The wisdom of this plan struck me so forcibly, that I lost no time in penning the following lines. “The writer of this earnestly wishes to serve you. The friend of Silvester Sullivan must be the friend of Mary. The inclosed will testify his knowledge of a late transaction; nay more—the sudden retreat from Fulwood’s Rents, and the sad catastrophe that happened there. Dangers and difficulties surround you. An hour—nay, a moment should not be lost. If possible permit an immediate interview. Romney, the tried friend of Sullivan, and the preserver of Mary’s life, may be depended upon, and anxiously awaits an answer.”

I then inclosed the picture, sealed the packet, and rang the bell. The waiter informed me that the lady was considerably better, and taking coffee. Now then, thinks I, is the time. “You will deliver this and wait for an answer.” “Oh dear sir, that’s impossible. An old coachman from the Abbey is in waiting, and has orders to admit no one but the nurse and the doctor.”

This confirmed my suspicions that little Esop was



the forerunner of mischief. "So then the lady is guarded, is she?" "Yes sir; and has been since six o'clock. Some strangers are arrived at the Abbey, and hearing the sad story, wish to befriend her. They are very charitable people at the Abbey, sir, although they be *papishes*."

As he left the room I threw the packet on the table in despair. "Now," thinks I, "there's a full stop put to my progress. Mary must yield to her fate—and Sullivan—the devoted Sullivan, give up every hope of recovering her." After a moment's pause—"Is it impossible," again thought I, "to deceive this Argus?" An idea immediately darted across my mind—"Do I ask this, who have witnessed the address and deception of a Camelford—I who so lately enjoyed the wonderful personification of a Matthews? Are my designs to be frustrated by an old coachman?" "I worked myself up into an opinion that I had some skill in mimicry, and determined to put it in practice. Again I summoned the waiter, and slipping half-a-crown into his hand, for the trouble I *had* given him, or might yet impose, said "The nurse who attends the lady belongs to the house I suppose."

"No sir. The deaf old woman came with the coachman from the Abbey.—All *papishes*—every soul of 'em."

"Has the doctor sent any medicine?"

"Yes sir. There's a bottle just arrived."

"Well, my honest fellow, I have two requests to make. You would serve the lady above stairs, I am sure."

"Sooner than I'd serve a dinner for six."

"Good. My first request is, that you would procure me a small phial—a physic bottle; the other you shall know anon."

Away ran the lad, and immediately returned with a bottle, which I filled with brandy and water, and attached a label, "to be taken directly."

Twilight was approaching, and luckily a travel-

ler's great coat hung in one corner of the room, in the pocket of which I found a worsted wig. These I made no scruple of appropriating; and turning my hat the wrong side before, stepped out unperceived, and besmearing my boots with mud, re-entered the house in much apparent hurry, and eagerly enquired for the nurse. She was soon forthcoming.—“You have not given the lady the medicine my master sent, I hope?” said I with quickness.

“Speak a little louder,” answered she, “I am very deaf.” Again I repeated the words as loud as I could bawl.

“Oh no sir. I was just going to give it her.”

“On no account my good woman,” shouted I. “I have ridden full gallop from Brighton to prevent it. A sad mistake, but 'tis well its no worse. Give me a glass of brandy landlady, for I'm almost exhausted.”

The nurse, in great alarm, begged to know the meaning of all this? “The boy,” said I, “by mistake, has brought a wrong medicine, which in its effects might have been fatal. Here is the right one, which I must immediately see administered, and wait the operation.”

Without the smallest hesitation I was introduced to the bed-side of the unfortunate Mary: the old woman close to my elbow. After a moment's deliberation, and shaking the phial, I asked her to get me a tea cup full of milk, and the unsuspecting nurse immediately went in quest of it. The instant the door was closed, I placed the packet in the hands of Mary, observing, “for heaven's sake, Madam, do not let your feelings get the better of your prudence;” but my admonition was useless. She no sooner saw the picture than she gave a loud shriek, and fainted away. The nurse entering, I persuaded her such were the natural effects of weakness, and that the medicine would prevent a recurrence of the fit. As soon as she recovered, my hopes of success were nearly

defeated; for she exclaimed, "oh! Sullivan—my husband—where art thou?"

"Her husband!" repeated the old woman; "is she then married?"

"My good woman!" said I, "did you never see a case of delirium before? Nothing is more common. But take courage, madam. This little medicine will restore your wandering senses, and make every thing comfortable. Nurse," I continued, "though no one knows better, I dare say, how to administer an emetic, yet this is one of so peculiar a nature, that I am ordered to await the operation; to assist which, I shall want a quart of water gruel, strained three times through a muslin rag, and brought up stairs when nearly cool. To you I trust, and I doubt not you will execute it according to my direction."

This I thought would produce a sufficient procrastination; at least gave me fair hopes of a quarter of an hour's conversation.

"Madam," said I, "my invention has been on the stretch to get this woman away. I am no doctor. I am your friend—I am your husband's friend—but that no time may be lost, read my note, and say how I can serve you; for you are surrounded by spies, and every moment is precious."

"Good heaven!" said she, after perusing the note. "Mr. Romney! Is it possible? Oh! I remember your kindness, and the attention of your dear little woman. But what do you mean by spies and enemies? Here I am unknown."

"Have you never acknowledged yourself to any one?"

"Never. Except to ———"

"Are you not of the church of Rome?"

"I am."

"And since your arrival, have you not confessed to a neighbouring priest?"

"Undoubtedly. But it would be sacrilege to har-

bour a thought of treachery from that quarter. He would not betray a sacred trust."

"He would betray any thing for the good of the church. Why has he persuaded you to remain here, when your inclination led you to London, but to gain time, until yours, or Sullivan's enemies, were apprised of your retreat. They *are* apprised of it, and even now upon the spot. To-morrow morning, unless we counteract their designs, you will be carried hence, and separated from your husband, perhaps for ever. Know you a little deformed personage, who has of late taken an active part in Sullivan's concerns?"

"He is my mother's husband; but Sullivan knows him not."

"That person arrived last night—placed the nurse and a man servant as spies on your actions—and I doubt not will be with you in the morning."

"Thy will be done," she piously exclaimed, devoutly crossing herself. "Father of saints? surely it is not thy behest that we should separate! Take from me all worldly things, but leave me my husband."

"On those conditions," I replied, "in all probability you might remain unmolested. Give up your property to the church, and its ministers will let you rest. God has given you an understanding, lady, and it is your duty to make a proper use of it. Shake off the bigotted prejudices of education. Search the scriptures—judge for yourself between right and wrong. Husband and wife, you will there find, are one: it is likewise said, 'they whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder:' no sophistry can overturn this. Let me then beseech you, for your own sake—for your husband's sake—boldly assert your rights, and bid your enemies defiance."

My words had a visible effect. A spark of reviving health sparkled in her eye as she replied, "why hesitate a moment? This very hour let me fly to my be-

loved Silvester : once more joined, no power on earth shall part us. I have been weak—culpably so—according to the new light that breaks in upon me. Bigotry and superstition have been used as engines, to terrify me out of what I now feel to be my duty ; but here their power ends. To you, Mr. Romney, I owe my life ; to your advice more than life, and henceforth it shall be the rule of my actions. In the morning I shall rise a new creature. But be not far from me—help me with your support—for I am but a poor weak woman, and I shall have to contend with those who are mighty in strength.”

“ Would it not be well,” I observed, “ to seem to accord to their wishes—to gain time by policy until Sullivan arrives?”

“ What !” said Mary, her eye beaming with the fire of enthusiasm, “ Mr. Romney—the friend of the ingenuous, upright Sullivan, recommend deceit ! His pure, unadulterated heart never harboured a thought he feared to acknowledge, or if expressed, would call a blush into his manly cheek : and shall his honoured Mary disgrace such bright example by mean duplicity ? No, Mr. Romney ! you shall see me equal to my own defence, without unlawful weapons.”

The nurse now entered with the gruel, and pretending to find my patient so much better that the emetic might be postponed, I took my leave, and returning my borrowed habiliments to their peg, sat meditating on what *had* happened, and probably *would* happen, until my wife and Roget made their appearance.

After supper I related the cause of my leaving the theatre, and what had since passed ; but Monsieur’s impatience would scarcely hear me to the end, so eager was he to contribute his mite of intelligence. “ De party, Monsieur Romney, who make a you scamper trough de pigstye,” said he, “ vere more intent on dere own conversation dan de play ; and ven I find dey parlè a Français, by Gar I approche ; for, tink I to mineself, if dey frighten mon bon ami from



de theatre, I may gader someting dat vill be for goot. De petit gentilhomme, you call a de Esop, vas tell a de Jollé Garçon—de padre confesseur—dat he vas ver much oblige for vat he write about Mademoiselle; for dat she vant to trow herself away upon de pauvre Bourgeoise, and vat vas vorse, de dam heretique. ‘She run away from her bonne Mere, la Contesse, because she did treaten her vid a convent; but now ve find her again, trough your means, goot fader,’ said de leetel comique figure, ‘I vill be amenable to the church for her safety. Is she able to travel?’ ‘Oui, my Lor,’ said de dam Jack Priest, ‘she is quite recover, and I have send two servants from de abbey to vatch her till you arrive.’ ‘Bon!’ say de Lor Esop, ‘at first dawn of day you vill convey her to my coach, vich vill be wait at de end of de village, and vonce vidin my grasp, she is safe.’ A great deal more vas said by dese two imp de la diable, but noting to de purpose.”

A consultation now took place in what manner it would be proper to proceed. The foundation being laid, it became necessary to raise a superstructure capable of protecting the fair unfortunate from the power of her spiritual and temporal tyrants. I had good reason to conclude, that the crafty and deep laid schemes of little Esop were not to be easily overturned; and yet, the short time that had elapsed since he could have obtained intelligence of Mary’s retreat, left little room to form and digest plans of magnitude. We found, however, upon the most mature deliberation, that it was absolutely necessary something decisive should be attempted that night.

“Take her off to Brighton,” said monsieur, “and if de Jack Priest do come after her, by Gar I vill kick a him behind.”

That, and every other plan appeared impracticable, for want of access to her person. The deception of the doctor could not be again attempted with any hopes of success; and the coachman being stationary



at the door, prevented all egress by that quarter. Monsieur, fertile in expedients, proposed immediate application to a magistrate; but where to find one nearer than Brighton we were ignorant; besides, it would give a publicity to the business I wished to avoid. Ann proposed an appeal to the people of the house; they appeared respectable, and not likely to connive at the oppression of a young woman under their immediate care. This idea carried feasibility, and as the waiter, by my former communication, was become a kind of party man, I again summoned him. After informing him of as much as I thought necessary, and giving him all due praise for his expressed wish to serve the lady, he rubbed his hands with an air of satisfaction—snuffed the candles with a new flourish—and laying down the snuffers, replied, “my master and mistress, sir, are very good people, sir—very good, indeed—but I am bold to say this is a business in which they cannot interfere, seeing as how they are tenants to the great man at the abbey, and moreover, under obligations to him. But that is not my case, sir. I am at liberty to serve you and the young lady, sir, to the best of my power, and I think I have the means.” This roused my attention, and he proceeded. “There is a bed room adjoining the lady’s, and communicating by a door, to which you ascend by a pair of back stairs. The nurse, as I told you before, sir, is as deaf as a *beadle*; so if you’ll write a note, I’ll undertake, by means of a long rod, to convey it into the lady’s own hand, without the nurse being at all the wiser.”

“By Gar! you be von clever person,” said monsieur.

“But I must have an answer, my honest fellow,” said I; “how will you contrive that?”

“If the rod, sir, is able to carry a letter, it is equally able to bring back an answer. But you had better inclose a sheet of paper and a pencil to make sure of it.”

When our confederate returned with writing materials, which was not so soon as my impatience expected, he looked as if he had something to impart, but did not well know how to begin. "Is any thing the matter?" said I.

"Why, yes, sir, there is one obstacle in the way yet. Molly the chambermaid keeps the key of the apartment I spoke of, and ——"

"Oh! we can soon silence Molly's scruples," replied I. "Give her this half guinea, and tell her she is aiding the cause of justice and humanity."

Every thing answered to my wish, and before we had finally arranged our plans, John returned with the following answer:—"Thanks—ten thousand thanks for your unprecedented attention. Nurse is fast asleep, and I will be as expeditious as my weakness will allow. M. S."

The clock had just gone twelve, and the family were preparing for repose, which was to be the signal for our departure. It had been agreed—unfortunately as it afterwards proved—that Roget should stay till morning, to watch the motions of the enemy, and give us notice of their proceedings. This was settled without adverting to the weak state of our interesting companion, to whom two miles would be a walk of immense fatigue, if she were able to accomplish it at all. Without considering difficulties, however, we set forth, after liberally rewarding the waiter, in whose care Mrs. Sullivan left her trunk, on a fine, calm, moonlight night, at a pace that a snail might almost have distanced. Mary would have entered upon the subject of obligation and gratitude; but this I positively forbade, as likewise every other discourse of an interesting nature; for the sensibility of her mind kept pace with the baby-like weakness of her body, and rendered her an object of strong solicitude both to me and Ann, whose supporting arms she clung to, as her only chance of accomplishing what indeed to me appeared impossi-

ble. Had Roget been of the party, we could have carried her, as they do children, by joining our hands; but my wife had neither strength for such an exertion, nor was she of a size to cope with me in an experiment of that kind.

It was four o'clock when we reached the midway. The sun peeped over the eastern hills with splendour unrivalled—the morning choristers swelled their tuneful throats in grateful songs of praise—and the early husbandman whistled as he proceeded to his daily occupation. “What an interesting period of the day the early morn presents!” observed Ann, “and yet I am ashamed to confess how very seldom, during a period of near half a century, I have greeted that glorious orb on his first rising.”

Not more than half a dozen times in your life, Ann,” replied I; “and then, if inclination had been consulted, you would have been relaxing in a warm bed, instead of inhaling the invigorating, health-breathing air, which now seems to revive even our drooping companion. How are you, madam?” continued I, turning towards her.

Not weaker than when I set forth,” said she, faintly smiling, “and a few minutes rest upon that inviting clump would, I think, enable me to proceed with vigour.”

As we seated ourselves, my mind began to calculate the hours we had exhausted in travelling one mile; and as the probability was against our accomplishing the other in less time, we should most assuredly be overtaken on the road, if Mrs. Sullivan’s pursuers conceived, as they probably would, that Brighton was her place of concealment. At early day she would be sought, and they might even now be tracing our steps.

I thought it best to conceal my fears from my two companions, since they would be alarmed without producing any possible good, but decided in my own mind to seek a retreat, as much to avoid the threat-

cued danger, as to get refreshment and repose for our almost fainting friend. At this moment a countryman, followed by his dog, bounded over a stile close to us, and gave with rustic civility the morning salutation. "Do you live in the neighbourhood, friend," said I.

"Yes, sir," answered the man. "I live at a small cottage just across that field."

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes, thank God! and four as fine children as any in Sussex, though I say it."

"If you will shew us the house, I would fain get a little refreshment and a few hours rest for this lady, who is nearly exhausted for want of them."

"Poor thing! she does not look as if she was used to such plain fare as our poor hovel affords; but the best there is, you are all heartily welcome to. Let me carry her over the stile, and then you'll see the house right before you."

As we approached the cottage, every appendage bore testimony to the neatness and industry of its owner. The cow stood peaceably chewing her cud by the window—the milking utensils—the churn—the stone at the door—all bore, from cleanliness, so bewitching an aspect, and the thatched tenement, overshadowed by woodbine, formed a scene so consonant to my feelings, that, turning to my wife, "this," said I, "comprehends the whole of my wishes on this side the grave. Give me a cottage, with content, and I envy not the prince in his pavilion, or the lord in his chambers of state."

The good woman, observing our approach, with homely simplicity invited us to walk in. Ruddy good humour beamed in her countenance, and when I informed her of her husband's kind offer, she bustled about, and made us welcome to every thing her humble store afforded. New milk, warm from the cow, excellent brown bread, and new butter, were spread on a clean cloth, and sickly, indeed, must have

been that appetite that could not make a hearty meal upon such viands, after a three hours walk.

Our wholesome repast concluded, Mrs. Sullivan threw her weary limbs upon the farmer's bed, whither I would have persuaded Ann to accompany her. But no: she felt no inconvenience from the want of sleep, and preferred a ramble in the fields. Accordingly we strolled into the adjoining copse, to consult upon the means likely to insure our protegee's safety, until the arrival of her husband.

My lecture was advertised for that night; therefore *my* return to Brighton was indispensable; but if the farmer's wife could accommodate the ladies, I determined to leave them in a place to which no suspicion could attach: When we returned to the house, I resolved to prosecute my plan, provided the good woman threw no impedient in the way; she was absent, and whilst waiting her return, I examined the contents of some half dozen books piled up in the window. The first was a treatise on farriery: this I instantly closed: but the second rivetted my attention most completely; for it was—guess my astonishment and chagrin—it was a Latin prayer book!—and turning my eyes towards my wife, I perceived her earnestly examining a crucifix!

Thus all our well laid plans were defeated: we were in the house of a Catholic, who would think it his bounden duty to give intelligence to the priest, if the least suspicion glanced at Mary's situation.

"'Tis impossible it should," said Ann, "unless Mrs. Sullivan wilfully betray herself." So I thought; and our hostess then entering, I determined distantly to sound her, and act accordingly. I began by observing their distance from church, and the inconvenience it must be during the winter season.

"We are of the Romish church," replied she, "and our place of devotion is at the Abbey." Ann and I exchanged looks. "It is not more than three quarters of a mile across the fields," continued our in-



former, "and we think nothing of that, wet or dry, when it is to hear the word of comfort from our holy father."

Finding I made no answer, she added, "My husband and I, were servants at the Abbey many years; our two eldest boys take their schooling from the good priest, and seldom a day passes, in fine weather, but he gives us a friendly call."

"This is no hiding place for Mary," thinks I; and sending Ann to see whether her friend rested, I once more breathed the morning air. Sauntering through the field, leading to the road, I encountered the farmer coming to his breakfast. After thanks on my part, and kind enquiries on his, I asked, in a careless manner, whether his present labour lay near the road? and understanding it joined up to it, I said, "I am expecting some friends this morning, did you observe gentlemen pass in a carriage, or on horseback?"

"Neither, sir. Not a living soul has gone that road to-day, except market women."

By this time we had reached the house, which he entered, and left me to my unpleasant cogitations. 'Twas plain that our expected pursuers had not passed to Brighton; and it was as plain that our setting forth must be protracted, unless there was a field path, of which I despaired, being so near the high road.

The voice of Ann sounded cheerfully from the house; and when she joined me, a look of gay importance seemed to say "I am the bearer of good news." And so she was. The farmer no sooner entered the house, than he told his wife, in a tone of dismay, that the confessor was gone to London, with a great gentleman who only arrived yesterday. To the question of,—who told him?—he replied, "Jenny Meadows passed me with a basket of chickens; as she came by the Abbey, the carriage was at the door, and John Coachman said, they should be off in ten minutes."



This intelligence, which filled the farmer and his wife with dismay, was to me a source of comfort. We could now depart with a certainty of being unmolested: we could move leisurely without dread of a surprise from the enemy. Mrs. Sullivan was enjoying sweet repose, from which the most salutary effects might be expected, and on the following morning it was possible her husband might arrive, when all my cares, as far as related to this business, would have an end.

About ten o'clock she awoke, renovated beyond what we could have hoped; and, giving money to the children, for our kind hostess positively refused all remuneration, we again set forward, and I welcomed Sullivan's wife to my lodgings, at Brighton, as the clock struck twelve. Enquiring for Monsieur, we found him still absent; at which I rather wondered, because the priest and the *great* gentleman, whom I conjectured to be *little* Æsop, having proceeded to London, he could have no further business to detain him. Our dinner was likewise served without him, and when I left the ladies at six o'clock to attend my calling, he was still absent.

Contrary to expectation, I found the Assembly-room tolerably well filled, principally by ladies; which I considered as a very high compliment.—After proceeding for about an hour, with uncommon glee,—for the sight of so much beauty inspired me, and the certainty of profit proved no damper,—my subject led me to speak of deformity, and the cruelty—not to say wickedness—of turning it into derision. “No man,” added I, “if he had the choice, would prefer a hump back or a bandy leg.”—At the moment I uttered these words, my eyes fell, as if designedly, upon little Æsop, who, with the fat priest, occupied a back bench. For an instant, I could scarcely credit my senses, and continued to gaze, merely to ascertain the fact. When I was convinced of his identity, Mrs. Sullivan became so intimately associated with the two beings before me, that I lost the thread of my discourse, and was

so entirely confounded, as to be under the necessity of pleading sudden indisposition, and requesting the indulgence of my audience for a few minutes.

I was hardly seated in my retiring room, ere the little gentleman accompanied by the priest entered. Passion was marked in strong lines upon his visage ; with an energy that almost threatened violence, he approached, and as well as passion would permit, thus addressed me. “ So sir ! By your officious readiness to serve your friend, you have involved yourself in a business of a most dangerous nature. You have been aiding and assisting to carry off an heiress—you have stepped between the parent and the child—and been the means of dissolving the ties of affection, and the union of spirituality. The present and future happiness of the deluded object of your nefarious schemes is forever lost, unless she be restored to the fostering care of those parents, to whose attention and love she is consigned by all laws human and divine.

“ I know you, sir ! your public character I am no stranger to. ’Tis in my power to serve, or injure your interest, and one or the other I am determined to accomplish. Give the information that may lead to the object of our search, and take my friendship—withhold it, and prepare to encounter an inveterate foe, who will stop at nothing to accomplish his purpose.”

This was given with such strong animation and energy that his breath failed him, and as he uttered the concluding words, he dropped exhausted into a chair.

The wily priest flew to the assistance of his companion, and with true jesuitical cant exclaimed, “ your Lordship condescends too much by *soliciting* what you have a right to *command*. Perhaps this man is unacquainted with the exalted rank of the person he has offended ; otherwise the native worth and rare talents, which have descended in an hereditary line from your Lordship’s illustrious ancestors ; toge-

ther with the princely fortune that providence, in justice to such unexampled virtue, has thought fit, in the plenitude of its wisdom, to place in such liberal hands, would doubtless have created that reverence and respect which we owe to our superiors, whose will it is our bounden duty to follow in every matter that concerns merely our temporal welfare."

This long winded panegyric on exalted worth and hereditary rank—in other words, this mean sacrifice of common sense and common honesty—filled me with such disgust, that in spite of my eagerness to answer the principal, I found the gall of bitterness rising strong against his deputy ; and setting common usage aside, I prepared to give him as severe a retort as I possibly could, and in the strongest terms my imagination would point out. But ideas sometimes flow too quick for utterance, especially when the feelings are materially concerned ; and this was precisely my case. Finding it impossible to express my detestation of such a character in gentlemanly language, after making an attempt at utterance, I could only articulate the word *contemptible* ! But this was done in a tone, and with action that spoke volumes, if I may judge by its effect on the priest's countenance. *That* seemed to say, "Oh that I had thee under the power of the holy inquisition !"

The fulsome harangue seemed to please his Lordship almost as little as it did me, for he *looked* what I *expressed*—*contempt*. In a word, he possessed too much good sense to be imposed upon by the gross and palpable flattery of his companion, and rising from the chair, "Holy father," said he, "I trust I am sufficient for the cause I have undertaken. Will you indulge this gentleman and me with a private interview?"

With a servile smile of submission, the disappointed priest retired, casting a fire-and-faggot glance upon me as he closed the door.

"Now we are alone, sir," continued his little lordship, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and

assuming a more placid air, "and having in this short interval had time to consider the folly of passion, and the little effect to be produced by intemperance ; permit me to request half an hour's conversation when your performance is over, for at present I perceive by the impatience of the audience, that your presence is necessary in the next room."

Mrs. Sullivan seemed so fully determined to assert her rights, even if she were to have recourse to the laws of her country in support of them, that I thought, as matters had turned out, it would be better for all parties, to bring the business to a speedy conclusion. In a few hours Sullivan would probably arrive, and if I could only procrastinate the meeting, we should have time to arrange our proceedings, and act as best suited the occasion. With this object in view, I replied with civility equal to his own, "I cannot my lord have the smallest objection to your request ; but would rather, on various accounts, postpone the appointment until morning ; first pledging my word, that the lady you are anxious to recover, shall not in the intermediate time be removed from her present sanctuary, nor any undue advantage be taken of the delay."

This was very politely acceded to, and the appointment fixed for the hour of ten at my lodgings, to which I gave his lordship a direction.

When I got home I found Roget comfortably seated with the ladies, and hoping nothing unpleasant had detained him, he replied, "by gar monsieur Romney I have done Madame Sullivan business."

"As how monsieur?" choosing to hear his adventure before I related my own.

"Soon as you leave me, I did retire to my chambre ; but vas vake out a my first sleep by de cries of de old voman. She did shout, and ring a de bell like un diable. Up I jump and did meet Madame Nurse in de lobby. 'Sacre Dieu !' say I, 'vat is de reason of all dis tantamerrerre?' 'She be gone ! she be gone !'

say de old voman, ‘and de holy fader vill never forgive me.’”

“By dis time all de house vas in an uproar, and as it vas impossible to sleep in such a noise, I dress a myself, and come down stair. Presently de coachman return from de abbey, vere he run de moment he found de laty had escape, and bring de Jack priest and de leetel Esop, but nobody could give information, for de vaiter and de bed maid no make discovery. At last dat Esop, for he be von cunning leetel Fox, look a me vid de eye of suspicion, and address de Padre in French. Ven he finish, I say in French, at vich he look surprise, “I had no hand in take away de laty, but I can give information dat may discover someting.’ Tink I to myself, I vill tell a de grand no true—vat you call de dam lie! Den dey say, ‘dey be much oblige.’ So I tell dem ‘I vas travel and did take a my supper last night vid two stranger, who sans doute take away de laty; for I overhear dem say a chaise and four would wait for dem at tree o’clock—and den sair I did hear de visper in de lobby near a my chambre, and a soft voice did say ‘I am ready.’ ‘Vy did you not give de alarm?’ say de Priest. ‘By gar it vas no concern of mine Sair’ say I. ‘Did you hear what road dey meant to take?’ enquire de Esop. ‘Oui Sair, say I ‘dey mention a place call Steyning, vich is on de road to Londres.’

“Ven dey get from me all I know—or did pretend to know—dey send off to de abbey for a chaise, and de moment it come, jump in, and gallop off in search of madame Sullivan, who tanks to your care is far enough out of dere reach.

“Why monsieur,” said I, “this is a very extraordinary tale, and I dare say you believe every word of it.”

“Oui—sans doute. Ah! by Gar! let de Frenchman alone for de grand manœuvre.”

“And the grand mistake too, Roget,” replied I. “Some how, you have been most egregiously deceiv-



ed, for within this hour I have seen both little Esop—whom we must henceforth call my Lord—and the fat priest. Nay more—I have conversed with them.” I then related my story, and after Mrs. Sullivan had got the better of her first surprise, she agreed with me, that something perfectly decisive should take place ; adding, “ if Sullivan were here to support me I should fear nothing.”

Roget seemed to doubt the truth of my narrative, and when he at length gave it credence, it was with an affected belief that Mrs. Sullivan’s enemies were superhuman. “ I tell you vat, Monsieur Romney,” said he, “ if dat Lor Esop do come here in de morning, eider trough de key hole—or down de chimney—or at de door—for I believe it is all von to him—I shall say noting ; but if de Jack Priest do come, by gar I vill kick a him behind, and vip horse him into de bargain.”

The strong prejudice Roget had imbibed against the priesthood took its rise from the following circumstance, which he related with his usual sang froid and indifference to calamities many of my countrymen would have sunk under.

“ Sair,” said he, “ you do tink you do see before you poor Roget de artist and de musician ; but you do see de Marquise de St. Croix. Paris was my chief residence, and before de revolution I had great interest at de court for de place and de pension. Dis vas ver vell for me, you vill say, but ver bad for de people, who did groan beneath de veight of taxes and oppression, for vich dere vas no help. In short Sair, dere was so many of de illustrious, dat dere vas none of de industrious ; ve vere a nation of princes, priests, and paupers. To remedy dis, de revolution did commence, de consequence of vich you know ver vell.

“ My family and myself vere of de royal party. Many of dem make dere escape. Some in de night vidout dere cloaths—some out of de country vidout dere fortunes—and some out of de world vidout dere heads. I, and my son, a youth of fifteen, did escape



as far as Calais on our way to dis country ; but dere ve vere overtaken by de perfidy of de family confesseur—a dam Jack priest, who had been in my confidence for many year. I vas hide vere dey could not find, but my pauvre échild not being in de way to hide vid me, vas taken, and conducted back to Paris, vere he suffer by de guillotine.

“ So Sair, I lost my son in de prime of youth by de vickedness of de dam Priest. I do hate dem all, for dey are de cause of all de misery and bloodshed dat have fall upon my country.

“ Now Sair, ven I did come to England I had no money, but dat vas not my fault ; for before I leave Paris, I go to my bankers, but dey vere gone to Londres, vere ver great man did owe dem hundred thousand pounds ; so dey tink if he no pay, he would shelter dem, and treat dem hospitably. But dey vere mistake. De great man had no money, and to get rid of de debt, he had dem seize and sent back to France vere dey lose dere heads, and dat settle de account.

“ Now Sair, as I had no money, vat vas I to do ? Englishmen ver kind to me, but I could no stoop to live on charity ; so I teach a de music, and draw a de picture, by vich I brush up ver good income. Vat a happy ting it is monsieur R mney for de French noblesse dat dey can turn a dere hand to someting to get de living ! If English prince or lord be left in foreign country vidout subsistence, vat become of him ? Eat a de beef and pudding, or drink a de vine, vill not get de money ; and dey could teach noting but race a de horse—drive a de coach—and fight a de cock. So Sair and Lady, dat is de short history of monsieur le Marquise de St. Croix, now de humble artist Roget, ver much please dat he can live vi tout obligation and in friendship vid de people of dis happy country.”

“ Envidable disposition !” thought I when monsieur finished his narrative “ that can supply its possessor—when deprived of rank and riches—driven from

country, friends, and dearest connexions—with a portion of spirits invincible to every attack of adverse fortune !”

Had I been thus situated, the barriers of reason I fear would scarcely have sustained the shock, if life itself had not fallen in the conflict. Roget could sing and dance, and make light of misery that would have bowed me, and the greater part of my countrymen to the earth ; and whether this be owing to climate, education, or aliment, I leave wiser heads than mine to discover. The conformation of the human frame is not peculiar to a country, any more than human intellect, and yet a Frenchman’s temper is so happily organised that he can smile at calamity, and laugh in the midst of poverty and distress.

## CHAP. XVI.

## “THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE.”

T. DIBDIN.

The clock struck ten, and Mrs. Sullivan's before pale countenance assumed a death like appearance—for this was the hour of appointment—when Roget entered with a letter, exclaiming “by gar monsieur Romney you must take care for yourself. A *gun* did bring dis billet, and only waits for you to *go off*.” The fact was, Martha Gun who for many years had superintended the marine immersions of the ladies at Brighton, was the messenger employed by my unknown correspondent, and after acknowledging her trouble, I broke the seal and read as follows.

“Dear Sir,

“The moment you have read this, burn it, as you value the welfare—perhaps life—of one, who runs a considerable risk to serve your friend. I am this moment ordered to prepare a warrant to seize the body of Raphael Roget under the alien act; it will be served in the course of the day : meanwhile act as your discretion may dictate.

I remain dear sir,

Your sincere well wisher,

JAMES WILKINS.”

This James Wilkins was a young man who had attended my lecture every night, and had, as he was pleased to say, entertained a regard for me. By many

little attentions he seemed eager to promote a farther acquaintance—was a smart youth and gentle in his manners, but until this moment I was a stranger to his occupation.

As I handed Roget the letter, I said to myself “the Frenchman’s vivacity will be damped now, if any thing *can* damp it. His liberty—his livelihood in a moment gone.” He read—paused—shrugged up his shoulders—read again—then returning it to me, exclaimed with more warmth than I ever heard him express before “dat dam Jack priest is at de bottom of dis. He vill take a my life, but by gar I vill not part vid it for noting.”

“Instead of threats monsieur” replied I, “you had better think of safety. This is a malicious business I have no doubt, but when the warrant is once issued, it will be expeditiously executed.”

“Vat sall I do?—vere sall I go?” enquired Roget.

A loud rat tat at the door interrupted our consultation, and by the time Roget had concealed himself in the attic, and Mrs. Sullivan with Ann retired to his sitting room, a lady and two gentlemen were announced, who sans ceremonie followed almost at the servant’s heels. Although prepared for this rencontre, the intended arrest of monsieur, and the sight of his enemy, for such I concluded the priest, so irritated my temper, that I forgot the civility due to a female, whom at a second glance, from her masculine size and the loss of one eye, I recognised as Mary’s mother.

The behaviour of the whole party at their entrance, gave me an idea that they wished to look me down—to convince me by their confident stare of my own insignificance, and their amazing superiority. It had however a quite contrary effect. It roused my pride, and filled me with an irresistible impulse to return scorn with scorn.

“I am come,” said his lordship uncereemoniously, “according to your appointment.”

"I see you are," replied I as abruptly, and without asking them to be seated.

"I am anxious to hear what you have to say;" proceeded his lordship "and my friend here will be kind enough to take it down in writing."

"I beg leave to observe" answered I with some warmth, "that this is my house, to which you, and you alone were invited; without an idea that you would intrude your friends upon me. To the company of the lady, I can have no objection, but whilst that gentleman remains, you may rest assured I shall make no communication whatever."

The tone and manner in which I repeated this, had a visible effect upon the party, who doubtless expected their property and consequence would have availed me into subjection. Being deceived, they addressed each other in French, and the priest with an awkward bow left the room. I then handed the lady a chair, and requesting the gentleman to be seated, was waiting his further interrogatory, when a cry of murder was heard from the passage, followed by a scuffle and a noise, resembling what might naturally result from people tumbling down stairs.

I instantly rushed out of the room, and beheld in the hall below a scene strange and unexpected. At the foot of the stairs lay the priest, sprawling on his back like a large turtle.

At a small distance, seated on the ground, without wig, and rubbing his bald pate, who should strike my astonished senses, but Silvester Sullivan! Whilst the enraged Roget stood over the fallen father with a broomstick, which ever and anon, he applied to his fat sides, till the place resounded with his cries.

I rather flew than walked down stairs, and having persuaded monsieur to desist, he took his hat, and as he left the house exclaimed "I am very much sorry for dat gentilhomme," meaning Sullivan "dat I do not know; but I am ver much glad dat I did kick a de Jack priest dat I know to be von dam rascal. God

bless you monsieur Romney," giving my hand a cordial squeeze, "and your *leetel wife*, vom I hope to see again," and away he ran as if the government inquisitors had been already at his heels.

Sullivan had by this time found the use of his legs; and after congratulating his arrival, we joined our endeavours in raising the fallen pillar of the Romish church. But this was not effected without considerable difficulty. He was so entirely unable to assist himself, and sent forth such piteous groans, that I began to fear he had sustained some serious injury; especially when Sullivan informed me that the Frenchman and he came tumbling down stairs together, and in their descent overturned him, who was at the moment ascending.

When I re-entered the room, having previously disposed of Sullivan, the old lady just recovering from a fainting fit, was reclined on the shoulder of her husband, and Mary applying volatiles. As soon as reason returned she said, taking her daughter's hand, "Come, my lord, let us adjourn to the abbey; we have reclaimed the lost sheep, and though she have strayed from the fold of righteousness, there is much joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Our holy friends will gratefully receive a daughter, saved from temporal and eternal ruin by their kind mediation. The pit of hell was gaping to receive her, but once more within the pale of salvation, she may defy the machinations of Satan, and his infernal agents the heretics. "Mother of saints, she continued, afford us thine holy protection! Receive a backsliding daughter, and preserve her from the abominable heresies of that profane and sacrilegious wretch Luther, and all his wicked adherents."

As she pronounced the last words her eyes were turned full upon me. Their expression was that of a fury, and threatened fire and faggot—the Auto-de-fé—the inquisition, and many other pious amusements that the saints have frequently indulged in. "Con-



descend no further, madam," said his lordship, taking Mary's other hand, "but let us leave the place. Yet before I go, I would fain return thanks to this busy, meddling gentleman, who has so officiously interfered in our concerns, that I am at a loss which to admire most, his prudence or his modesty."

These words were uttered with such peculiar emphasis, and the look which accompanied them, was so disdainfully sarcastic, that as they attempted to force Mrs. Sullivan towards the door, I rushed before them, and in a determined voice exclaimed, "ere you leave this house, my lord, I insist upon a candid hearing."

"*Insist!*" replied the lady scornfully.

"That was my word, madam," replied I, "and drawn from me by his lordship's cruel and unjust accusation. I have neither been busy nor meddling, unless saving your daughter's life may be termed such; and with respect to my officious interference in what you, my lord, erroneously call *your* concerns; believe me, had they been *only* yours, I had escaped the mortification of this visit. But the interest of a persecuted female, joined with that of a dear and ill used friend, called my exertions into action; and I must have been as base and insensible, as you now think me busy and meddling, to have remained supine when a trifling effort could serve the cause of virtue and humanity."

Our conference was interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of three constables, who demanded the person of Raphael Roget.

"These are my apartments," replied I. "The gentleman you seek is not here, and I insist upon your leaving the room instantly."

They were preparing to obey, when his lordship desired their protection. "I was leaving the room," he added, "with these two ladies, my wife and daughter, when we were unlawfully stopped in our progress by this gentleman; for the purpose, as I shall

make it appear in a court of justice, of furthering the designs of a person we have every reason to disapprove."

This appeal to the civil power had an instantaneous effect upon the wife of Sullivan. "Dear madam," said she, addressing her mother, "and you, my lord, labour under much error. Mr. Romney has acted the part of a disinterested friend; he has preserved your daughter from death—the most dreadful of all deaths—even from the crime of suicide—to which I was driven by false representation and spiritual tyranny. But my eyes, blessed be God, are now opened—I view the past as a fearful dream—and hail the light of reason, which points to happiness with my beloved Sullivan."

"Officers, lead the way," said his lordship. "She talks she knows not what."

"She talks the words of sense and reason," replied I. "And by what authority will these men dare to abet a removal against her inclination?"

"The authority of a parent," said the lady:—"What can be greater!"

"That of a husband," vociferated Sullivan, as he rushed into the room.

Mary gave a piercing shriek—threw herself upon his neck, and fainted away.

"Husband!" said his lordship, after I had dismissed the three men, on whom Vigo looked with an evil eye.

"Mary—my own Mary"—observed Sullivan, in a low voice; "how pale and death-like thou looks't. These are your doings, Madam," turning to the mother. "The wasted form of this dear suffering saint cries aloud against your oppressive tyranny; but here it ends. The laws of my country shall assert our rights, and set your power at defiance."

"Are you indeed her husband?" enquired his lordship.

"I know not by what title you interrogate me, sir,"

answered Sullivan ; “ but I scruple not to avow my claim, to you, and all the world.”

“ Madam,” said the lord, turning to his wife, “ you seem less surprised at this declaration than I expected. Is it possible you had no suspicion of it ?” The lady looked confused.

“ Suspicion gave way to certainty two years ago,” replied Sullivan ; “ for so long has Mary’s mother known her to be my wife.”

“ His happy wife !” said Mary, now perfectly recovered. “ If your lordship will intercede for us with my mother.”

“ Your mother, Mrs. O’Sullivan, will want an intercessor for herself. The duplicity of her conduct has led me into an error, for which I shall never forgive myself. Much as I reprobated your marriage with an heretic—one too, who had swerved from the true faith—believe me, I would, on no principle, be accessary in separating a wife from her husband. If such, unhappily, have been your mother’s designs, she is criminally culpable, and can only expect forgiveness, by extending the olive branch to you. What say you, Madam ? and what were your motives for such conduct ?”

“ To preserve her in the faith of her forefathers,” replied this female bigot ; “ which I knew a marriage with the apostate Sullivan would dissolve, unless I could effect their separation. I have hitherto in part succeeded, for which I bless the holy Virgin ; and as all true Catholics would prefer the eternal to the temporary happiness of their children, I call upon you, my lord, to aid my exertions, as you hope to meet her in the company of saints and martyrs at the last great day.”

“ My religious tenets, Madam,” said his lordship, “ embrace a more extensive circle than yours. They are not so contracted as to deny salvation to all who differ from us ; nor yet so narrow as to limit the benevolent goodness of my Creator. That I prefer the

mode of faith in which I was educated, and would go all justifiable lengths to extend it, will admit of no denial. But do you suppose you promote the eternal happiness of a being, by persecution which drove her to intended suicide? Mistaken notion! The act itself, we are taught, would close the gates of heaven for ever, since it precludes the possibility of repentance. And be assured from me, that had not Mr. Romney's timely interposition—for which we can never be enough grateful—prevented the dreadful catastrophe, you would have been amenable at the awful day of judgment, for the life your narrow bigotry had destroyed."

The lady's looks bespoke mortified pride, but no contrition. His lordship proceeded. "To make some atonement for the persecutions we have too successfully practised, and much more, through ignorance of your real situation, that was intended, I shall, without delay, place the money I hold of Mrs. O'Sullivan's in the hands of her husband, for their joint use."

"Money, my lord!" said the surprised Mary: "have I indeed money I may call my own?"

"You have. Your maternal aunt left you five hundred pounds, which I kept secret, from an idea that Mr. O'Sullivan's known poverty, and your supposed dependence upon us, would prevent a marriage; that, situated as you were, would have been the height of folly and imprudence. Providence has, however, counteracted our plans; it is the duty of erring mortals to resign themselves to her dispensations, and to promote by every means in their power the happiness of those united to them by nature, or the ties of wedlock. To further this, a plan suggests itself which may in the end prove reciprocally beneficial."

"Name it, my lord," said Sullivan. "Your manly and ingenuous conduct binds Silvester and Mary to your interest, in chains more durable than consanguinity—more firm than those forged by nature——

these, I have unhappily proved to be of a texture so frail and brittle, that, without my aid, they have snapped asunder—left me a solitary link, torn from the great chain of family connexions—and thrown aside as worse than useless.”

“I am not now to learn, Mr. O’Sullivan,” replied his lordship, “the cruelty and injustice of your brother; but of this another time. In the West of Ireland, I have valuable possessions. A trusty and confidential agent is alone wanting, to render them more productive, and to ameliorate the condition of my tenantry and dependents.”

“A Godlike motive!” cried Sullivan with enthusiasm, “And one I shall be happy—proud to forward. If the persecuted poor of Ireland had, generally, landlords possessing your lordship’s benevolence, they would yield to no people under the sun for industry and respectability. But bowed to the earth by hireling oppressors, who fill their own coffers whilst they impoverish the lands of their employer, and crush his tenantry to powder, what can be expected but the idleness—the filth—the poverty which actually surround them? All the energies of the heart are broken by despair; for where is the incitement to industry and perseverance, when it only tends to enrich a petty tyrant, whose soul is steeled by avarice, and all his social affections swallowed up by self?”

“Perhaps I ought to tell you,” said Mary’s stepfather, “that my estate joins that on which you first drew breath.”

“Connaught castle, my lord?” asked Sullivan.

“The same. Will its vicinity be any objection?”

“None. My actions have never disgraced the name of O’Sullivan, nor shall I feel shame when passing the gates of my ancestors.”

“Holy Virgin!” exclaimed the female bigot, “hearest thou the apostate Sullivan? Young man,



the shame and disgrace you have brought upon your name ——."

"Peace madam, interrupted his lordship, "We have had enough of invective. You are not Mr. O'Sullivan's judge. If he has acted wrong, we must leave him to God and his own conscience. Mr. Romney, my language to you has been both intemperate and unjust, and I beg your pardon. As Mary's preserver you are entitled to our thanks, and every good office in our power. Mr. O'Sullivan, if you will take the trouble to come as far as the Abbey to-morrow, I will settle your pecuniary demand, and talk further about the Irish expedition."

He then took a polite leave, and retired followed by his lady, who coldly saluted Mary, but took not the smallest notice of Sullivan or me.

The priest covered with bruises was unable to walk, but they shortly afterwards took him up in their carriage, and proceeded forthwith to the Abbey.

The scene that followed I should fail in describing. The long persecuted Sullivan and his wife were reunited, and no earthly will had power to separate them—the miseries attendant on poverty were never more likely to return—and the ill requited child of genius, would bow no longer before a haughty, and in many instances, an ignorant publisher.

When the turbulence of joy had somewhat subsided, my friend required an explanation of the dreadful scene to which both my words and his lordship's referred. A recapitulation of every circumstance, from Mrs. Sullivan's first appearance in the garden, to his own arrival, therefore took place; and Mary was about to relate the persecution which led to it, when a letter was put into my hand from Roget, requesting me to send off his trunk, which I should find concealed amongst some lumber in the garret, directed under a feigned name; and likewise to discharge the trifle due to his landlady, for which he enclosed a note.



These commissions I executed with all possible despatch, meanwhile Sullivan settled his pecuniary and other concerns at the Abbey, and the third day we found ourselves once more in London.

Being rather late when we arrived at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, and Mrs. Wakefield not apprised of our arrival, we determined to remain there that night.

As we stood by the coach waiting for our luggage, an outside passenger, with a great coat on one arm, and a pair of saddle bags under the other, was disputing with the driver about a half-crown, which the latter declared to be French, and not worth more than two shillings and three-pence; though the former roundly asserted his having taken it at the last stage, and in loud and commanding accents told coachee to refuse it at his peril.

"Peril or no peril," said the long skirted whip, at the same instant seizing one end of the bags, "you shall not stir from this place till my fare is paid in good and lawful money of Great Britain. "Come, come, my master," he continued, "you are not acting none of your stage metamorphoses now. I must down with my *hog* to mount scoundrel at your stage play, and do you think to mount my dickey, and bilk me with a French half-crown?"

The latter part of this dialogue rivetted my attention, and looking earnestly at the face of the weather beaten, and nearly superannuated actor—for such the coachman's address bespoke him—I recollected with some difficulty, a person I had seen in the early part of my theatrical career, of the name of Gloster. Whilst my thoughts were wandering from Edinburgh to Exeter, in search of a name that would apply to this decayed son of Thespis, he had I suppose, satisfied the coachman, for as I mentally repeated the word "Gloster," he leisurely walked up the Inn yard, and as we followed, I heard him enquire if he could have a bed.

Mrs. Sullivan, though still weak, bore the journey so well, that after a comfortable supper, she declared herself upon the whole, better for the exertion; and my little wife, whose body and mind were equally alert, smiled at the idea of fatigue from so slight a cause. As my friend and his Mary were alike strangers to theatrical professors, ourselves excepted, I proposed to request Mr. Gloster's company. "His physiognomy shows a good deal of character," added I, "and his conversation may amuse from its novelty." This was cheerfully agreed to, and I accordingly wrote upon a card—"Mr. Romney, of the Manchester and Liverpool theatres, will be glad of Mr. Gloster's company to take a glass of wine."

Ere I had well said "Suppose his name should not be Gloster, after all," he entered the room, still bearing his coat and leather bags. Of these the waiter would have eased him, when he replied, retreating, "No, no, my good fellow—try all things—stick to that which is good:—now I know my bags to be good, because they contain my all, and I shall stick to them. That's the way to carry on the war." Then placing his property on the back of a chair, he, at my request seated himself. I would have opened the conversation by apologising for the liberty I had taken with a stranger, but he interrupted me in the very onset by observing, "My dear sir, we citizens of the world never take offence at an invitation of this kind—we are always at home wherever we go—carry on the war in good fellowship—smile at calamity—enjoy prosperity—look upon all things as a jest—quarrel in jest—poison in jest—strut our hour upon the stage, and are no more seen."

Sullivan's countenance, during this speech, was inconceivably ludicrous. A character of Gloster's stamp had never before come under his consideration; and from his so frequently alluding to the war, concluded of course he must be in a military capacity. This did not raise him in my friend's estima-

tion, for he detested war, and had scarcely common patience with its advocates or professors. "Pray, sir," continued our loquacious companion, addressing Sullivan, whom he seemed determined to suppose an actor too, "Are you going to, or coming from an engagement? I have just quitted the field, and here is the plunder," pointing to his bags. "Having made my harvest, I left the troops to scramble for themselves. Every one for himself. That's the way to carry on the war, is it not sir?"

Sullivan, more than ever convinced of his military occupation, replied, "It is very immaterial sir, to me, how the war is carried on. It is an iniquitous system at the best, and I cannot help saying—pardon me—that your retreating with the spoil of the unfortunate inhabitants, and leaving your troops to rob and plunder without controul, is a refinement in cruelty that war may justify, but a Christian must condemn."

Gloster smiled at the warmth with which Sullivan condemned the system of warfare, but eager to refute his error, replied, "My dear sir, do you take me for a human butcher? A dissector? A killer off, and cutter up of men, women, and children? No, my murders have been confined to Billy Shakspeare, Benny Johnson, and a few others; and my troops, under the title of Mother Baker's corps, are carrying on the war in the good town of Canterbury. The emoluments of my benefit, amounting to the neat sum of nine pounds, eighteen shillings, and ten-pence, are snugly deposited in these bags, and that accounts for the more than ordinary care I take of them.

Sullivan seemed gratified by this explanation, but wished to know what he meant by carrying on the war.

"That, my dear sir," replied Gloster, "is a term with me, that signifies a contention with the world and its villaines. Life is neither more nor less than one continued scene of tyranny, oppression, forestall-

ing, circumventing, calumniating, and cheating; and if a man mean to get forward in the world, he must be master of these arts, or he may die in a rat hole. For my part, I look upon every man as a rogue, and make it my study to pay him, as well as I can, in his own coin. And now Mr. Romney," continued he, "give me leave to ask where you are carrying on the war? Poor Drury is in ashes, but are you of the corps dramatic now encamped at the Lyceum, or foraging in flying parties to astonish the weak minds of provincial natives, for overflowing benefits?"

Having informed him that I had made no engagement since my debut at Drury Lane Theatre, and was just arrived from Brighton, where I passed a short time pleasantly in this lady and gentleman's company, he added, turning to Sullivan with the air of a soliciting actor, "Pray, sir, where does your corps lie at this moment? because I am in want of an engagement. To tell you the truth, I am tired to death with *starring* it on *profits*, for though the people *stand* the *gag* ever so well, the managers sack the money. You fill all the tragedy yourself, I conceive, but I am universal, and shall be very glad to engage as your *double* when you are too lazy to act yourself, or, in short, as a useful man."

Great part of this address being unintelligible to Sullivan, I anticipated his reply by informing our eccentric visitor, "that my friend's views did not that way tend," and after an hour devoted to more general conversation, for Gloster was by no means deficient in good sense and intelligence, we retired to rest, not knowing exactly how to estimate the character of our new acquaintance; for though his confession implied a line of conduct opposite to every principle of moral rectitude, and political justice, his opinions on many points spoke candour, benevolence, and philanthropy.

## CHAP. XVII.

## THE ROBBERS.

SCHILLER.

IT was near ten o'clock before we assembled the following morning, and when the waiter entered with breakfast, he informed us, that the person with whom we had spent the preceding evening, had been detected in an attempt to seize the bags belonging to the mail coach. This unpleasant intelligence was confirmed by the chamberlain and our consequent observations became rather troublesome. Would the simple affirmation that he was a stranger accidentally introduced, be believed? On the contrary, being all alike unknown, would there be any inconsistency, or want of charity, in pronouncing us confederates?

In the midst of this uncomfortable reflection, the door opened, and in came the subject of our conversation, accompanied as usual by his bags and great coat.

"Oh, Mr. Romney!" he exclaimed, almost breathless, "I have 'scaped by miracle, by the skin of my teeth—but I'll tell you the whole story, and though you may laugh, I think you'll say I am an ill used gentleman. When I left this hospitable company last night, heartily disposed to the comforts of a good bed and a quiet room, I signified my wish to retire, and the chamberlain preceded me up one—two—three—four pair of stairs—in fact, I began to think we were mounting Jacob's ladder, and that the firmament would be the termination of our journey. 'Egad chamberlain,' said I, 'you are taking me a day's march; how much higher are we to go?' 'We are



at the top of the house,' he replied, 'and almost at our journey's end.' But the rascal lied, and the truth was not in him; for if you'll believe me, we went over as much level ground as we had ascended, and I began to think he would land me at Temple Bar. At the dismal end, however, of the fifth or sixth lobby, he threw open the door of as miserable a dog hole as ever gentleman comedian was shewn into; and to all my expostulations I could obtain no other reply than that the house was quite full, and if I did not like to sleep there, I was at liberty to march down again, and seek a lodging elsewhere. This impudent reply silenced me at once, for you know ladies, it would have been the height of imprudence to make a sally at that late hour, and subject myself and vast possessions, to the marauding attempts of the midnight plunderer.

"Well, gentlemen, the friendly chamberlain left me to my meditations, and after having deposited my bags behind my pillow, I yielded without resistance to the imperious attacks of Somnus. I believe I might have slept about an hour, when a hoarse voice, near the door of my chamber, bawled out '*Bath!*' What's Bath to me? thought I, I have often carried on the war there, but don't owe one shilling; and was just sinking into a second slumber, when another voice roared out '*Bristol!*' Aye, there you have me, said I to myself. I owe a small bill for a few weeks board and lodging; it's impossible to carry on the war without eating and drinking. Before I could again compose myself, a third voice exclaimed '*Dover!*' You may go back to Dover and be d——d, said I, there is not a shilling owing yet, for my promissory note will not be due these five weeks.

"As I lay wondering what this uncommon disturbance could mean—for I hope you have a better opinion of my understanding than to suppose I *really* thought this an assembling of my creditors—an idea



occurred much less pleasant than that would have proved, had it actually taken place. This was connected with thieves—perhaps murderers—who having broke into the house, had lost themselves in the dark, and were calling to each other by assumed names, no uncommon thing amongst people of this description. I now began to tremble for my dear property, and creeping softly out of bed, groped my way to the door, which I opened gently and listened. Nothing however was to be heard or seen—not even the glimmer of a lanthorn made its way through the impervious darkness on which I looked—and finding every thing quiet, I once more closed my eyes in forgetfulness; but was again awoke by a voice, whose accents I thought betrayed hurry and agitation, vociferating ‘GLOSTER! make haste! I have got the bags!’ The devil you have! said I, feeling under my pillow, and sure enough they were gone. Without the smallest hesitation I ran down the lobby, at the end of which, I plainly perceived a man carrying a lanthorn, and a nearer approach convinced me, as I thought, that the bags he bore on his shoulder were the individual ones taken from my apartment. ‘Give me my property you scoundrel,’ said I, seizing him by the collar; upon which he called for assistance, and I was instantly surrounded by coachmen, guards, and ostlers, who treated me as a common thief, supposing I meant to rob the mail. For as sure as you sit there, Mr. Romney, I had made a sad fool of myself. The person whom I seized was the guard of the Gloucester mail, with the letter bags. He had been to call the coachman, who slept in the next room to mine, with four or five of the same fraternity. As soon as I discovered my mistake, what shall I do, thinks I, to appease these fellows? for they all accompanied me to my room in search of the dear bags, which having slipped from my pillow, were found under the bed. ‘Gentlemen,’ said I,—‘for you know we must always gentleman these kind of people. Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘you see the mistake. I am going to carry on the

war in the North, and these bags contain the supplies ; so if you pass over the disturbance I have created, and call upon me at twelve to-morrow, at the bar of this inn, I will present you with something handsome to drink my health.' This had the desired effect, and they left me, in full expectation of the coming joy. Now at eleven I shall be on my way to Cheltenham, and at twelve they may whistle for me."

"And do you intend sir," asked Sullivan, "to deceive those men, to whom you have given your sacred word?"

"Yes sir," replied Gloster, "the war cannot be carried on without it. My word was extorted from me by circumstances, and therefore cannot be binding. Naked, unarmed, and in the custody of English Hottentots, who would have made no more of tossing a gentleman actor out of the window, than I should of tossing down a glass of wine, what could I do? Had they demanded all I possess—even my invaluable bags, I must, thus situated, have promised, but none but a fool would perform."

It was now near eleven o'clock, and as people are seldom behind their time when any thing is to be received, the waiter came to inform us, that some men in the tap room were enquiring for the gentleman who was going to carry on the war in the north.

"That's me," said Gloster, rising ; "When I paid my bill did I leave nothing for those honest fellows to drink?"

"No Sir."

"Then tell them to sit down and wait till I come to them."

The waiter retired, and Gloster added, as he secured his coat and bags, "they may stay long enough if they wait till then, I'll go to the top of the monument rather than be humbugged." At the end of these words he bade us adieu, observing as he left the room, "if you wish to carry on the war, gentlemen, you must follow my example."

"This is a new reading in the science of military

manœuvres," said Sullivan, as the door closed upon our worldly-minded acquaintance."

"In the science of roguery you mean," added I.

"I had no conception," continued Sullivan, "that such a character existed. If a more intimate acquaintance with the world leads to a philosophy of this kind, pray heaven I may pass the remainder of my days in innocent solitude. As we have figured in some degree as his associates, we must for our own sakes support his credit." Accordingly the bill was paid, and Sullivan sent half-a guinea for the men in the tap room to drink the health of the gentleman who was gone to carry on the war in the north.

Our sensible hostess and her truly amiable daughter rejoiced, I believe sincerely, at our return, but were sorry our excursion had been so little productive. Indeed our concerns wore altogether an unpleasant aspect. It seemed as if I were born to wage continued war with pecuniary embarrassments; every effort—every struggle for independence had been frustrated. My plays—my attempt at Drury-lane—my exhibition at Brighton—all—all had failed—and the golden prospects that brought me to town, "vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision."

"'Tis well its no worse," said Ann. "Your sight is always attracted by the dark and gloomy shades of a picture, whilst mine rests on the bright and vivifying tints, to which the others give a lustre they would otherwise want. Have we not health and intellect? Do we not possess a handsome maintenance in our theatrical talents? Have we not friends in Lancashire who never yet neglected us? How many worthy beings in this vast metropolis would think themselves happy if blessed with our resources?"

There is something delightfully consoling in the arguments that gently flow from the lips of a beloved female, if they do not carry conviction; and I often reflect with pity on the forlorn state of celibacy. No sympathising friend to soothe the miserable being in affliction, or participate in his joy—no tender hand to

bind up the aching head, or administer the healing balm in hours of sickness—no smiling wife to welcome him after a day of mental or body fatigue, and render the fire side a scene of social comfort.—Oh woman ! source of every joy, how I reverence thy name !

For the very short period which any of us should remain in town, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan occupied his former apartment, our sitting room was the general rendezvous, and the housekeeping a joint concern.

Lord Skipton, Mary's step father, had made a point of their visiting Ireland as soon as possible, after settling some business for him at Plymouth ; from which port they were, by his Lordship's orders, to sail. A few days sufficed for preparation—it wanted a fortnight to the time I had finally settled to join Egerton, and as the separation from our esteemed friends would naturally be long—probably final—we yielded to their joint entreaties, and prepared for an excursion to Plymouth.

Four places being taken to Exeter, and the Coachman promised a handsome gratification for accommodating Vigo, we left London early in the morning. Our two fellow passengers were a stout, snuffy, red faced, Scotchman, in a huge brown wig, and three-cornered hat ; and a little, old, rheumatic gentleman, whose Lancashire idiom identified him to be my countryman. His legs, surrounded by numerous folds of flannel, spoke disease and pain, if we might judge by the frequent imprecations he made use of. Save these, for the first stage we were nearly silent ; but a hearty breakfast, with a glass of cognac, having infused a little ease and spirit into his frame, he began to observe freely on men and manners. Passing a poor man with a child in his arms, and his wife leading another, who held out their hands in humble expectation of christian charity, he observed with some

energy, "that encouraging such idle scamps was downright jacobinism."

"Exactly sir, yere reeght," replied the North Briton, taking a huge pinch of snuff. "But dunna ye think if we had passed you peur scamp wi' his wife and twa wee bairns, withoot relief, it would ha been worse than heathenism?"

"What sir! do you take me for a heathen?" enquired the old gentleman. "No sir, I'm a firm church and king man. What do you mean by a heathen?"

"By their works ye may ken 'em. They lack Christian charity—blasphemy is in their mouths—in their hearts infidelity, deism, atheism——"

"Oh!" cried the other, writhing with sudden pain. "Don't talk to me of deism and atheism; rheumatism is worse than 'em all." "What a strange association!" observed the Scotchman, with a look of contempt. "I'll tell you what, sir," said the angry Lancastrian, "if you had as much pain in your tongue as I have in my toe, it would not wag so fast; but the plentiful scarcity of good things in your country, gives the brain a better chance than the belly."

"Just-so," answered his adversary. "Yere bowels and brains, guid sir, I ken are equally useless. The ane canna digest the sma'est portion o' mental refreshment; and the ither, crammed wi' corporeal viands, that stick by the way, produces only bile and the wooley-wambles; rendering yere whole body a walking hospital of putridity and disease."

My countryman looked round to see the effect produced by this speech, and observing a general smile, replied—"I'll tell you what sir, I don't know who you are, nor what you are; nor I don't know what you mean by wooley-wambles—though by their laughing, it seems pretty well understood by the other passengers—but I must tell you sir, you don't know who you are talking to. I am in the commission of the peace, and shall make some enquiry into your character, for I much suspect you are a Jacobin."



“A magistrate!” exclaimed the Scotchman, with astonishment. “In Lancashire I ken muckle gaid is achieved on mechanical principles. An ingenious man noo might vary weel form an automaton to go by steam, that would render as muckle utility to his country as some that I have heard of. The fame of yere Lancashire magistrates is gone abroad. Could na ye furnish materials for a curious conspiracy noo—or a snug plot? Or supply a certain laird wi’ combustibles for the contents of anither bag? Secret service money is a bonnie commodity, and sticks to the fingers like meal.”

The justice’s reply was prevented by the stopping of the coach, and an enquiry if any one chose to walk out. “To be sure,” replied his worship, placing his gouty legs on the step, “any where to get rid of this d——d Scotchman. Coachman, bring me the way bill, I’ll ferret him out never fear. I’ll see if the representative of majesty is to be humbugged by a snuffy old bagpipe player—a scratcher on the Scotch fiddle.”

The old gentleman continued to vent his passion till he got into the house, where he revenged himself on his Caledonian adversary by swallowing an additional glass of brandy, and learning his name from the way bill.

An awkward servant, in an antiquated livery, assisted the justice to and from the coach, who during the journey occupied a seat on the roof. Before we drove off, he enquired in pure broad Lancashire, “What man I do wi’ th’ blunderbush? It rains, your worship, and th’ barrel will be rousty.”

“Bring it into the coach,” replied his master.

“Gin thoo bring thine infernal implement of deeth intul this place,” replied the North Briton, brandishing his cudgel through the window, “the deel ha’ my saul but I’ll crack thy croon. Drive on coachman.”

“The magistrate could ill brook this determined refusal from the sturdy Caledonian; he swallowed



his rage, however, as well as he could, only observing, "I have lived man and boy sixty good years, and spent as many thousand pounds principle money, but never met with such treatment before."

The Scotchman, finding that to further irritate this choleric little man would produce a strain of language ungenial to female ears, declined any further answer; and the conversation becoming more general, he proved himself to be a person of great knowledge, shrewd observation, and liberal sentiments.

Sullivan and he soon entered into a metaphysical discussion, which, like most controversies of a similar kind, ended in confusion without conviction. At length the North Briton tired of the unprofitable combat, observed, "My dear sir, metaphysics is a subject as unfathomable as the ocean, and perhaps the old blacksmith of Glamis's definition of the term may be as near the truth as any other. 'Twa folk,' said he, 'disputing together; he that's listening does na ken what he that speaking means; an' he that's speaking does na ken what he means himsel; and that's metaphysics.'"

Happening to pass a small town, evidently devoted to manufactory, and the justice being more conversant with trade than subjects of deep investigation, held forth in praise of the manufacturing system in great style, according to his own idea, if a judgment might be formed from his pompous declamation; but when we began to sympathise with the lower class of tradesmen on account of the injury they sustained by the war, he broke out—"I'll tell you what gentlemen;" said he, "I have been a manufacturer myself, and ought to know something about it. I brought into business six thousand pounds, principal money, and for years paid bills down for every article—none of your two months and two months—and therefore I am not to be informed of what's what in Lancashire. There is not a county where the people

are better off, or better satisfied." "Sin' ye are sae weel informed," replied the Scotchman, "ye can perhaps favour us wi' a leetle bit o' inteelligence consarnin' the comfort and satisfaction exemplified amongst the lower classes, by mobbing and pulling down hooses."

"Mobbing my——." exclaimed his worship, "it's all exaggeration and lies." The ladies blushed—Sullivan bit his lip, and exclaimed in a low voice, "Oh the torture of ignorance!" But Scotty, taking an additional pinch of snuff, observed with a sarcastic smile, "What a pity the representative of Majesty has na taen advantage of those long established seminaries the Sunday schools; where a cheeld is taught that good manners is ane of the first requisites for a gentleman; though perhaps the custom o' yere country may differ from the general rule. But I beg yere pardon for this interruption. Go on; and let us hear what sort of a superstructure ye mean to raise on sic a dirty foundation."

It was impossible to avoid smiling at the Scotchman's manner, and this so irritated the other that he exclaimed with much heat, "why what the d—l do you take me for? A Jack pudding—a merry Andrew at a fair—that you can find nothing to laugh at but me? I believe I made a bit of a hole in my manners, for which I ask the ladies pardon; but if you would have had patience, I was going to tell you that there was no mobbing, unless you call a few herring-gutted thieves bawling out for potatoes, a mob. But I soon frightened 'em by beating to arms, 'and if that does not do,' said I, 'you must shoot o'er 'em'—in other words—shoot above their heads. Now there happened,—its a devilish good story—there happened, I say, to pass by at that moment, an attorney, of the name of Oram, who hearing the cry of shoot o'er 'em—and not choosing to go to the devil before his time, clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped for his life; but being higher than the rab-

ble, a ball struck his side, which luckily did no damage ; for he had buttoned a huge bill of costs against a bankrupt's estate, within his coat, and the folds were so numerous, that lawyer Oram escaped unhurt."

The old justice told the story with so much glee, and laughed so heartily himself, that we could not help joining him ; by which the whole group were in some measure harmonised ; for my countryman, with all his faults, lacked not good humour.

It will be remembered that the justice had an awkward Lancashire servant, who was entrusted with a blunderbuss. From what trifling causes arise the most serious consequences ! This blunderbuss, and the blundering fool who bore it, were the origin of a calamity that had nearly ruined Sullivan's peace for ever, and reduced him to a standard of wretchedness he had hitherto escaped.

As we were proceeding from Exeter to Newton Bushel, at a late hour on the second day of our journey, the coachman stopped to light his lamps at a single public house by the way side. It was a lonely, dreary looking hovel, but afforded such refreshment as satisfied the driver and his outside companions. This was handed by a man on whose countenance the light he carried reflected a cadaverous hue, and exposed an assemblage of features, than which the annals of Tyburn never exhibited a viler pattern. After he had served our friends aloft, he threw open the coach door—apparently more from curiosity than expectation of custom, and enquired if we chose any thing : then casting an inquisitive glance on all around, shut the door abruptly, and as we drove off, I could see him in earnest conversation with another man, muffled up in a large top coat.

The darkness of the night—the loneliness of the situation—and the behaviour and looks of the landlord—brought to my mind in strong colours the forest scene represented by Smollet, in his admirable novel of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.

A knowledge of the world invariably leads to suspicion. I had seen too much of mankind to let mine lie dormant on an occasion that appeared at best equivocal ; though, for fear of alarming the ladies, I smothered it as well as I could ; taking the precaution, however, to remove my little property, consisting of bank bills, from my pocket book, and placing them under the cushion. This, in the dark, was not easily ascertained, except by the touch, having abundance of miscellaneous matter in the same repository ; by that, however, I readily selected a small bundle of soft paper, and having bestowed it in an unsuspected place, felt perfectly easy on my own account ; and Sullivan I knew had little more about him than would defray the expense of the journey.

We might have proceeded four miles, and were ascending a steep hill, when the coach stopped, as we supposed to breathe the horses ; but an exclamation in the well known accents of Tim, the Lancashire servant, convinced us to the contrary. " If thou offers to meddle wi' onny body, i' this coach," said he, " by th' mass I'll blow thy brains out wi' my blunderbush."

This was instantly followed by a discharge of fire arms, and Mrs. Sullivan dropped senseless into the arms of her husband. The coach door was immediately thrown open, and a hoarse voice demanded our money at the peril of our lives. No one chose to risk his in such a cause. Books, purses, and loose coin were without hesitation deposited in the hands of the determined ruffian, with the exception of Sullivan. His wife's inanimate form alone occupied his attention ; and whether the robber fancied he had already collected booty enough, or whether regret for the bloody deed saved my friend from farther persecution, I know not : but the fact is, Sullivan's purse remained in the pocket of its owner, though without his appearing sensible of it. " Thou hast killed my wife," said he, in accents of anguish ; to which the

other replied, "I am sorry for it. That babbling fool on the top should have held his tongue—the ball was meant for him."

The sharp forked lightning of misfortune never assailed a more sensitive plant than Sullivan. His short lived happiness had been so exquisite, owing in a great measure to former disappointment and distress, and this blow coming with such unexpected force that he sunk under its weight, and was a far more pitiable object than the one he bewailed.

No sooner had the robbers, for there were two, departed, than the coachman brought one of his lamps to ascertain the injury sustained, when Mrs. Sullivan opened her eyes, and to my wife's enquiry pointed to her shoulder, which bled profusely. My poor friend no sooner saw the sanguinary stream, than he burst into a passion of tears, and exclaimed in the most agonising tone, "Must I then lose her?—Is there no hope?—There is—there *can* be none, and Sullivan is doomed to be a wretch for ever."

"Hoot awa mon," said the Scotchman, "yere in sic an hurry to kill the peur lassie, that I ken ye wad na thank the cheeld, who offered his sarvice to staunch the bleud, and pave the way for her recovery."

"Recovery!" repeated Sullivan, "Oh! I would bless you to the last hour of my existence, and reward you to the extent of my ability, if you could save the life of this precious angel."

"As to angels they are aboon my ken, but for this bonnie mortal I'll do my best, mon, without fee or reward. I wur nae thriftless loon when I attended the College at Edinburgh, and ken reet weel the nature o' gun-shot wounds."

During this conversation we were slowly moving forward. The coachman had informed me of a farm house, a few yards beyond the turn of the lane, to which I ordered him to drive with all the care possible; and though the family were retired to bed, the mistress of the house obeyed our first summons, and



cheerfully performed the part of the good Samaritan.

Our Scotch friend proceeded in his examination with the confidence of a person well skilled in surgery, and his report proved most favorable. "The ball," said he, "has passed clean through the fleshy part of the arm, and there's nought to fear, provided we can keep down the fever, which I ken will be na sic a deeficult matter fra the temperate state of her body."

Sullivan's anxiety now gave place to grateful joy; he thanked God—pressed a pound note into the hands of the kind hostess—kissed my wife—embraced me—shook hands with the doctor—and looked round for the justice;—when given to understand that he still remained in the coach, he ran off to impart the intelligence he seemed to imagine must interest every one as much as himself.

The good doctor, for we were yet ignorant of his real appellation, would have persuaded the wife of Sullivan to remain a day at least in her present abode, but hearing there was no accommodation for myself and Ann, she pertinaciously persisted in proceeding. It was only four miles to Newton Bushel, and as the coachman promised to drive with careful slowness, her wishes were gratified.

In half an hour we were again seated, and our joy at the happy termination of this untoward event precluded all thought of pecuniary loss, until the North Briton began to rummage his pockets; and taking a number of notes from the lining of his hat, said, "I've gin the robber the bog, but kept the siller myself."

"Right, Scotchman," exclaimed the justice, "but I saw you give a book and a purse."

"Exactly, ye saw me gie a twelve-penny ladies' diary, that I always carry with me for the express purpose, and a wee purse filled wi' bawbees. Accidents of this sort will happen, and I am never unprepared. What siller has he taen fra ye, mon?"



"Siller!" repeated the old gentleman, "I was so alarmed at the death, as I thought, of this lady, that I gave him all I had—forty pounds."

"Forty poond, mon?"

"Aye, principle money."

"What a pity! Ane of yere ain bills of twa months wad ha done just as weel, an then ye might ha stopped payment; but ye'll ken better anither time."

Meanwhile I had resumed my soft paper, and replacing it in my pocket, for my book with all its contents, consisting chiefly of memorandums and observations, were gone; I related the method I had had recourse to. This pleased the Scotchman, and he paid many compliments to my wisdom and forethought. "Yere a carefu', prudent body, I ken," added he, "and know the value of siller as weel as though ye had been born north o' the Tweed."

Mrs. Sullivan became quite faint ere we reached Newton Bushel, where we decided to stop and post the short remainder of the journey. Our medical companion, on whose judgment Sullivan placed great reliance, agreed to the delay—the justice swearing most valiantly, declared against travelling alone, and as two chaises would convey the whole party, it was determined *nem. con.* to wait the result of the morning, and to be decided in our future resolves by the fair invalid.

When Tim appeared at the coach door to assist his master, a blow was aimed at his head by the angry magistrate, which had it taken place, would probably have prevented a repetition of the like services; but though it missed the cranium, it grazed upon his extended arm and called forth the following address. "*Dunna do that again, Mester, becose I'll narw tak it, if I do I'm a Dutchman; mind I'll narw tak it, and mend yoursel an ye con.*" The old gentleman having exhausted himself in attempting to punish his servant, was conveyed into the house, and after a copious glass

of brandy replied "Let me hear no more of thy impertinence, Tim. Though I put up with it at home, I will be treated with respect abroad, therefore no more of thy forward impudence, I say, otherwise I'll commit thee as sure as my name's Robinson."

"Why look ye *mester*," replied Tim, in a half-jocular way, "I'll *commit mysel* to th' top o' th' coach again," and away he ran.

This little pun seemed to tickle the old gentleman's fancy amazingly. He laughed and looked around, as much as to say "Is not that clever?" In short, it was as plain as the sun at noon day, that this impudent clown had the full length of his master's foot, and had cunning enough to wait till the first burst of passion was over, after which he could govern him at pleasure.

It will be remembered that Newton Bushel was the scene of some theatrical exploits; and that in the beginning of the third volume, I here abdicated my managerial throne in favour of poor Davis. Although so many years had elapsed, I could not enter this well remembered place, without feeling an interest in its inhabitants. I longed to enquire after various people—I wished to know if manager Davis, of *bespeaking* memory, still reigned in that part of the country. On enquiry, I found that some of my old friends were dead, and others removed—that Davis some years before had given up the command, and was now prompter in the Plymouth and Dock Theatres. The barn where I had strutted my hour was converted into a methodist chapel, and what was rather whimsical, the adjoining house was occupied by an old woman who kept several gay cyprians for the accommodation of her friends; and the noise made by her pious neighbours at love feasts, class, band, and prayer meetings, so far out heroded *her* meetings and *love feasts*; that she actually indicted the chapel for a *nuisance*; but the neighbours agreeing that they were *equally* so, the parties were separately bound over to their good behaviour.

We had breakfasted some time, when Sullivan joined us with the pleasing intelligence that his wife had passed a good night and would be ready to set forward in less than an hour.

Accordingly two chaises were ordered, together with the bill, which the worthy North Briton divided into four shares ; positively refusing to allow the ladies any part in the concern, and to this arrangement my countryman shewed no backwardness. Sullivan and the Scotchman deposited their quota, whilst I was eagerly employed with a newspaper—the justice with the utmost sang froid felt for his money, and at that moment—and not till then—his situation appeared before him in all its unpleasant deformity. A bowl of rum and milk which he was lifting to his mouth, fell from his nerveless hand—the ruby emblems of good living that sparkled on his nose, lost their lustre, in attempting to rise he overturned his chair—and rang the bell with such violence that the rope broke. Ater this succession of disasters—with a countenance the most ludicrous I ever beheld—he stood looking at the variety of mischief he had caused, and in tones the most unmusical chaunted forth “Farewell Manchester, never shall I see thee more.”

The waiter now made his appearance, and he thus proceeded.

“Tell me in a moment how far it is to Plymouth ?”

“Thirty-six miles, sir.”

“Its a lie, sir. It can’t be. But no matter. I’ll send off an express if it be a hundred. Order a man and horse directly.”

As the waiter retired to obey his commands, he turned up his face in the most whimsical manner, and piteously ejaculated “From plague, pestilence and famine good Lord deliver us ! Giles Robinson, gentleman, justice of the peace, and so forth, is near four hundred miles from home, and not a farthing in his pocket !”

The greatest stoic that ever lived could not have maintained his gravity on the present occasion. The countenance—the words—the manner—were irresistably laughable; but supposing from our mirth that we doubted the extent of his misfortunes, he added, “by the Lord its true.”

“I ken hoo it is wi’ ye,” said the Caledonian, “the robbers hae taen aw yere siller, an na left ye a bawbee to pay for yere breakfast.”

“Its Tim,” replied the justice, “that infernal Tim has taken away my trunk, containing many a score pounds, but I’ll send an express after him.”

He was again going to rise, forgetting I suppose the order already given, when the Scotchman thus addressed him, “Hoot mon, sit ye still, I’ll lend you ten poond, and that will suffice tull ye overtak yere servant.”

“Ten pound,” repeated the justice in amazement.

“Aye wull I mon, principle money as ye caw it.”

“You are no Scotchman,” said my countryman, shaking him heartily by the hand.

“And why not a Scotchman?” he asked, “Oh my geud friend, do awa wi’ dirty national prejudices. They may have their use, if employed leeberally, in binding a mon’s affection tull his country, but they too often lead him to think there is little virtue in any other.” He then presented the notes saying, “There sir, ye noo ken that a Scotchman can sometimes do a generous deed without ony view but the pleasure that may arise frae the act itsel.”

The magistrate now paid his share of the bill, and the above scene having destroyed the inferior interest of the newspaper, I drew forth my hand and prepared to do the same.

Reader. Have you ever received per post a long expected letter supposed to come from some dear friend, wife, or mistress, and find upon opening it, a demand for money you are unable to pay? Have you

ever been invited to a dinner party five miles from town, on the hottest day in summer, and upon your arrival at the time appointed, panting with heat—bedewed with perspiration—and hungry as a half-starved greyhound—been informed the family are out for the day? Have you been told by Goodluck and Co. that your ticket, 11,541, was a prize of ten thousand pounds, which afterwards proved a blank? Unless you have experienced one or more of these miseries, you can form no idea of mine, when after searching all my pockets, I found the soft paper I had taken such pains to secrete, owed the whole of its value to a few patterns of silver lace, I received from a shop-keeper in Little Britain, for the approbation of my friend Egerton, the day before I left town. In the hurry of the moment, they were placed in my pocket book, and totally unremembered until the damning proof stood in terrible array before me.

I believe I now excited as much attention as my countryman had previously done, but still it bore no similitude. I could not *sing*, and *swearing* was not one of my habits. *My* countenance, far from appearing droll, must have expressed distress and anguish, if it at all pourtrayed my feelings, for I had lost the whole of my wordly substance; and though that whole did not amount to thirty pounds, it was as much to me as thirty thousand would have been to a person possessing that exact sum, and being robbed of it as I had been.

“My good friend what’s the matter?” said Sullivan, when my distress appeared obvious, “your money is safe I hope.”

“Oh yes, safe enough,” I replied, “the highwayman has taken charge of it, and all that’s left to console me are these three patterns of silver lace. What a thoughtless idiot I must be to forget a circumstance so closely interwoven with my interest, and how wanting in judgment to mistake this for bank paper.”



After I had explained the circumstance, Sullivan observed, "it was, certainly, an unfortunate lapse of memory, but I think any person might have been so deceived, who had only the sense of feeling to depend upon; the touch is scarcely to be distinguished, and the pliable texture of the lace, rendered any discovery from that quarter impossible; therefore do not attach more blame to yourself than you really deserve. Our good doctor has set an example I am proud to follow; you will allow me to be your banker for the present till we arrive at Plymouth; every thing, I hope will be settled to your satisfaction."

This offer so well calculated to mislead our two companions was by me duly appreciated. I felt the generosity of his motives, and the delicacy of his conduct, and having no other resource, quietly submitted to obligation.

"Your name is Ponteus," said the justice to the Scotchman, as we followed the other chaise."

"Just so," he replied.

"Aye, aye, I saw it in the way bill. At first I took it for Porteus, and thought perhaps you might be a relation of Beilby—you have heard of Beilby—he and I were schoolfellows—for you must know my father designed me for the church—but Beilby used to say—and a clever lad he was—"friend Giles thou art fitter for the counting-house than the cathedral."—Beilby is an odd name—some people *have* odd names—what were you christened?"

"As uncommon a name as the ane ye ha mention-ed. My father was ane o' the elders of our kirk, and perhaps thinking the sponsorial appellation might influence his bairn's conduct, cawed me—after that cheeld o' the deevil the pope—Pious; an epithet I am sorry to say, ill applied, tull the man before ye."

"You mean to say Master Pontius," said the magistrate, "that you are not so pious as you ought to be. I'll tell you what, sir, the best of us have nothing



to brag of, as I said one day to our parson for getting drunk before service. Mother church and our lawful king ought to be supported you know, Master Pontius."

"What ye mean by supporting the kirk, Maister Robinson, I dinna ken," replied the North Briton. "A kirk is a convocation of releegious people assembled together for the purpose of divine worship; and whether it be in England, or Scotland, or France, in the regions of the torrid zone, or the frozen empire of Russia, it matters not; the support they look for, no human hond can gie. But for a guid king who promotes the true interest of his people, I'll gang wi' ye tull the world's end."

"Give me your hand, honest Scotty;" said the Justice, highly pleased, "as our Tim says, that's jannock."

In due course of time we arrived at Plymouth, and the first person we saw at the Inn door, was the sagacious Mr. Timothy, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, gaping about to the great amusement of some half dozen children, who stood laughing at his whimsical appearance and awkward gestures. In a moment he was ready to assist his master, who in a tone between jest and earnest, exclaimed brandishing his stick, "Come not near me, thou common thief; where's my box and my blunderbuss, thou highway robber?"

Tim without noticing these little exuberances replied "this is a rare *pleck Mester!* yon's ships *gollere!* after *yone* gotten a mouthful o' *summut* to eat, I'll *tay* you to look at um."

The box and blunderbuss soon made their appearance, and on some remarks of Tim's, his master observed, "Now cannot I be angry with the scoundrel, if the devil was to fetch me."

"Nay *Mester,*" replied the impudent varlet, "the devil has no occasion to *fetch* you, for *yore* going to him as fast as ever you *con.*"

Many masters would have been angry at these kind of liberties, but Justice Robinson looking at us with a smile of approbation, bade his servant retire and comfort himself with a quart of ale. The blunderbuss appearing old and battered, I took it up and trying the ramrod, found it charged to the very muzzle, and had no doubt in my own mind of its producing serious consequences to the person who was hardy enough to fire it. This I mentioned, and requested Mr. Robinson's permission to draw the charge; when lo! and behold! the first article produced was an old worsted wig—the second, two leaves of the Lancashire dialect—the third, a roll of pigtail tobacco—and in the pan was deposited a quantity of snuff. These harmless substitutes for powder and ball, caused a good deal of laughter; the Justice in particular seemed to enjoy the joke; and as he held his sides exclaimed “here's a pretty guard for a coach! A blunderbuss loaded with worsted wigs, pigtail tobacco, and Scotch snuff! By my conscience the rascal meant to comfort, not kill the enemy.”

Our first care in the morning was to procure a lodging for the week Sullivan would be detained; and Mr. Robinson, strange to the place, and fond of society, begged he might share it. A further acquaintance with my countryman convinced me, that absence of mind was one of his besetting infirmities. He forgot the robbery, until he wanted money to discharge his bill, and now left the Inn without repaying the worthy Scot, who stood his friend in time of need. But the latter, being a man of deep penetration, entered fully into Robinson's character, and knowing his money was safe, seemed indifferent about the payment. He likewise left the Inn, and took up his residence at a friend's house in the adjoining street.

After we had settled the ladies in our temporary abode, Sullivan and I sallied forth to explore the town; and during our walk he made me as easy un-

der my late loss as a sense of obligation would permit. In vain I remonstrated on the impropriety of taking more than the identical sum I had by my own inadvertancy been robbed of—Sullivan's was a truly munificent spirit, and having detailed what he was pleased to denominate "unreturnable benefits," I accepted a fifty pound note, more to ease his mind from a weight of obligation than any other cause. Selfishness was never one of my besetting sins, if it had, I should not have forced him to return the other fifty to his pocket book, after promising to apply to him in any case of future emergency.

As evening approached, I felt an unconquerable desire to visit my old friend Davis. Accordingly having seen Sullivan, our two wives, and the Justice comfortably placed round a whist table, about half after nine o'clock I set forth, and at the stage door of the Theatre, enquired for Mr. Davis the prompter? During the servant's absence, I could not help wishing I possessed the inimitable talents of my friend Matthews. At any rate I determined to try a little innocent deception, and for this purpose buttoning my coat close to my chin, pulling my hat over my face, and altering my voice, I prepared to receive the cdivant Manager. Twenty years had not so changed his appearance, but I knew him at the first glance; and bowing with that air of humility for which he was always remarkable, he begged to know my commands? I informed him that a party of ladies and gentlemen had some thoughts of patronising a play, and wished his opinion on the subject. This was no sooner uttered, than he dropped the prompt book, and taking from his side pocket a list of plays, the company were in the general habit of performing, particularly recommended Douglas.

"And why Douglas, Mr. Davis?" said I.

"It is a play, sir, that gives general satisfaction."

"You perform in it, I presume."

“Why—yes, sir, I *walk* on for old Norval.”

“The time *has* been, when you have *more* than *walked* on for *Young Norval*, I dare say.”

“You are right, sir, I have played it formerly with some reputation,” said he, exultingly, “in very respectable theatres.”

“Chudleigh and Chard to wit,” replied I, “not forgetting Brixham.”

At these words he looked at me with all the earnestness my lowered hat would allow, and no longer able to restrain my feeling, I caught his hand and continued, “Have you forgot me, my old friend?” “Hey! aye! ’tis he sure enough. Mr. Romney, I am heartily glad to see you, where is Mrs. Romney? She’s well, I hope.” After answering these questions, he added, “What shall we do? where shall we go? I want to talk to you, and this is an improper place.”

“Is the play over?” asked I.

“Gadso! I forgot,” he replied, “yes the play is over, and the farce is just going to begin. Will you step behind the scenes? We shall have done in little more than an hour, and then, I am at your service.”

When the curtain finally dropped, we adjourned to a tavern, and over a beef-steak, he recapitulated all the mishaps and adventures, which eventually sickened him of management, and turned his thoughts on less precarious plans. “Here,” he added, “I serve instead of being served, but my situation is exempt from those troubles and turmoils, from which no manager is free. My life is an even tenor of regular duty, and the history of one day, would be an exact representation of the other six, such is the monotonous life of a Prompter.”

“But though yours,” I replied, “resembles that of a mill horse, it is free from the fatigue of *taking towns*, and *getting bespeaks*.”

“No more of that, if you love me. You have rubbed me so hard upon that subject, in the *Itinerant*, that I am quite sore. But joking apart, I certainly

had talent that way, and I almost think it a pity I gave up my vocation." He then filled a bumper to the health of my wife, and continued, "Poor Fanny, I suppose, is long since numbered with her fathers. She was a faithful brate, and more universally respected, than favorites generally are."

It was one o'clock when I parted from my old manager, but having requested Tim to sit up for me, he obeyed my first gentle summons. I was hastening up stairs, when he pulled me back by the coat, and with his usual freedom said, "So, *yore* our countrymon I find."

"I am, Tim."

"I *dunna* like you a bit *wur* for that. There's *nout* like Lancashire, when *aw*'s said and done. *Yo* seem'n to be a sharpish kind a body, and I *dar* say *han* fund out, that my *mester* is but a kind of a fly wind. He's *cum'n* here by th' *device* o'th *Lunnun* Doctors, for an *impediment* in his legs; for they sayn th' air here is very *surviving* and *becose* it would *na* be *politicious* to let him come by *his sel*, I'm *com'n* with him like."

"Pray, Tim," said I, finding him so loquacious, "how came you to charge the blunderbuss with such strange materials?"

"Look you there now," replied he, laughing and rubbing his elbows, "as sure as th' devil's i' *Lunnun* I *thot* somebody would *ax* me that. Why, *Sur.* as I said before, our *mester* is but a kind of a rambling sort of a jockey. I *dunna* think he's over done *wi* *brains*, though he's managed to scrape together a good lump o' *brass*. One day before we started *fro* *Lunnun*, he brings *whom* that great big *blunderbush*, and said to me, charge me that Tim, and if *ony* body *tacks* th' coach, blow their brains out. Now, *sur*, I would *no* kill a human *cretur*, if I *mit* be made a church warden for my pains; so I popped my snuff into th' *pon*, and my pigtail into th' barrel, and, by way of filling it up, I rammed down my worsted wig,



and *thout* like a *gloppert foo*, that th' robber would be feart at th' very name of a *blunderbush*, but it would *na* do, for he fired just under my legs, and if poor Mistress *Sulliman* had been *kilt*, I should ne'er *ha forgin mysel*. Our *owd mester* lost a power o' brass he says, and yet he had wit enough to save some, for he has *getten* his pockets full yet.

Not choosing myself to interfere in the money transaction between Mr. Robinson and the Scotchman ; and knowing, a hint to this arch rustic would be sufficient, I took the opportunity of informing him, how matters stood, and that I believed his master had entirely forgotten the circumstance.

“That he has, *mester Romney*, as sure as *yore* alive,” replied Tim, “for to do th' *owd felly* justice, he *wor* ever an honest *mon*—I mean as honest as a tradesman *con* be—*yo* known, at best, it is but a kind of an over-reaching *consarn*.”

I could not help agreeing to the truth of this observation, and wishing the sagacious clown a good night, retired to my apartment.



## CHAP. XVIII.

## DELAYS AND BLUNDERS.

THE following morning at breakfast, Tim looked brim full of something, but as his master, contrary to custom, addressed no part of his conversation to him, he remained of course silent. He was carrying out the tray with its appendages, when Mr. Robinson called out, "Here, Tim! what do you leave the salt for?" To which the servant archly replied, "For the same reason, *sur*, that you did'nt pay the Scotchman—*becose I forgeet it.*"

"Eh! what's that you say? Not pay the Scotchman! By my conscience I believe you are right. Get me pen and ink directly. Mr. Pontius must think I mean to cheat him." The note, which he read aloud, ran thus:

"Mr. Pontius,

"Sir,

"Inclosed you have 10*l.* principle money. My head's like a cullender, nothing will stay in it. You are a good Samaritan—a northern comet—seen but once in a century. Stay where you are my good Sir—don't return to Scotland—cold climates freeze warm hearts. It is a wise child that knows its own father—I suspect yours was an Englishman. Good bye.

GILES ROBINSON,

Justice of Peace, and so forth.

*Tuesday Morning.*

Tim was despatched with this note, addressed to Pious Pontius, Esq. and, as he could not read, the name was repeated several times, that he might know whom to enquire for. In half an hour he returned, and as he entered the room with great glee exclaimed, "He's coming, *Sur*, he's coming."

"Who?" enquired his master.

"Pontius Pilate, *sur*. But I'll tell *yo* how it wur. Th' folk i' this *pleck* are so *gloppent*, that when one *axes* a civil question, they *dunna* know what one means. I *dar* say I *spurred* at a dozen houses, but nobody knew *nout* o' Pontius Pilate, and if I had *na* met him by chance, I *mit* ha *coom* as I went, for *onny* wiser I should ha' been."

Our travelling friend found us laughing at Tim's blunder, in which he heartily joined, at the same time observing, "However oor names may assimilate, I trust there is muckle difference in oor characters?" Then shaking Mr. Robinson by the hand, he continued, "Ah, magistrate! ye canna get over yere national prejudices! I ken the deeficulty by mysel; but as I find it shuts the doors o' the hert against true philanthropy, I struggle hard to overcome it."

"And you have obtained a victory, my dear sir," said Sullivan, "over all your prejudices I should think, except (pardon my freedom) a few theological ones."

"There," replied Pontius, "I confess my weakness, if ye chuse tull gie it that teetle; for I do na think proper to put my finite reason in competition with infinite wisdom."

"I fully agree with you there," said Sullivan. "But we must first by the assistance of the understanding providence has given us, be convinced where, and how, infinite wisdom is exemplified? Daily experience is crowded with *natural* evidence, but when we apply to *tradition*, and take for granted every thing we read, because our fathers and grandfathers

believed it—and the nurse, the schoolmaster, and the priest, have riveted the superstition. I say in this case, a Mahometan, or a Hindoo, is fully as justifiable in his belief as a Christian, because he rejects the aid of reason and investigation.”

“Ye talk weel my geud Sir; but ye recollect the children o’ this world are wiser in their generation than the children o’ light. We maun be carefu’ not to intrude our vain reasonings against the workings o’ the Spirit, lest we provoke the wrath and everlasting vengeance of the Supreme.”

I knew this was touching a tender string with Sullivan, and expected an animated reply. Nor was I mistaken. His eye sparkling with the enthusiasm of truth—at least what he from conviction, conceived to be truth—he answered “Is God a man, that he should punish from an impulse of resentment? He! The common Father! wounds but to heal, says reason: and our irregularities producing certain consequences, we are forcibly shewn the nature of vice; and thus knowing good from evil by experience, we learn to love the one, and hate the other. The poison contains the antidote, if properly applied; and we either reform our evil habits, and cease to sin against our bodies—to use the forcible language of scripture—or a premature death is the consequence.”

“Weel, sir,” replied Pontius taking out his snuff box, and gently opening it, “and what then?”

“Here an awful stop is put to our enquiries. But why should I conceal my sentiments? Considering the attributes of Deity, I believe that whatever punishment may follow, will tend—like the anguish of disease, to shew the malignity of vice—for the purpose of reformation. Everlasting punishment appears so contrary to the nature of the Divine Being, discoverable in all his works, that I could sooner believe our all-wise Creator paid no attention to the conduct of men, than that he punished without the benevolent design of reformation.”

“This is a very flattering theory, sir,” said the North Briton, “and does mair credit tull yere heart than yere head. For ye maun be ill read i’ the sacred writings, if ye dinna ken that these things were ordered frae the beginning o’ time, for purposes nae human mind can understand.”

“There, my dear sir,” replied Sullivan, “we to-tally differ. To suppose an all wise, and all powerful Being—as good as he is great—as just as he is merciful—would create a single creature, foreseeing that, after fifty or sixty years of feverish existence, he would be plunged in never ending wo, is, in my opinion, the height of blasphemy.”

“I don’t believe a word on’t,” cried the justice. “I would not treat a dog so. When Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus, ——”

The ladies, who were standing at the window, now called our attention from the beasts at Ephesus to a group beneath. They consisted of a poor ragged female, with two children, surrounded by three chimney sweepers. At the moment we approached the place of observation, the sable trio departed, each leaving his half-penny in the hand of the mendicant, who, with a strong brogue, exclaimed, “Thank you, honnies!”

“Aye,” said Pontius, “as ane o’ yere bards most beautifully and truly says,

‘The puir man alone, when he hears the puir moan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will gie.’

“The poet’s a liar,” cried the justice. “Here, Tim.” Tim entered. “Take the poor woman this half-crown. The man who wrote that verse ought to be prosecuted for a libel. I wonder Sir Vicary suffered him to escape.”

“Hoot mon,” replied Pontius, “this description o’ libel, sin’ ye will hae it ane, is not o’ the complexion our muckle men o’ the law trouble their heads about.

A mon may write ony thing, so he steer clear of individual censure, shut his een to the abuses o' government, and expose not the braw lads who exist by speculation and plunder."

The third day Mrs. Sullivan and Ann expressed a wish to see the Honey Moon, advertised for that evening. Accordingly Tim had orders to go to the theatre and take a box. The bumpkin stared, but moved not. "The playhouse, you blockhead," said his master; "do you know what that means?"

"Sure I do," replied Tim. "It *yo'dn* said playhouse at once, I should *ha* known what I'd been about."

Half an hour afterwards, as I went down stairs, I heard some one in a low voice articulate my name, and immediately Tim beckoned me towards him. "I *ha* been pondering," said he, "ever *sin* I left th' *raum* about going to th' playhouse and taking a box. *Win* *yo* be so good, *Mester Romney*, as just to tell me whether it *mun* be *yore* box, or *Mester Sulliman's*, or my *owd Mester's*? I can carry *onny* on 'em for that matter; but I could wish to know which I *mun tak*, like, and into whose *hond* I *mun liver* it?"

The simplicity and earnestness of this appeal, convinced me that he had never been employed on such a message before; and as I was going to take a walk, I led the way to the box door, and properly initiated him into the business. This important point settled, I left him, though not before he had paid some compliments to his own *cuteness* at the expense of his master, who had not, he said, properly *incensed* him.

It was our intention to have gone early; but Mr. Robinson hobbled out after dinner to an adjoining news room, and got so involved in politics, that he forgot his appointment, until a certain craving convinced him he had been absent longer than he intended. A neighbouring steeple announced the hour of seven as he entered the drawing room; and as he de-



clared it impossible to stir until the imperious calls of hunger were satisfied, another half hour elapsed before we reached the Theatre. The boxkeeper threw open the door, and called, "Mr. Robinson's servant;" but no one appearing, I stepped forward, and found Tim in all his glory. To say he was laughing, would faintly describe his situation. He literally roared with extacy; and a comic song, the cause of his glee, being that moment ended, he shouted, "Well done, owd red cockers; *dang* my buttons, but that beats *onny* thing I ever *hard* i' Manchester"

This speech drew the attention of the house exclusively to the speaker. The Gallery and Pit applauded; many in the boxes laughed; but a few, whose features never relaxed on vulgar occasions, vociferated, "Torn him out! turn him out!" The object of universal attention sat wondering what all this meant, and would probably have answered the discontented few, had I not, in a tone of authority called his name, and ordered him to make way. This of course he did, and we seated ourselves as the second act commenced. Still the major part of the company fixed their attention upon our box, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Sullivan; who, naturally timid, and not much accustomed to scenes of this kind, wanted courage to face such determined observation. As the play proceeded, however, the attention began to divide, and our fair friend was regaining her composure; when a loud horse laugh from behind, again attracted the gazers, and turning round I beheld Mr. Timothy comfortably seated in a corner of the box, and seemingly as much at ease as though he had been in the servant's hall at his master's mansion.

Knowing Mr. Robinson's irritability, I undertook to dismiss his man with as little noise as possible; and when he began to remonstrate upon the unkindness of sending him away, I slipped a shilling into his hand, and bade him go into the gallery,



which settled the matter to our mutual satisfaction.

The play was very respectably performed, but to make any comparison between the duke of Mr. Elliston, and that of any other actor, must throw the latter so far behind, that the less we say upon the subject the better. My opinion of this great dramatic professor has been clearly manifested in the former volumes ; and though I have been frequently accused of exaggeration—of praising beyond the bounds and limits of truth, I have yet found no cause to recant my opinion. In elegant, playful comedy, I still say he has no equal ; his lovers are unrivalled in the present day, and I know no one of the old school who could stand a competition with him, except perhaps John Palmer ; and of that gentleman, I cannot speak from much personal knowledge. I have rarely seen him in London, and in his usual visits to the country, his choice of characters seldom embraced those of a lover like cast ; but from his insinuating manner—his smooth and persuasive address—and the superior beauty of his person—I conceive he must have been the Elliston of his day.

Lovers in general on the stage have so much milk and water insipidity about them—so little earnestness or appearance of passion—that, contrary to the custom of real life, which shews true affection more by manner than words—I say, that if the author did not supply them with matter, the audience would never guess the supposed situation of their hearts, and we are led to conclude, such stupid representatives, never felt the ardour they know so little how to assume.

At the conclusion of the play, Tim had orders to attend with a lantern, and whilst the magistrate was guarding himself against the night air, I went in search of his servant. and found him challenging a crowd of footmen, who kept him at bay, whilst an old military

gentleman stood behind them, brandishing his cane, and threatening vengeance.

Tim, I found, with his usual simplicity had stoped the servant of Colonel Malpas, who was in the act of attending his master home, and, civilly, as he thought, requested leave to obtain a light for his lantern. The dignity of the Colonel could not brook this interruption, and he haughtily exclaimed, "Do you know who I am, fellow?" "Not I," said Tim, still keeping his hold of the servant's lantern. "It's Colonel Malpas," whispered a by-stander. "So much the better for him," replied the Lancashire clown, "and my name's Timothy Bobbin, but what *argufies* names? A *mon* may *kinnd* his candle, *yo* seen, let his name be what it will."

The Colonel, bursting with indignation, made a liberal reply with his cane across Tim's shoulders, when down went the lantern, and in all probability the owner would have shared the same fate, had not the servants interfered.

The moment Tim observed me, he came forward smacking his hands, and crying "Here's the lad for the honour o' Lancashire," then turning again, as if encouraged by my presence, he bawled, "Come out, *owd Colillery Morbus* and I'll smash thy *yead* as I did thy lantern."

Tim, ignorant of his breach of decorum in stopping the Colonel's servant, thought himself greatly ill-treated, and it was no easy matter to pacify him. At length, however, I succeeded in making him put on his clothes, and the Colonel observing my authority, ventured to peep from behind the footman, and enquired if he was my servant. Ere I could reply, Tim roared out, "My mester's *owd 'Squire Robinson*, 'oth Mount i' *Rachda* parish, wi' brass enough to buy up aw the *Colillery Morbuses* i'th' kingdom." This being vociferated with stentorian lungs, reached the ears of the magistrate, who came hobbling into the lobby to enquire the cause of his servant's uncommon

energy. After learning from Tim that he had received the discipline of a cane, for only requesting to light his candle; the Colonel's complaint—though made with all the pride of aristocracy—excited no feeling of sympathy. On the contrary—when he proudly enquired whether Mr. Robinson chose to justify his servant's conduct—and if not—insisted on his instantly dismissing an impudent rascal who dared to insult a person of condition—the old gentleman replied, "I'll tell you what Colonel, had you applied to me when you first conceived yourself insulted, I should, as a magistrate, have proceeded as the law in that case directs; but as you chose to resort to violent measures, and to take the punishment into your own hands, you must abide by the consequences." "Oh, very well! you shall hear from me," said the Colonel, as he walked away.

As we were passing the pit door on our return home, we encountered Pontius, who readily agreed to eat his sandwich with us. "In geud troth, magistrate," said he, "yere sarving mon made bra sport i' the play hoose. I kend him fra the beginning, an I ha no doobt gin he had kend me, he would a hailed me as an auld acquaintance." At this instant Davis passed, and as this might be the last opportunity I should have, I invited him to join our party for an hour; to this he modestly assented, and his unassuming demeanour, so pleased the old justice, that he declared, when the prompter had taken leave, that he was a very pleasant fellow, and had nothing of the Irishman about him."

"Was yere worship ever in Ireland?" enquired the North Briton.

"Never," replied the justice, "but I know the character of the people as well as if I had lived amongst 'em."

"And pray what is their character?" again asked Pontius.

"Why, sir, they'll drink your wine, borrow your

money, lie with your wife, and debauch your daughter."

"All prejudice, my geud friend, doonright, narrow minded prejudice. What a pity it should obtain amang the subjects o' yan geud king. I ha' been in the country, I ha' lived wi' the inhabitants, and will gie ye my opinion of an Irishman. His deportment is open, free, and generous; and his soul too expanded to entertain narrow notions of reegid economy. He is formed for vivid, social, and spirited society; and this leads him, in a convivial hour, to outstep the bounds o' moderation; for by frequently drinking the health o' ithers, he too often forgets his ain. Is there distress? wha's hert so open to relieve it? Even the squalid inhabitant of a cot will share his potatoe and salt with a less fortunate neighbour. Are you a stranger, of talent and genius? wha's fostering hand so willing to encourage—wha's hospitable door so open to receive you? Ready wit, and a fertile imagination give a zest to their entertainments unknown to the natives of England or Scotland, and unequalled, I firmly believe, by any other nation upon earth."

I was much pleased with our Scotch friend's description of a people it was never my good fortune to know in their own country. I have frequently wished, and many times fixed my plans to visit Ireland; but something or other always intervened. It is a country I am prepared to admire—they are a people I am sure I should love—and ere long I hope to take advantage of the many letters of introduction I am promised, from the friendly sons of Erin on this side the Channel, to their hospitable brethren on the other.

Some author I have lately read—my memory in this respect is very fallacious—says, "The Irish have never yet had their day: when they have, what a people they will be!" and I am inclined to think the sentence not more liberal than just. It breathes a

spirit of divination, which I sincerely hope will one day be accomplished.

When Mrs. Sullivan and Ann retired, Pontius asked the justice if he had the misfortune to be a bachelor? and being answered in the negative, continued, "It's a miserable state: I ance had it in my pooer to avoid it, and a bonnier lassie ne'er met my een; but Providence ordered me to the south; and when I gade back tull Scotland, the winsome hussy had ta'en counsel frae her mither, and gin hersel tull a lad wi' mair siller. Ye maun think this was a severe mortification tull a hert that loo'ed her wi' a' the honesty o' sincere affection. It weel nigh bereaved me o' my senses; an' sin' that time, noo twenty years, though I admire the unaffected sprightliness of youth and beauty, I cou'd ne'er loo anither."

"If you can admire," said his worship, "you'll love in time."

"Never!" replied Pontius with much earnestness. "A' the affection my hert is capable of lies i' the grave o' Jessy Duncan—for she ootlived her marriage not mair than a year—and upo' the sod that covers her, I vowed to live and die a bachelor."

Merely to change the conversation, which had become too serious, I asked Pontius, "if he had ever met Dr. Johnson in Scotland?"

"Aye, gude troth have I," replied he; and sin' we are upo' the subject o' the female sex, the Doctor was an instance that men may admire them, and yet lead a life o' comparative celibacy. He is frequently styled the literary bear, an' i' gude troth he was not sae affable and conciliating as he might hae been; but even he lost a' his severity i' the company o' women. I have heard him say, 'The mon, sir, that can withstond the effects o' beauty, wha isna i' some measure softened by the tender solicitations of a sweet, amiable female, deserves to be transported tull a desert island, to herd amongst the brutes, his brothers.' Ane fine summer's evening, as we were



enjoying the cool breezes, and aromatic exhalations frae a beautiful garden, a fine playfu' girl, frae the banks o' the Tweed, i' the zenith o' full youth, health, and spirits, and who had, by her lively wit, oft produced a smile from the otherwise rugged muscles o' the Doctor, came bounding o'er the turf towards where we sat, and exclaimed, 'My dear Doctor, I am often surprised at your sober, saturnine mode of walking. Here you go,'—an' she gave a correct representation of his gait, which by-the-bye was ane o' the clumsiest points aboot him—'why don't ye run like me, and sport the toe elastic?' The laugh during this imitation was terribly against the Doctor, and had it been excited by other means, wou'd hae greatly irritated him. Instead of which, wi' the utmost gude humour he replied, 'Why, dearie, my elastic days are over, but I'll tell ye what, dearie, I'll run ye a race for a pot o' coffee. The wager was ta'en, the Doctor laid his coat, hat, and wig upo' the grass, and away they went. But of a' the comic exhibitions that were ever seen, sure this was the most so. His round, bald pate resembled a ripe pumpkin, and his awkward exertions, much impeded by the size of his small clothes, which he was obliged to support wi' ane hand, were sae provokingly laughable to his fair opponent, that she screamed wi' glee, but coudna rin, Accordingly the palm o' victory was geed to the Doctor, who exultingly cried oot, after he had recovered his wind, 'You see, dearie, a mon may hae a heavy heed, an' a light pair o' heels; but ye rin under great disadvantages, dearie.' 'Indeed,' said she, surprised, 'why how shou'd I run, Doctor?' 'I' the costume o' yere country, dearie, withoot shoes and stockings.'

"The laugh thus turned i' the Doctor's favour, and he was excellent company for the remainder o' the evening."

About ten o'clock the following morning, as the magistrate sat at breakfast, Tim came to inform him



that two grand officers enquired for him. "They are *graidly* officers," added the servant, "none o' your *locals*; and I verily believe *tone's Collery Morbus* come to challenge your worship, for he looks plaguy glum."

"Reach me my cane Tim," said his master, rising from his chair, "I'll pistol none, but if they are insolent, I'll break their heads."

"Softly *Sur*," replied the arch varlet. "Fair and softly goes far in a day, and I've a scheme worth ten o' *yore's*. When folks *gun* out o' cutting one another's throats, *dunna* they *tak* a friend wi' tum?"

"Certainly."

"Well then, Mester, when they enquire for *yore* friend, ring th' bell, and I'll tak care you shall have one that 'll soon settle their business."

The old gentleman placed as much confidence in Tim's courage as he did in his wit; and utterly detesting duels, and all their horrid consequences, the servant was permitted to have his own way.

The Officers now made their appearance, when the elder of the two made himself known as Colonel Malpas, adding "You recollect the circumstance that took place last night at the Theatre."

"I recollect, Colonel," replied Mr. Robinson, "that you very impertinently insisted upon my discharging my servant. I recollect, likewise, your promise that I should hear from you. Well, now you are come, what have you to say—what apology for striking my servant?"

"Apology!" repeated the Colonel. "Here's my apology," producing a brace of pistols. "Take your choice, for I demand instantaneous satisfaction."

"Look you, Colonel—a—what's your name—though fighting's your trade, you'll not be able to do business with me, I promise you." "No trifling sir," replied the choleric colonel, "you must give me im-

mediate satisfaction, so send for your friend, and let the business be settled instantly."

"Well, Colonel, since nothing but murder will give you satisfaction, we must abide by the consequences." He then rang the bell, and Tim entered disguised in his master's best coat and waistcoat, his fur travelling cap and boots. On one shoulder he bore the large brass blunderbuss, and in his right hand a tremendous horse pistol. This, on entering the room, he discharged obliquely towards the window, shivering the glass into a thousand pieces. His manœuvre had such an effect upon the two strangers, that ere they could rally their astonished senses, he had placed himself beside his master, and presenting his blunderbuss, exclaimed, "come on *Collery Morbus*—here we are for the honour o' Lancashire."

Whether they took Tim for a maniac, or a hired assassin, is immaterial; their situation appeared too dangerous to admit of deliberation; so the Colonel and his friend, with hasty strides, quitted the house, and left the magistrate to laugh at his man's ingenuity.

Sullivan having finished Lord Skipton's business with greater facility than he expected, had taken his passage in a vessel bound for Wexford, which only waited for a fair wind. As he was completing his packages, he called me into his apartment, and presenting a roll of papers said "My dear Romney, these contain a faithful history of the vicissitudes which reduced your friend from comparative affluence to the poverty in which you found him. Being penned merely to gratify my wife, to whom I intended to confine their perusal, you will make kindly allowance, for the unfavorable light in which I have painted characters related to me by the nearest ties of affinity, but, unless I am greatly deceived, very unlike me in mind or disposition. I have related my adventures in the third person to avoid what never pleases me in narrative, the egotistical repetition of 'I did

this'—and 'my father said that.' Besides, the relator may draw his own character with less appearance of vanity, though I hope I have never outstepped the bounds of modesty when speaking favorably—or disguised those weaknesses and errors which fall to my lot, with perhaps a less excuse than to many others. As you propose visiting the sister kingdom next winter, I shall not dwell on the pains of separation, which I trust will be only short, nor animadvert upon the incalculable benefits you have conferred upon me and mine; they live in my recollection, and 'whilst memory holds her seat,' can never be erased,"

I was beginning to combat this sense of obligation, when the Captain sent to summon him on board. Our parting was all that might be expected from an attachment founded on reason and reciprocity of sentiment, but softened by a shortly expected re-union; even poor Vigo seemed to partake of the general regret at separation; and as our boat receded from the packet, we could see Sullivan and his wife waving their handkerchiefs, after their persons had become undistinguishable, mixed with the crowd on deck.

As two days yet remained of the week for which Sullivan had taken the lodging, and we had at least that time to spare ere it would be necessary to commence our route towards the present destination of Egerton; I decided to remain and devote all the leisure we could steal from Mr. Robinson in reading the Manuscript. Ann was if possible more anxious than myself; accordingly we retired to our apartment, and read aloud by turns the following interesting particulars.

## CHAP. XIX.

## SULLIVAN'S HISTORY.

IN the province of Connaught, dwelt the respectable family of the O'Sullivans. Their strong attachment to the Romish faith had created some enemies, but their general liberality and kindness rendered them doubly dear to their friends. The extensive domains and noble mansion over which the present race presided, had been handed down for ages in a direct line, and the valorous exploits of their ancestors, in defence of their country and religion, were recorded on the tapestry which decorated the massy walls of Connaught castle.

The present residents of this venerable pile, were Sir Patrick and Lady O'Sullivan, two sons and a daughter. Charles and Silvester, ere they were able to lisp their native language, displayed dispositions as varied as their features:—their childish pastimes would not accord; what amused the one harrowed up the feelings of the other. Charles, at six years old, delighted in depriving the fly of its wings, and placing it in contact with the spider; whilst Silvester—one year younger—shed tears at the sight, and would beg a halfpenny wherewith to purchase the mutilated sufferer. Charles was bold and daring, revengeful and implacable; whilst the simple, unsuspecting Silvester blotted out the remembrance of injury with his tears. Not a domestic animal in the castle but loved Silvester, and rejoiced at his ap-

proach ; but the voice of Charles taught them to seek safety by immediate flight.

Edith, six years older than either of her brothers, possessed a mind as deformed as her person, and became the more dangerous, by concealing the malignity of her disposition; under the mask of feeling. A circumstance soon occurred in the family which will convey a better idea of the characters of the younger branches than any description I could give.

A poor peasant named Dogherty, besides a small potatoe ground in the vicinity of his clay built hut, possessed a cow ; this, with a family of six small children and a pig, equally partook of his domestic comforts. In fact, his cabin was the general rendezvous, and contained all the animated worldly goods of honest Dogherty. A pitiable, but common case in this ill fated country. Let the well fed—well lodged inhabitants of the earth, learn to value life by comparison.

Behold the miserable hut of the poor Irishman—see his little naked family in friendly society with beasts of the field—in the midst of a country overflowing with every good thing the kind hand of providence can bestow—yet he repines not. Blest with a portion of animal vivacity unknown to his English and Scotch brethren, he sets the trifling inconveniences of life at defiance ; and over a bowl of potatoes and milk—not very delicately served—he cracks the joke, or deals out flashes of wit that fill his more saturnine neighbours with astonishment.

One day, poor Dogherty's cow got into a bog ; the neighbours had instant notice, and with the kindest feelings, prepared to give assistance. Charles too got intelligence of the circumstance ; and with the speed of one who flies on the wings of mischief, reached the spot unseen and unsuspected. By the help of a large bough placed on the sinking turf, he fastened a rope to one of the cow's hinder legs, and burying it in the mud to escape observation, tied the



other end to the root of a tree. Having executed this villanous project, he joined Dogherty and his friends in great seeming anxiety, and watched their vain efforts to rescue the poor animal with the triumph of a fiend. After various fruitless attempts, the animal at every plunge sinking deeper, the quagmire became so dangerous, they were obliged to leave her to her fate, and so piteous were her moans, that the bystanders saw her last struggle with sentiments of gladness. Thus poor Dogherty lost the principal support of his family, by the cruel and malicious pranks of a boy scarcely twelve years of age. To suppose he felt no remorse—bad as we have painted him—would be doing him injustice; he did not originally intend the mischief to have ended so fatally, but seeing how impossible it was to save the animal, from the bog becoming so immediately and dangerously swampy; shame and a fear of consequences prevented his acknowledging the truth, and impressed his countenance with a feeling which poor Dogherty supposed to be sorrow for his loss.

This in a moment roused him from a temporary despondence, and turning to the boy he said, “Ah your honor, don’t be after putting on a funeral face for poor Dogherty. ’Sblood and ouns! have not I a pig left yet? and that pig’s a sow, and when she farrows sure I can sell the whole brood. That down-cast look, Master Charles, seems to say, in the mean time, what’s to become of the little Darbys and Dermots, and Kate and Kathleene; and above all, the little naked Dogherty, that’s sucking the milk from dear Ellen’s breast, and what’s to become of poor Ellen’s self that gives the milk?” At this recollection the tears rolled down his weather beaten countenance; when the man who stood next him replied “Arrah, Dennis, and is it you that blubbers? Sure there’s six of us, and have not we each a cabin, and dont we work for our daily bread—to be sure we dont get any—but then we’ve potatoes, and *Ould Coghlan*



sells us milk, and sure it shall go hard but we'll make up a meal's meat for you every day in the week and two of a Sunday. Then keep up your heart, honey; there's a feeling for distress in a clay cabin that brick and mortar knows nothing at all about."

Dogherty and his friends now adjourned; but Charles lingered behind, determined, if possible, to regain the rope, for fear it should lead to detection; being part of a cord, which, in the hurry to effect his plan, he had cut from the kitchen jack. He had succeeded in releasing it from the tree, and was devising plans for the other part of his enterprise, when a voice, at no great distance, called out, "What are you doing there, sir?—have you lost something in the bog?" These interrogations in the well known accents of his tutor, almost annihilated Charles. He stood speechless and trembling, when the priest, in a more peremptory key, for he plainly perceived there was something wrong, added, "What are you about there, young man?" Charles, without raising his eye from the ground, stammered out, "Reading, sir, by the side of the bog, the wind blew the book from my hand, and I was endeavouring to recover it."

"And pray sir, what book was it that tempted you to this *new* mode of employing your time?"

"It was the——a——the——"

"Young man—*young man*," continued the priest, "your stammering tongue betrays the deception you are practising. You know my sacred function, and the consequences and punishment that must eventually fall on those who fill my ears with false confession—beware, then. Proceed—but speak the words of truth.

Charles, overcome by fear, confessed the whole transaction, and with seeming penitence, expressed his sorrow for the injury poor Dogherty had sustained. The good man crossed himself, and piously ejaculating a mental prayer, turned to the young culprit, and thus addressed him. "What can I say?

How find language to express my abhorrence of your crime? Have the blessed principles of our holy religion, with which you are well acquainted, made no other impression on your callous heart than to prompt you to a deed the most cruel—the most unprovoked—and withal the most cowardly? A deed which makes you hateful in the sight of God, and contemptible in the eyes of man.” Much more, which it would be tedious to repeat, was added by the holy man, and in the end produced tears and a promise of instant and lasting reformation.

The priest was no sooner gone, with a promise to conceal his crime, unless forced to divulge it by future bad conduct, than a conflict took place in the mind of Charles;—a sort of mental contention betwixt pride and conscious guilt. That the heir of the O’Sullivans should be regarded as the worst of criminals, by a man meanly born, and dependent upon his house for the comforts he at present enjoyed, was a galling circumstance; and for what? It was true the frolic had ended tragically, but who could have foreseen it? and must the heir of immense possessions be balked in his amusements by fear of injuring a menial plebeian—a creature as devoid of feeling and refinement as the animals by which he was surrounded? Thus reasoned the youthful Charles, whose high notions of blood, and family distinction, had been at an early age instilled into his mind by his selfish and haughty sister; who forgot to implant at the same time, those just notions of right and wrong which distinguish the good in every class of society.

The first dinner bell aroused Charles from his reverie, and stealing unperceived through a back passage, he soon reached his apartment, where changing his apparel, he made his appearance at the dinner table, with a composure of countenance that astonished the worthy priest, after the circumstances that had recently taken place.

The good Sir Patrick was in his eightieth year and his silver hairs were swiftly descending to the grave, adorned with every virtue. Such likewise was his amiable consort, though in years considerably his junior. Had virtue been hereditary, the table at Connaught Castle would have been surrounded by beings as near perfection as humanity would permit; but alas! the declining age of this excellent couple was poisoned by the evil dispositions of Charles and Edith. For the bad propensities of the latter, though they might be, and were concealed from strangers, by the general duplicity of her behaviour, could not be hid from the family, and were peculiarly afflicting to parents, whose sum of happiness in this world rested upon the well doing of their children.

The honest, unsuspecting Silvester, was the mirth and makesport of his artful brother and sister, and innocently bore the blame of every wicked transaction planned and executed by them. He was the only one of the family absent at the dinner hour, and a servant was despatched in search of him. Meantime many spiteful remarks were made by Charles and Edith on the cause of his absence. The latter had no doubt he would be found at his usual haunts, the cabins of the peasantry, associating with thieves and vagabonds. "I wonder, father," she added, addressing the priest, "you do not teach your pupil better. He has no more pride than a Swaddler; and like them, if he sees a half-starved beggar on his knees, by the way side, down he pops beside him, and away goes his last sixpence. I have no patience with such a mean pitiful disposition."

"*Pitiful* indeed, but not mean," replied father O'Leary. "His heart is the seat of humanity—his hand open as day to melting charity—and what adds to his character, he never slanders the absent."

Dinner was nearly finished, when the servant returned, and informed the family he had found Master Sill in Dennis Dogherty's hut. Edith was again pre-

paring to vent her spleen, when Sir Patrick, with a frown she well understood, enquired what could have detained his son at so unseasonable an hour. "What was the boy doing?" added he.

"Doing, your honour," repeated the man, "by my soul it would have done your heart good to *seen* what he was doing. When I entered the cabin, there was master Sill on the ground, *daleing* out a pound of gingerbread amongst the five little naked Dogherty's; when who should come in but poor *Dinnis* himself. 'How is it *Dinnis*,' said I. 'Indeed and I am very bad,' said he, 'my cow is lost in the bog, and where *will* I get milk for Ellen and the *craters*?' With that his wife fell a crying—and the *childer* cried—and Master Sill cried—and the devil a human crater in the cabin that did not cry, except the pig."

"And where is my son now?" enquired Sir Patrick.

"Faith, your honour, that's more than I can tell; for we were all mighty miserable, and I was comforting poor Dogherty and his wife. So when I came to think of returning with Master Sill, he was gone, and the little Doghertys said he ran away like a swift footed animal. So I set out after him, calling out lustily, 'Master Sill, where are you now?—but there was not the smallest account of him. So, your honour, I thought I'd come, and give the proper intelligence; when just as I turned the corner of the castle, I *seen* Master Sill driving our short horned heifer through the gate. 'Is it yourself?' said I, 'and where are you going with the heifer?' 'To poor Dogherty's,' said he. 'Sure,' said I, 'you'll not be after doing that thing. What will his honour say?' 'Och!' said he, 'my father loves the poor. We have a great many cows, and when he knows that poor Dogherty has never a one, sure he'll not be angry.' See where he goes, your honour," continued the man,

looking through the window, "skipping over the lawn, like a messenger of good tidings."

They all approached the window, and beheld little Sill, driving the heifer in full trot towards the hut of Dogherty. It unfortunately happened that this short-horned heifer was the property of Charles—the gift of his god-mother—and sent, when a calf, from a distant part of the country. This, in his errand of mercy, had escaped the recollection of Sill. A cow he wanted—a cow he was determined to have—and the first that came in his way, he separated from the herd.

The moment Charles saw his god-mother's present on her way towards Dogherty's cot, he discovered an attachment to the animal he had never felt before. The donor and the gift were alike unthought of, until he was in danger of making restitution for the injury his morning's mischief had occasioned. It was then he betrayed, what no one before suspected, his regard both to the old lady and her present; and in unseemly passion, he bawled out, "The heifer's mine sir—a precious present from my dear, old, doating godmother; and I would not give her to save Dogherty and all his family from starving."

A look from father O'Leary stopped the progress of this unchristianlike speech, and convinced Charles that he had outstepped the bounds of prudence. "Surely," observed the good baronet, "this boy must be a changeling!—an inhabitant of other regions! Generosity and fellow feeling are characteristic of this country; but a child—descended in a direct line from the brave chiefs who once governed Connaught—declares he would not give a milch cow to save seven souls from starvation! By all my hopes of hereafter, I swear——"

"Stop, my worthy friend," said the father, alarmed at Sir Patrick's vehemence, "Charles could not mean what he said. He forgot at the moment both Dogherty's loss, and the *manner* of it; when these



again occur, as assuredly they will, with shame, if not with contrition, he will feel the impropriety and sinfulness of his declaration, and think heaven's and his father's forgiveness cheaply purchased, by the sacrifice of his *newly discovered favourite*."

"Surely it is not my brother's duty to make good Dogherty's loss," said Edith.

"It is *his* duty—*my* duty—*every man's* duty—more especially a Christian's, to relieve the distresses of a neighbour, to the utmost of our ability ;" replied Sir Patrick, "therefore I applaud my son Silvester's feelings ; and the generous impulse of his heart shall be gratified—"

"But not at the expense of his elder brother," vociferated Edith, "such evident partiality is as unjust as it is cruel."

When we shrink from an unequal contest, the appearance of an auxiliary awakens fresh courage. So Charles, at the intervention of his sister, felt a spirit arise within him, that could only be checked by the stern looks of his preceptor ; and the various contending passions struggling in his breast, at length found vent in a copious flood of tears.

Lady O'Sullivan was meekness personified. The appearance of Charles's agony called forth all her maternal feelings ; and ignorant of his criminality, she thought him treated with undue severity. But unequal to a contest with her sovereign lord, she took Charles by the hand, and leading him to her own apartment, pacified him by assurances of ample remuneration for the loss of his heifer.

Father O'Leary, by desire of Sir Patrick, followed his younger pupil, and by a nearer cut across the fields, arrived at the cabin before him. He had bestowed his benediction, and delivered a kind, and truly considerate message from the Baronet, when Sill called loudly on Dogherty to come out and look at his cow. "Och ! and by the powers," cried the peasant,



“there’s a cow sure enough. And what am I to do with it, Master Sill?” “Milk her to be sure,” replied the benevolent boy, “and feed poor little Dennis and Dermot, and the rest of the children. Sure we have plenty of cows at the castle, and my father won’t be angry that I have brought you one; for he loves the poor, and he loves me, and ——”

“May the Holy Virgin love you too!” exclaimed the poor fellow, his eyes glistening with gratitude, “and the noble army of martyrs protect you. But, my jewel, if little Dennis and Dermot are to wait till the heifer gives milk, sure they’ll be after famishing.”

He then explained to the wondering boy, that no cow could produce milk until she had a calf; and O’Leary showing himself at the cabin door, Sill exclaimed, “Oh! father, I am glad to see you here. Poor Dagherty’s cow is dead; she was the support of his family, and I have been home to fetch him one of ours; but he says she won’t give milk till she has calved; so she can be of no use you know.”

“My dear boy,” replied the worthy man, “I applaud the goodness of your heart; but keep a strict watch, or it may some time lead you into error. It is our duty before we relieve distress, to be certain we have the means in our power, without infringing on the property of others. You, as yet, have nothing of your own; and your father’s consent, at least, ought to have been obtained, before you made free with his goods.”

The propriety of this now struck Silvester, though in his haste to serve a poor and deserving man, he had overlooked it. He confessed his error, and heard with delight that Sir Patrick would exchange the heifer for a serviceable cow, and further help the family as occasion might require.

Edith had attained her twenty-fourth year without exciting the passion of love; and this was scarcely cause of wonder to any one except herself. In per-

son plain, almost to disgust, and with a mind and temper answerable, the surprise would have been, that any man could be found on whom such requisites could make a tender impression. But Edith viewed her own person through a medium that favored her self-love. Though not beautiful, she flattered herself with being at least pleasing, and that, she had heard the men say, improves upon acquaintance, in the same proportion as mere beauty decreases.

About this period a celebrated dentist, as he was travelling through the country, called at the castle ; and possessing an easy assurance, and much plausibility, so far ingratiated himself, that the unsuspecting Baronet and his lady invited him, after he had regulated the mouths of the family, to prolong his stay. This with much inward joy he acceded to. Edith's eyes languished whenever they were turned upon him. To marry the daughter of a Baronet surpassed every hope he could have formed—and though her person was repulsive, family, connexions, and fortune, would make ample amends.

Edith's vanity was gratified by the attentions of this—not ill-looking man—attentions she had never before received from any of his sex—but to marry so very much beneath her, never entered into her calculation. That he should admire her was natural, and every way pleasant ; but whatever portion of misery he suffered in consequence, was only a just punishment for his temerity in soaring so high.

Thus argued Edith ; but, like the poor moth, she found herself scorched ere she was aware of her danger. The dentist, who called himself Enamel, was a man of enterprise, and no sooner gained a footing in the family, than he determined to become a member of it. And as nothing but pride of ancestry stood in his way, at least with Edith, he vamped up a story, in which his progenitors figured, not as men of fortune only, but title. The former, he pretended, had been sacrificed in supporting the cause of Charles Stuart,

but that he had a right to claim the title of Baronet whenever fortune would give him the means of supporting it.

This improbable story made a deep impression upon Edith, and religion was now the only bar to her fancied happiness: that, indeed, appeared insurmountable. Her friends would never consent to her marriage with a heretic, however convenient her own conscience might be; and to unite herself contrary to their consent, would be to cut herself from all hopes of a pecuniary kind. Enamel promised, if she would have patience, to obviate every difficulty by embracing the Romish faith. "Any thing," he added, rather than forego my hopes."

Meanwhile their interviews were stolen and clandestine, and not unfrequently took place, after the family had retired, in the imprudent Edith's bed-chamber. The consequences that followed such meetings—at such hours—are easily foreseen: and the infatuated daughter of O'Sullivan was reconciled to the loss of honour, by an assurance from her undoer, that Sir Patrick would now, not merely consent to the marriage, but urge it as a measure unavoidable.

One day it so happened, that Silvester was sent with a message to his sister; and entering her apartment without previous notice, to his great surprise found Enamel there. Astonishment kept the youth silent, until the ivory polisher, with much presence of mind, said, "Really, madam, if you do not keep your head still. I shall never succeed in beautifying that tooth." He then pretended to continue the operation, and the unsuspecting youth, after delivering his message, retired. At supper the conversation happened to turn upon teeth, from the circumstance of Father O'Leary having broke one in the course of the day, when Silvester innocently observed, "I suppose, Mr. Enamel, the ladies are your best customers, at least if one may judge by my sister." "Miss

O'Sullivan's teeth," replied the dentist, "are white, and have a natural polish; so that very little trouble ——" "Little!" interrupted Sill, "I declare I thought, from your repeated operations, you found them very stubborn. Yesterday you were cleaning them in the library—then again in the summer house—and not many hours ago I found you, you know, in my sister's ——" A scream from Edith put an end to the youth's volubility; and being questioned as to the cause, she declared a spider was floating upon the top of her wine, and had terrified her so that she must retire.

Father O'Leary was a man of strong sense, and deep penetration, and was now convinced of what he before suspected, that an alarming intimacy subsisted between the dentist and his patron's daughter, and that he should be wanting in duty if he concealed his suspicions. Sir Patrick was thunderstruck at the priest's communication, and decided upon the instant dismissal of Enamel: but O'Leary, looking to consequences, advised a more lenient procedure, and a conference took place between Edith and her father, at which she unblushingly confessed her partiality—spoke of his connexions as no way inferior to her own—and finally declared her happiness depended upon the union.

Family pride forms no small part of the national character of an Irishman; nor was Sir Patrick divested of it. But the goodness of his heart, and the indulgent kindness of his nature, out-balanced prejudice; and his daughter's peace being thrown into the scale, he at length agreed to the match, provided the young man's character was good, his connexions such as he had described, and his powers of maintaining a wife clearly ascertained. The good father undertook the office of negotiator, and seeing the young man in the garden, joined him there. "I am desired by Sir Patrick O'Sullivan," said the meek

and pious priest, "to confer with you, Mr. Enamel, on a subject to him of serious importance."

The dentist bowed—adjusted the many folds of his cravat—drew his hat a little over the left eye—flourished his rattan—and replied, "Yes, sir—certainly, sir—you do me great honour, sir—and Sir Patrick's commands will be received by me with every possible attention."

"Sir Patrick is informed, from undoubted authority, that an attachment of a tender nature has taken place between you and Miss O'Sullivan."

"Very good, sir."

"And wishes to know on what foundation your pretensions are built."

"Good again, sir."

"That they are honourable he doubts not. But as fortune is indispensable on one side or the other, he wishes you to say from whence your pecuniary resources are to arise."

"Better and better, reverend sir. There is nothing like a clear explanation: it prevents abundance of confusion, and all that sort of unpleasant thing. Marriage without the mopusses, as you seem clearly to understand, is but a sort of a, kind of a silly affair. But Sir Patrick will doubtless give his daughter a sufficiency to support her part in the concern; and I have that in my fingers which will always *brush* up a neat livelihood, in a country where white teeth are preferred to those of any other colour."

"Sir," said the father, with a look of contempt, "you labour under a mistake respecting the fortune of Miss O'Sullivan. Sir Patrick's estate, although sufficient for his present purposes, is entailed; of course the younger children will be poorly provided for. Silvester must maintain himself by some profession, and his sister, if she marry, must be supported by the fortune of her husband."

"The husband! Yes, sir—very good, sir! But suppose the husband should have no fortune—exact-



ly my case—will the *personal* and *mental* endowments of Miss O'Sullivan support her? I'll just put a case in point. You are married to good old Mother Church in all her purity. Now if the worthy lady had no fortune—that is—no livings—no endowments to bestow, could you preserve that goodly appearance by feasting on spirituality? No more than I could by feasting on the beauties of Miss O'Sullivan. Make my respects to the Baronet; tell him we'll talk over the business in the course of the day; meantime I am his and your reverence's most obedient."

O'Leary, disgusted with the coxcomb's flippant levity, sought his patron. Meanwhile Edith planned schemes of felicity when united to her dear Enamel. These involved fortune, title, and a removal to that country Sir Edward, as she delighted to call him, painted as the land of promise, abounding in every good thing. A summons to dinner destroyed this delightful vision for ever. The tooth-brusher had decamped—taken French leave of a family to whom he owed obligations of no common kind—obligations he had repaid by seducing the daughter of his benefactors, and leaving her at a moment when things were in train for their union.

Edith fell into fits when the desertion of her gallant became certain, and raved and tore her hair with the frenzy of a maniac. The grief of her worthy parents may be readily conceived, when even Father O'Leary, with whom she was no favourite, felt pity and commiseration for her, although he was ignorant of the extent, or grand cause of her misery. Several days elapsed ere she was able to leave her chamber, during which no tidings of their late guest reached the family: but the first day Edith walked out alone, a man in sordid apparel presented her with a letter, and vanished immediately. The hand-writing was Enamel's, and ran as follows:

**“MY DEAREST GIRL,**

“I am almost broken hearted at leaving you ; but to marry in our circumstances would be madness. Your father’s estates are entailed, and no fortune saved for younger children : my profession is at best precarious,—and could I bear to see the woman I adore wanting those elegant comforts she has been accustomed to ? Would it not drive me mad, to know I had the power to raise her to the same rank her mother now fills, but lacked the means to support her in it ? As I said before, Sir Patrick’s estates are entailed, but not on the males only. If your brothers should die, and they are both mortal, then would my own Edith be mistress of that wealth, without which the title of Lady Enamel would be an empty shadow.

“I have inclosed a powder of known efficacy in destroying animal life, with directions how to use it. I know you do not want courage, and with such a glorious end in view, I trust no womanish qualms will stand betwixt you and your ambition. For obvious reasons I am at present invisible ; but all your proceedings will be known to me ; and oh ! with what extacy shall I fly to claim you, when no obstacle intervenes to crush our hopes of rank and fortune. Believe me, dearest Edith, ever thine.

“E. E.”

This infamous scroll found Edith at a moment when she would have sacrificed her whole family to save herself from disgrace. It was a moment big with the fate of Charles and Silvester ; for she had just made a discovery, that threatened to bring shame and reproach upon her hitherto spotless name. To produce a child without the sanction of wedlock, would leave a stain never to be obliterated ; and under their present circumstances, marriage, as Ena-

mel justly said, would be madness; but once the declared heiress of her father's possessions, and every other feeling of her heart would be gratified.

As Edith pondered these things in her mind, it occurred, that by giving the powder to one brother, and so contriving matters as to lay his death on the other, she should effectually get rid of both; and that this plan would be attended with less danger to herself; because if the two were poisoned, the question would naturally occur, who did it? who could have an *interest* in doing it? The next point to be considered was, which of the youths should fall by her hand, and which by the law? Her antipathy to Silvester she scarcely strove to conceal; besides, he had been the indirect cause of driving Enamel from the castle. But again—immediate death, by whatever means, was preferable to imprisonment, trial, and final loss of life by the common executioner. All these things taken into account, it was decided by this cruel, inhuman woman, to poison Charles, that Silvester might be hanged for his murder.

To accomplish her plans, she divided the powder into two equal parts, and mixing one in a bowl of sago, which Father O'Leary recommended for a cold his elder pupil complained of; she disposed of the other in such a way, as she thought, the least likely to escape observation. Charles did not much relish his medicated supper, nor would he have taken it, if recommended by any other person; but standing in awe of the good man, both as his priest and preceptor, he made a virtue of necessity, and shortly afterwards retired to bed.

Whilst her victim was slowly devouring what she hoped would be his last meal, Edith, to conceal her interest in the sequel, pretended to be deeply engaged with Carr's history of Ireland; and discovering that her father's favourite dog was dying with thirst, at the moment Charles swallowed his last spoonful; she

seized the bowl, and rinsing it at the side-board, satisfied Flora's pretended wants.

Charles had scarcely retired an hour, and the family were listening to Father O'Leary's animated description of France, when a servant, pale with fear, brought intelligence that Mr. O'Sullivan was dying. Edith started from her chair, and followed by her warm-hearted brother, ran to witness his last agonies. They found him writhing with torture, and when Silvester fell upon his knees to offer up a silent prayer for his recovery, she exclaimed with bitterness and rancour, "Come, Master Sill, less hypocrisy if you please; you cannot persuade me, though you may the weak part of the family, that you do not rejoice at the prospect of becoming a Baronet—of living in affluence instead of labouring for a subsistence ——." Before she could end her speech, or Silvester his pious petition, the senior members of the family arrived, and discovered with pain that the suffering invalid was swelled almost to bursting. The priest in his younger days had studied pharmacy, and the youth's appearance convinced him that a strong emetic ought to be administered without delay. For this he applied to the family medicine chest, whilst Sir Patrick despatched a servant to the next town for medical aid; but before it arrived, the stomach had disgorged the greater part of the deleterious potion.

On examination, a quantity of sandy substance was found, and pronounced to be arsenic, though when, or by whom administered, was a matter of uneasy perplexity. The vessel in which the sago had been made, was carefully examined, but nothing appeared to implicate the cook; the footman received it from her hands, and had given it to Miss O'Sullivan at the dining room door, by her own desire, whilst he went to order some toast. Thus matters rested, for who could suspect Edith of a crime so atrocious?



The following day happened to be the eve of a great wash ; and looking over the clothes, a paper was found in Silvester's nankeen pantaloons, which the housemaid at first supposed to contain sugar ; but finding her mistake, she gave it to her lady, as something of no importance, except from the circumstance of its being found in her young Master's pocket.

The Doctor who attended Charles, was relating the town gossip to lady O'Sullivan ; and seeing the powder, declared it to be poison, and probably a part of what his patient had swallowed. Shocked and alarmed, the Baronet and Father O'Leary were summoned, and Silvester underwent an examination ; but stoutly denying all knowledge of the paper, or its contents ; and declaring it had never been in his possession, they knew not what to think ; until Edith, with seeming sorrow, accused him of falsehood and duplicity in every action of his life. " I am sorry," she added, " to speak thus of my brother—before those two, who have been so blindly partial to him—but Charles, who has been his constant companion and play-fellow will, I am sure, corroborate my testimony. His art proves itself—if proof were wanting—by the power he has obtained over the mind of our holy father ; who I know thinks him a prodigy of goodness and humanity ; whereas, his boasted feeling is upon a par with his other excellencies, and calculated to impose upon those only, who view him with prejudiced and partial eyes."

Silvester looked at his sister and crossed himself—his heart was too full to speak ; but the priest, acquainted with every emotion of his mind, replied with unusual earnestness, " Sir Patrick, I durst pledge my salvation upon your younger son's veracity ; and if the Omnipotent Creator ever formed a being without guile, it is Silvester Sullivan. I have studied his character with all a parent's solicitude, and find it simple, open, unsuspecting, and void of



those passions which alone could prompt the accursed deed, heaven in its goodness has rendered abortive. That there has been foul play some where is too plain, but on my soul, this youth is innocent; nor do I think Charles will be hardy enough to second his sister's testimony. But however the business turns out—whether the guilt-stained wretch be discovered now or hereafter—I think it advisable to expedite Silvester's removal. It will only by a few weeks, anticipate what you and lady O'Sullivan have agreed upon; and since the enemy who plotted Charles's death, appears to have designs of no friendly nature upon his brother, the sooner he is out of harm's way the better."

The good father, at the close of this sentence, fixed his penetrating eyes upon Edith. The circumstance might be accidental, but the most settled design could not have produced greater confusion. He started as though a sudden and unwelcome light had beamed upon his mind; but immediately recollecting himself, he added as he left the room, "Daughter, I shall expect you to-morrow at the confessional."

Silvester had with difficulty suppressed his tears at the commencement of his tutor's address; but when he left the room, they flowed in an agony not to be controuled. To be supposed capable of falsehood and duplicity—crimes his upright soul held in abhorrence; of artfully counterfeiting humanity and feeling—and finally, of conspiring the death of his brother—were enormities so repugnant to the candour and gentleness of his nature—so hateful and unimagined—that he would have been glad to doubt the evidence of his senses, and to find himself bewildered in a frightful dream. But, alas! here was no delusion of that kind to cheer him. He was *indeed* an object of suspicion to his nearest and dearest friends; and though Father O'Leary had vouched for his innocence, his words would be taken as matter of opinion merely,

since he could not do away the evidence produced against him.

The intended fratricide was quickly spread about the country; and Silvester, from being loved and respected, became an object of loathing and detestation—so generally revolting to our nature is the crime of which he was accused. He never walked out, though accompanied by his tutor, without having his ears insulted by the grossest calumny. Even the children, who aforetime would run to meet his approach, now crept behind their mothers, as dreading to encounter one capable of murdering his own brother.

This change preyed upon the keenly susceptible mind of Sullivan, and confined his wanderings to the precincts of Connaught Castle. In vain the good father preached resignation to the evils of this life, and pointed to another as the recompense of all our sufferings; vainly he recommended philosophy, and painted the comforts of a clear and unruffled conscience. "What avail these," would Silvester exclaim, "since they cannot preserve me from the hatred and detestation of my fellow beings, or assure me the confidence even of my own family. Believe me, father, I am sick at heart; and unless the scene change soon, I will not answer for the consequences."

The good man assured him he had written to his reverend friend Doctor Boyd, and had no doubt every thing would be arranged for his comfort. Whilst preparations are making for Silvester's sojourn at Maynooth, where he was to prepare himself for the priesthood, we will devote a few lines to his sister.

Vainly the pious man waited; no Edith appeared at the confessional. This omission grieved more than it surprised him. He wished, but doubted whether she would have strength of mind to fulfil a duty, *now*, he was convinced, become essential. In the evening, as he solemnly paced the garden, wrapped

in divine meditation, a sharp angle of the walk brought him in immediate contact with the frail and guilty object of his thoughts. To shun him was impossible ; she therefore, as a suddenly conceived expedient, crossed her hands upon her bosom, and bowing with an appearance of great humility, besought his benediction. "I have been too much troubled in mind, holy father, from family causes," she added, "to attend where you so considerately desired. The absolutions of the church convey comfort nothing merely earthly can bestow, and the Holy Virgin knows the best of us have need of such spiritual consolation ; but you, who are acquainted with what we *have* suffered, and *do* suffer, in consequence of the barbarous attempt made upon the life of our dear Charles, can enter into my motives for not seeking ghostly counsel, until I can withdraw my thoughts from temporal things, and fix them with some degree of confidence upon eternity."

"The motives of the human mind, daughter, I have made my study, but I cannot enter into yours. The time of trouble is the proper season to seek spiritual help, particularly the troubles arising from a wounded—shall I say—a *guilty* conscience?"

"The blessed Virgin forbid I should pretend to be virtuous above my fellows," said Edith, crossing herself. "We are all guilty, either in thought, word, or deed ; but Omnipotence will make allowance for frailties, the very best of his creatures are subject to."

"Daughter, I must return to the charge. As a man, as a Christian, as a minister of the Holy Trinity, I am constrained to tell thee that thy crimes are known, and that without sincere repentance thou art lost for ever."

"Crimes !" repeated Edith, rendered desperate by despair. "What crimes ? If to have exposed your pupil, your minion, to the obloquy he deserves be a crime, then indeed I am guilty."

"Unworthy daughter of O'Sullivan !" said the

priest, "you broke the *ninth* commandment when you bore false witness against Silvester. I leave it to your conscience to point out the *one* you *violated* the night Charles was attacked; and when you have discovered it, meet me at the confessional."

Charles, from circumstances, and his sister's reiterated observations, had no doubt of Silvester's guilt; and this converted the ill-will he always bore him into downright hatred. He never spoke to him, avoided his usual seat at table, and, in fact, had his eyes contained the power, would have looked him dead at a single glance. This served to hasten the preparations for Silvester's departure. The good Baronet and his lady looked upon family dissention as an evil of the first magnitude, and could only hope that absence would soften the hearts of Edith and Charles. They could not think their younger son guilty, though the proofs of his innocence rested on his own assertion, and Father O'Leary's opinion; but having firm confidence in both, they looked forward without fear to the future learning, piety, and holiness of the intended ecclesiastic.

Dennis O'Dogherty had at this period a temporary call to Dublin, and hearing Mr. Silvester—in defence of whose character he had more than once fought blood to the ears—was setting out upon his travels, he begged to have the honour of seeing him safe to the great city. "*Becase,*" added he, addressing Sir Patrick, "I know every foot of the way blindfolded; and more than that, I have a sister, please your honour, who will be mighty proud to give the son of Sir Patrick O'Sullivan bed and board, as long as he can make it convenient to stay at Mullingar."

The grateful attachment of honest Dennis won upon the baronet; and all his domestics being strangers in Dublin, he accepted the offer without hesitation. Taking leave is an unpleasant operation, and the less we say, the better, either in reality or de-

scription. If the reader think otherwise, let him fancy every thing that could be said by Sir Patrick, his lady, and the priest; but I charge him to make no speeches for Edith and Charles, unless he be actuated by the same evil propensities.

The family car, drawn by a stout horse, received Silvester and his baggage, whilst Dennis, enveloped in a great coat, although one of the warmest days of autumn, and a black wig, from under which appeared his carotty locks, mounted the driving box; and being satisfied that all was right, cracked his whip, and was out of sight in a moment. Nothing worth mentioning occurred to the travellers until the following evening, when Dennis drove with unusual rapidity through the town of Mullingar, and stopping at a mean looking house in the suburbs, gave a loud knock at the door with his whip. A buxom young woman in black immediately obeyed the summons, and as soon as she beheld Dennis, clapped her hands together repeatedly, and exclaimed in a loud, half crying tone, "Oche, Dinnis! Brother Dinnis! are you come to see me die, and follow Jemmy?" She then gave a loud scream, or rather howl, during which Dennis descended from the car, and guessing the cause of her grief, said, "And is the *cratur* dead?" "Sure he is, honey!" replied the disconsolate fair one, "and what *will* I do?" Another howl followed, which so alarmed our young traveller, who had never before witnessed this mode of lamentation, that he would have declined his companion's invitation to alight; but the widow, being informed who he was, in an instant changed her key, and exclaimed, "Oh, the Virgin! That my house should be so honoured! and what a pity it is that my poor *ould* man was not dacently interred yesterday, *because* he occupies the best bed. But to-morrow, *plaze* the pigs, he will be comfortably disposed of; meantime I will do all I can to make the son of Sir Patrick O'Sullivan content with his quarters. This



way honey ; and you, Dinnis dear, look after the dumb *baste*, and the trunks, and for your pains you shall have a *drap* of the best whiskey in all Ireland."

Silvester unwillingly followed this compound of grief and loquacity ; but young and inexperienced, he knew not what other course to adopt. As a mark of respect, the widow introduced him into the funeral chamber, where about a dozen neighbours were assembled, for any other purpose, as it should seem, than sorrow. The joke, the laugh, the whiskey went round ; and the deceased, who appeared to have been a wit, amply supplied food for the former. All the smart things he ever uttered were repeated, and caused louder bursts of laughter than ever they did when coming from his own mouth. Nay, one old man, who sat at the head of the corpse, to illustrate something he was telling with great glee, placed his own wig upon the head of his departed friend, and addressed him as though he had been sensible of what was passing. In the midst of this scene, in came Dennis, and addressing the defunct, exclaimed, "And is it there you are with your wig ? and looking better now than ever you did in all your life ? Many a potatoe have we set together, and the devil a better pig killer *ever I seen*, either here or in Connaught. To be sure, Jemmy, you loved a drop of the cratur ; but where's the Irishman that does not ? and as we have drank so many glasses at our merry *meetings*, I think it but *da-cent* that we should take one together at *parting*."

This proposal seemed to be mightily relished by the company, and they were attempting to open the dead man's mouth, when the widowed Shelah entered, and seeing their intention, exclaimed, "Be asy my jewels. *Ould* Jemmy loved whiskey better than his mother's milk, when he was alive to tell you so ; but sure it was his dying request that he might not drink any after he was dead ; and as his disconsolate widow, I am bound to see every thing done that can make the *cratur's* bones rest in pace. But I hope you

have made much of Mr. Silvester O'Sullivan. Ah! there he sits in a corner by himself, and I dare say none of you have had the good manners to say, 'will I help your honour to a glass of whiskey?' "

Shelah undertook the office herself; and supposing his repeated refusals arose from modesty, was both earnest and pressing. At length he was obliged to confess his disinclination to any thing stronger than water, and a peculiar aversion to the liquor in question. "Aversion!" repeated Shelah: "Oh the powers! An Irishman have an aversion to whiskey! But every one to his taste, as the man said when he kissed his cow. And as your honour seems not to relish a wake—the pleasantest thing in the world to my thinking—sure we'll go down stairs, and drive the wind from your stomach with a hot potatoe."

Dennis followed them; but though a rasher of bacon, and a red herring were added to the promised repast, Silvester could not eat. The scene he had witnessed above stairs, produced plenty of food for the mind, and any thing more substantial he was not at present inclined to cope with. Shelah's appetite likewise failed, but whether grief or joy was the cause, would have been a difficult matter for a bystander to determine. Silvester naturally attributed it to the former; and was beginning an appropriate speech, when Dennis, looking archly at his sister, exclaimed, "Arrah be *asy*, my jewel! Shelah is young and plump; and won't be wanting a husband long."

"Now don't be after talking of it Dinnis," replied she, with an affected air of modesty. "To be sure, the very divil's in the men; I think my poor dear *owld* man had not been dead an hour, when in comes Terence O'Brian—and a tall straight lad you know he is, Dinnis—and he *ax'd* me the question there and then. 'Sure you could not think of such a thing, Terence,' said I, 'and the poor *owld* soul a corpse in the next room.' 'By *Jasus*, my darling,' said he,

‘there’s no time like the time present; and if you don’t take compassion upon me, I’ll go for a *soger*, and the sooner I’m *kilt* the better.’ So out of pity to the poor lad, I was after telling him the truth. ‘Terrence,’ said I, ‘you are as good a looking boy as any at all; and next time you shall have the preference; but now my word is given to another.’ And your honour knows,” addressing herself to Sullivan, “it would be a mighty sin to break one’s word; besides, what would my *clargy* say at confession?”

It seemed as though some answer were expected from Sullivan, but what could he say? The whole of what he had witnessed since he arrived at the house of mourning, appeared so strange; and the woman herself such a contradiction, so different from what he conceived her situation required, that he could almost have supposed himself transported to an unknown region, where the decencies of life were disregarded, and the common duties of religion turned into ridicule.

Shelah finding the stranger too much absorbed in his own reflections to pay her recital that attention she expected, burst forth into a loud cry, that the mourners up stairs might have a competent knowledge of her wo, not omitting the usual clapping accompaniment. This ceremony finished, she bawled out, “Oche! Jemmy, why did you *lave* me just in the harvest? Sure you might have stayed till the barley was got in! But no! He is gone! Not the smallest account of him! And I have nothing now to do at all, but to wish the *owld* soul a pleasant journey out of purgatory.” This was concluded by a howl, in which the company above stairs joined; and Silvester, sick of such inummery, requested he might be shewn to his apartment. This ceremony the widow undertook, with many wishes respecting the best bed, and its present occupant, similar to those before recorded.

This room was only slightly separated from the one occupied by the wakers, so that our hero expected little comfort from sleep; but he found his bed snug and dry, and when his hostess returned for the candle, she observed, "I am in the next room, honey, and should any thing be wanting, the smallest whisper will bring me to you."

For some time the conversation of his neighbours pursued the same course, allowing for a few deviations caused by the stimulating liquor. These at length, however, occurred so often, and were finally so irritating, that the dear friends became, for the time, decided enemies; and some strangers, either from whim, or want of a lodging, that moment entering, by raillery and ill-timed provocatives, so far aggravated the opponents, that from words they fell to blows, and a general fight ensued.

In the midst of this uproar the widow's voice was pre-eminent; but whether her intentions were pacific or otherwise, Silvester could not distinguish. At length, however, he heard, in the accents of his friend Dennis, that the candle was extinguished, and Shelah was sent down stairs to re-kindle it. At the onset of the fight, Silvester arose—with what intention it would have been a difficult matter to guess—and was by this time nearly dressed. Hearing his hostess descend the stairs, he opened his door, intending to follow her; but having to pass the room where the combatants were engaged, he stopped mechanically at the entrance, and shuddered at hearing language which, to his innocent mind, sounded like blasphemy; accompanied with blows, which appeared capable, from the sound, of adding another corpse to the one they were thus piously waking. In fact, the whole appeared, to his affrighted fancy, like a scene that would have disgraced Pandemonium. He was endeavouring to grope his way to the stairs, when Shelah returned with the light, and on entering the hos-

tile apartment beheld—what must have been our sensitive hero's feelings—Shelah's we will not animadvert upon, for obvious reasons—what, I say, must have been young Sullivan's feelings, when he found the corpse made one of the party on the floor, and that a large, raw-boned fellow was belabouring it with all his might? He absolutely shrieked with horror; and whilst the widow invoked all the saints in the calendar to come to her dear Jemmy's assistance, Dennis rescued him from the hands of his inebriated assailant, and deposited him in Silvester's bed.

By the time peace and quietness were somewhat restored, the morning was pretty far advanced, and the wakers adjourned to their separate homes.

After breakfast, Silvester's eagerness to depart admitted of no delay; and thanking the widow for her hospitality, who in return committed him to the care of the Virgin and St. Patrick, he mounted the car, and speedily lost sight of Mullingar.

The travellers were slowly proceeding towards Kilcullen, when Dennis met an old acquaintance. "Arrah, Paddy," said he, "where are you going with your pig?" "Sure," returned the peasant, "I am driving him to the fair of Kilcullen." "Faith you are turning your back upon the fair," said Dennis; "the good looking town of Kilcullen lies behind you." "Say no more, honey," replied the other; "sure I'm making the pig believe he is going to Naas, and presently he'll turn about, and gallop into Kilcullen with all the pleasure in life."

To calculate upon the known stubbornness of swine, and upon that calculation to drive this the road directly contrary to the one he wished him to take, was so new, and withal so ingenious, that Silvester threw the man a shilling, and hoped his plan would answer. "Oh! never fear, your honour," replied Paddy; "swine have been going the way they should not, ever since they were driven against their will



into the Red *Say* ; and if mine prove less stubborn than his ancestors, the devil fly away with him."

In due time our hero arrived at Maynooth, and presenting a letter strongly recommendatory from Father O'Leary, Doctor Boyd received him with uncommon kindness. An introduction to his fellow students followed, and he soon found himself happy beyond his hopes. Never had his prospects been so pleasant. Books, society, and instruction ; civility, friendship, and attention surrounded him ; and the grateful overflowings of his heart were read with sympathetic delight by his quondam tutor and friend at the Castle.

Amongst the young men with whom he more particularly associated, was one of superior intelligence, obliging manners, and insinuating address. Silvester's ingenuous simplicity, his fondness for study, and enquiry after truth, won upon Felix Orion's more mature mind, and a friendship of the most lasting kind insensibly stole into their breasts. Orion had been resident some time at the college, and was likewise intended for the priesthood. His parents, though not affluent, were highly respectable, and afforded him all the pecuniary indulgences their circumstances would admit. But these marks of parental fondness tended eventually to overthrow their long established plans. The chief part of Orion's expenditure went to purchase books : in every thing else he was a rigid economist. In the choice of these, he was not guided by received opinions ; a spirit of enquiry led him to works of controversy, in which theology bore a principal part. Silvester had free access to his friend's library ; but accidentally stumbling upon books to which were affixed the names of Luther and Calvin ; and having, from the earliest period of his remembrance, been taught to shun them as heretical writers, whose productions deserved public reprobation ; he cast them from him with horror, and a mixture of wonder that Orion should countenance such writers,

by giving them a place in his bookcase. Evanson's Dissonants of the Gospel, and Volney's Ruins, next presented themselves ; and equally a stranger to their names, and the principles they inculcated, he began to study them with avidity.

One day, Sullivan and Orion were walking by the side of a limpid stream, from whose margin, romantic cliffs, covered with aromatic foliage, arose in endless variety.

The mildness of the evening, and the awful sublimity of the scene, were well adapted for meditation ; and the friends were for some moments lost in wonder and delight, when Orion, with enthusiastic ardour, exclaimed, "These are thy works, Parent of Good !"

Sullivan, thinking this a favourable opportunity to sound the principles and opinions of his friend, replied, "The beauties of nature are indeed wonderful : but how much more astonishing the great condescension of the Almighty ; who left his blessed abode, and passing a pilgrimage of pain on earth, at length died on the cross, for the salvation of mankind."

Orion, obeying the impulse of the moment, turned to Silvester with a look of disgust, at doctrine he conceived so derogatory to the majesty of God :—then checking himself, replied with a smile of complacency, "Ignorance, my good friend, is said to be the parent of superstition ; but there may be superstitions that lead to good purposes, and if so, he must be a fiend who would strive to remove them ; and I do conceive that sometimes ignorance is bliss. For instance—your prejudices lead you to good moral conduct, and impress upon your mind a high veneration for the Deity. So far is good, and I have sedulously avoided advancing opinions that might stagger you, or plant a thorn of distrust in a bosom I conceive to be the seat of every virtue. But when you place in opposition to the glorious scene before

us, and all the various works of infinite wisdom and goodness, the narrow, and in my opinion, absurd system of the atonement ; I confess I feel a noble indignation, and cannot help informing you, that my creed does not embrace such doctrine. If I know myself," continued he, laying his hand upon his breast, and looking upwards, " I am—

"Slave to no sect, I seek no private road,  
But look through nature, up to nature's God."

It is impossible to conceive the agitation of Silvester's mind at this discovery. He did not before imagine that any creature entertained opinions like these, and sorrow for his friend's fate—which he concluded must be everlasting misery—worked upon his feelings in a manner he never before experienced.

Orion observing this, proceeded, " You have drawn from me a confession that I see has given an unexpected blow to your prejudices ; such was once my case. Bred up in the Romish faith, full as rigidly as yourself, I felt a kind of unnatural happiness in the certainty that those of my religion were *selected* from the rest of mankind, for everlasting happiness ; and entertained as pious a hatred towards all who thought otherwise, as any bigot upon earth. Not that I mean to say, these abominable notions apply to our church exclusively ; almost every sect professes it, and fanaticism is only another term for hatred and detestation of our fellow creatures."

"How is it then, my friend," said Sullivan, "that you still pursue a religious education, and mean to adopt the priestly profession?"

"During the period of our acquaintance," replied Orion, "have you observed any thing in my conduct like hypocrisy? If not, you will cease to suppose me capable of living by the promulgation of doctrines I do not believe. As soon as my opinions became settled, I wrote to my friends ; and unless they point

out some avocation that I can follow conscientiously, I must endeavour to find one for myself."

Silvester sighed when the probability of their separation occurred, and expressed his sorrow that Orion should have strayed from the true faith.

"Had opinion been optional," replied Orion, "in all probability mine had never swerved; but no man of investigation can believe against the evidence of reason. If I am told that twice two make five, I cannot credit it now, though the time has been, when such absurdities passed for truth."

"Impossible," replied Sullivan, "you could never be persuaded of so gross an error."

"Gross and absurd as it may appear to you," said Orion, "there are many things in your creed fully as objectionable. Whilst you doubt that twice two make five, you are fully persuaded that three is one, and one—three."

"Divine revelation assures us of the latter," said Sullivan, "and we are not to consult human reason in opposition to the word of God."

"Human reason," replied Orion, "must, and ever has been called in to the better understanding the scriptures; not in the way of opposition, but to discover by deep research their true spirit and meaning. This exercise of intellect has produced a vast variety of opinions, from which schisms innumerable have sprung; and who shall have the hardihood to say, 'We alone are right,' when the faith and hopes of each are derived from the same book! Nay—who shall say for certainty, that the one we Christians believe is *bona fide* the word of God, when not one quarter of the habitable world ever heard of it? The Chinese, the Mahometans, the Bramins—the former alone more numerous than all the Christians put together—have each a scripture of their own, which is as firmly impressed upon their minds as that alone where truth can be found, as our Bible is upon the most bigotted catholic or dissenter. Amidst such va-

rious and opposite creeds, one great truth is obvious, and universally adhered to, namely, the adoration of a first great cause—A Being of infinite wisdom, goodness, and mercy. If we, to the best of our weak power, obey his precepts, and walk humbly before him—if we make the love of our neighbour, secondary only to the love we owe the Deity—we shall be happy in a future state, whether we worship him in unity or in trinity—whether we believe in transubstantiation, auricular confession, and the infallibility of the pope—or simplify our faith, and walk in the path chalked out by Christ.”

“I lament,” said Sullivan, “that I cannot answer objections so entirely new to me. I wish good father O’Leary were here to talk with you, though he is by no means rigid——”

“Of that I am convinced,” replied Orion. “Had he been what many of the holy fathers are, his pupil and I should never have been linked together in those close bonds of friendship it is my pride to say we are. But let us drop the subject: I am not fond of controversy, and have now been unintentionally led to a disclosure of my opinions, which after all are but opinions, and liable to error.”

As the friends were slowly retracing their footsteps, a servant from the college, almost breathless with haste, informed Silvester that a messenger from the Castle waited impatiently to see him.

“No good news awaits me from the Castle,” exclaimed Sullivan, turning to his friend; “but let me go and know the worst.”

The messenger was his old acquaintance Dennis, who, the moment he fixed his eyes upon our hero, cried out, “Och, my jewel! you are as innocent as the new born babe, and your sister will have a warm account to settle in purgatory. By the powers!” continued he, crossing himself. “I would not be in her skin when she gets there, for more than I am worth, or ever shall be.”



"How is Sir Patrick and my mother?" enquired Sullivan, as soon as he could get in a word.

"Sure my poor lady is with the blessed saints and martyrs by this time," replied Dennis; "and Sir Patrick, bless his *owld* soul, is after following her with all *convenient* speed. But I've got a bit of a letter from the holy father, and that, I dare say, will tell you all about it."

The paper contained only the following words:—  
"As you hope to receive the blessing of my honoured patron, lose not a moment."

"The car is at the door," continued Dennis; "and if you'll step in, Master Sill, we'll be after making the road as short as possible."

Edith, after her last *rencontre* with the priest, carefully avoided every chance of meeting him; but her anxiety to see and converse with Enamel, now arrived at a pitch of impatience scarcely to be borne. A discovery of her situation was becoming every day more probable; and she never caught a look from either of her parents, that did not seem to reproach her with bringing sorrow and shame upon their hitherto immaculate house. Surely her dear Edward could not mean finally to abandon her—to leave her to the sneers and scoffs of an illiberal uncharitable world? Impossible. Though she had failed in securing to herself that fortune which could alone render rank desirable, she could be happy in humble mediocrity, provided he would save her from the indignation of her family, and the disgrace of bringing into the world an illegitimate offspring.

One day during the absence of Father O'Leary, she ventured upon a walk; and her thoughts being constantly occupied either by Enamel himself, or a succession of ideas that flowed from him, her footsteps involuntarily took the road where she had before met his messenger. A man was advancing, but he bore no resemblance to the person she was anxious to see. Still she went on, and they were

within twenty paces of each other, when he aid something in the path, and turning suddenly round, was out of sight before she could suspect his intention.

That the deposit, whatever it might be, was intended for her, she could not doubt; and advancing hastily, she snatched up a small paper parcel, directed to Miss O'Sullivan. Tearing it open, she found the following letter:—

“All our plans are frustrated, and I leave the country the moment this is safe in your possession. But that you may see my last thoughts were employed for your good, I inclose a medicine, which, if you follow the directions exactly, will prevent all possibility of discovering our intercourse, and enable you to bless with your hand some happier man than

E. E.”

“Barbarous, deceitful villain!” exclaimed Edith, tearing the scroll, and scattering it upon the heath, “are all your professions of love come to this? Have I sacrificed my purity, and the honour of an unblemished family, to an insensate wretch, who feels no compunction for his crimes? Well—he it so. The murderous hypocrite's last gift shall destroy his child, but beware, deluded man, of the mother's vengeance.”

The moment she gained her own apartment, the medicine was taken, agreeably to the written instructions; and whilst it lay dormant, schemes of revenge—to be carried into execution as soon as health and strength permitted—were planned and matured.

How easy is self-delusion! Edith, wicked, vicious, and abandoned as she was, could now cast the burthen of her crimes upon another—even upon the man she had heretofore thought faultless! Enamel had, within the last hour, assumed an appearance hideous

and detestable, and deserving the most exquisite punishment—punishment she determined to inflict with her own hand, as soon as a voyage to England could be with safety accomplished. And this scheme of cool, deliberate murder, was termed—retribution! by the woman who, had justice been executed upon herself, would never have lived to decree the downfall of her iniquitous associate.

Mortals may plan, but who can say, “I shall live to put my designs in force?” Not Edith. Before dawn the following morning, she “went to her account with all her imperfections on her head;” and in her dying moments, confessed such a scene of iniquity, that lady O’Sullivan survived not the shock. The venerable baronet, unable to contend against such complicated calamity, took to his bed, and requested father O’Leary to despatch a messenger for his injured boy; “That I may bless him,” he feebly added, “ere I join his sainted mother.”

We shall not attempt to describe our hero’s feelings during the journey, nor the wound his affectionate heart received, when the last of his revered parents were consigned to the dust.

Sir Patrick’s closing moments were employed in recommending Silvester to the love and care of his brother. “The provision that with frugal care I had made for younger children,” he added, “is all lost by fraud and chicanery; therefore my boy will depend upon you, Charles, even for the completion of his education. But I trust it will not be an irksome dependence. You have ample means, and they cannot be better employed, than in advancing the fortunes of a brother, every way worthy your affection and care.”

Charles promised and professed—because he could not with decency, at such a moment, do otherwise—but his words deceived no one except the dying man. Father O’Leary saw the turpitude of his heart portrayed in his countenance; and trembled to hear his

favourite was so entirely dependent upon a selfish, unfeeling brother. Even the artless, unsuspecting Silvester thought Charles's looks at variance with his words; for whilst the one—vaguely indeed—promised protection and kindness, the other expressed coldness, bordering upon aversion.

On the day the tenantry of Connaught saw their landlord 'quietly inurn'd,' Silvester received a note from his brother, recommending his immediate departure. "I am impatient," continued the writer, "now I am master of the castle, to introduce its lawful mistress: and as probably you will as little admire my choice, as would your father and mother, had they been living, the sooner I am left to my domestic enjoyments, the better. Inclosed is an order for a hundred pounds, which I conceive, will amply prepare you for the priesthood; at any rate, it is all you must expect from me. Lady O'Sullivan is far advanced in pregnancy; and as we shall probably have a numerous family, I cannot sacrifice the interests of my children, to maintain you in idleness. I desire no steps may be taken to apprehend our late visitor, the dentist; for though he has caused a great mortality in the family—and hoped to add me to the list—I do not choose to throw away money in hanging the rascal. I shall have no further occasion for the priest. Lady O'Sullivan is no Catholic, and I can manage my own ghostly concerns without a father confessor. My steward has orders to give him ten pounds; this will keep him till he can otherwise provide for himself. Wishing you both health and happiness,

I remain, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES O'SULLIVAN."

The good father departed without applying to the steward for Sir Charles's munificent present. The separation from his younger pupil was mutually affectionate; and many remembrances of former scenes

—scenes in which the late hospitable owners of the castle bore conspicuous parts—rendered it mournfully oppressive. At length, however, they exchanged a final adieu, and Silvester returned to his college.

During this short absence, Orion, through the influence of his friends, had been appointed private secretary to Lord Changeable, and had consequently removed to his lordship's residence in Dublin. This was a thunder-stroke to our hero. In all his difficulties and distresses, he had been accustomed to apply to Orion, as to another self; and now, when he peculiarly required consolation, his friend and adviser was far away. As some comfort, however, he had, previous to his departure, ordered his books to be conveyed to Sullivan's apartment; and in reading these, and perusing his friend's farewell letter—fraught with good instruction and advice—he passed those hours not devoted to theology. For he still pursued his studies, without reflecting how his expenditure must be defrayed, when the trifle supplied by his brother was exhausted.

Within somewhat less than twelve months after the loss of his parents, Sullivan was agreeably surprised by a letter from Orion; offering to procure him a situation in the same department he himself filled; provided—as his late communication seemed to hint—he thought of declining the priesthood, either through a conscientious motive, or for lack of means to prosecute his studies. This friendly offer found Sullivan at a crisis the most welcome—even at the moment, when from conviction, he found it impossible to subscribe to the Romish tenets. Besides, his pecuniary resources were at a low ebb, and to enjoy the society of his friend, he would gladly have embraced any mode of life, that did not run counter to his notions of rectitude and independence. Without hesitation then, he discharged his bills, and was in the Irish capital before Orion expected an answer to his letter.



To Sullivan, who had always resided in a remote part of the country, Dublin appeared great and grand, beyond all idea of comparison. He was lost in wonder and amazement as he viewed the vastness of the public buildings ; and the little care of expense which seemed to govern the contrivers, filled him with unbounded notions of the opulence and liberality of the inhabitants.

Orion felt delight in listening to his friend's artless and unsophisticated observations, and took abundant pleasure in gratifying his ardent curiosity ; and never were these obliging endeavours more amply repaid, than whilst reading the animated expression of his countenance at the sight of a first dramatic representation. The mimic scene appeared, to his enthusiastic imagination, the drama of real life ; and the contempt he expressed for the gamester Beverly, and sorrow for his much wronged wife, were only exceeded by his hatred of Stukely, and his own fixed resolve to avoid temptation, by shunning those pursuits that ever so remotely lead to it. A sociable game at cards had been one of the winter evenings' amusements at the castle ; but the unseemly eagerness of Charles—the avidity with which he seized the winnings—and his horrid distortions of countenance when losing a trifling stake—convinced him of their baleful tendency in general ; and that his brother, if thrown into the same situation, would have been as great a sacrifice as the unfortunate but guilty Beverly.

Orion had secured an apartment for his friend at the house where he himself lodged ; and they were proceeding thither directly from the theatre, when the cry of “ Stop thief,” was followed by a man rushing precipitately past them.

Orion instantly laid hold of him ; but tall and athletic, he would have made good his escape, had not Sullivan seized him by the collar. A violent struggle ensued, and they had just got him down, when a gentleman and lady came up, the former still calling

“stop thief.” “I believe we have secured the rascal,” said Orion. “What has he robbed you of?”

“I believe I am safe from his depredations,” replied the gentleman; “but he snatched this lady’s watch from her side as we left the theatre.”

Search was instantly made, and a variety of handkerchiefs declared the *pickpocket*; but no watch was to be found. During the search, in which the stranger took an active part, Sullivan timidly approached the lady, who had retired a few paces from the gathering crowd, and by the aid of a neighbouring lamp, discovered her to be young, lovely, and interesting. “This is an unpleasant situation for you, madam,” said he modestly; “and if by my presence I can any way lessen it, I shall think it one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life.”

“I am not in the habit of owing protection to strangers, sir,” she replied, “and you must pardon me if I now decline it.”

“I would not for the world be intrusive,” said our hero; “but a young and lovely woman, apparently alone at this late hour ——”

“I beg your pardon, sir; my brother is too near at hand to warrant any fears for my safety; and I must beg leave to observe, that he would look upon the interference of a perfect stranger as impertinent.”

“I have done, madam,” said Sullivan, bowing indignantly; and her brother approaching, he joined Orion.

The play and the robbery afforded ample conversation till the hour for retiring, when Sullivan observed, “My night-cap is near at hand, unless the purloiner of handkerchiefs took a fancy to it.” So saying, he put his hand into his coat pocket, and to his and Orion’s complete surprise, drew forth an elegant gold watch, with appropriate chain and seals. This they had no doubt belonged to the lady, and had been dropped into Sullivan’s pocket during their

struggle with the robber. Orion now produced a card given him by the stranger, on which was written, "Ferdinand Fitz-Auburn, Esq. Merion Square."

At breakfast a friendly contest arose concerning the person who should convey the watch to its fair owner. Sullivan was indignant at what he termed her hauteur, and requested his friend to be the bearer; to which Orion objected, as taking upon himself an office which of right belonged to another, and thereby preventing Sullivan from forming a connexion which might eventually turn to his advantage. Still our hero was averse. His timidity was a great stumbling block in the way of fashionable introduction, until Orion assured him that Mr. Fitz-Auburn was a man of frank and easy address; in short, the exact reverse of what he complained of in the sister; and that he would be the only person in the family it would be necessary to see. This wrung from him an unwilling assent, and at twelve o'clock he knocked at a handsome house in Merion Square.

The young gentleman was at home, and received him with that suavity and encouraging politeness which marks real good breeding. Still Sullivan was at a loss how to introduce the business. It now first struck him that he might be suspected of the robbery, since the real culprit had escaped detection—and how was he to prove his innocence? Bare assertion had availed nothing with his own family, where his character and principles were known; how then could it pass upon a stranger? Full of fears and apprehensions, he was meditating a retreat—for which he only wanted an excuse—and almost execrated the folly which had overlooked such cogent reasoning—when his young companion, to relieve his evident embarrassment, ordered refreshment. "Perhaps, Mr. O'Sullivan," he continued, after the servant had retired, "you wish me to break the ice. Believe me, I can make allowance for youth, and the awkward-

ness of a confession, however necessary, that involves—pardon me—perhaps pecuniary entanglement, and shall feel most happy to contribute, as far as my limited power admits, to the comfort that may save you from appearing before a tribunal less inclined to pardon error than I am. If I mistake the cause of your evident unwillingness to speak, attribute it, I beseech you, to any thing rather than a wish to give pain; and whilst we are eating our sandwich, think of me as a friend who would save you from mortification, not contribute to it.”

The servant now entered, and though Fitz-Auburn's professions assured him he had nothing to fear, the dread of not being able to convince him, he came rather as a benefactor than a culprit, destroyed all relish for the viands so liberally provided. His young and attentive host was endeavouring to coax Sullivan's self-spoiled appetite, when his sister—rich in health, and full of vivacity—in short, a true bred daughter of Erin—entered; but started back upon the appearance of a stranger. “Has any particular business called forth this visitation, Mary,” said Fitz-Auburn, “or did curiosity to see my morning visitor bring you here?”

“Had I known the gentleman to be your acquaintance, Ferdinand, I should not have behaved last night, as I now begin to think I did, rudely to him.”

“Was this, then, the courteous knight, who offering protection to a distressed damsel, was repulsed, because he was not on her visiting list?”

“Brother you caricature every thing. The gentleman was a stranger to me, and therefore how did I know but he might——”

“Be an accomplice of the man who robbed you,” said her volatile brother, “and who knows but, conscience stricken, he may be now come to refund?”

Sullivan's embarrassment became painful. After Fitz Auburn's lively sally, though made in jest, and

originating in good humour, how could he produce the stolen property without rendering himself an object of serious suspicion? Miss Fitz-Auburn, observing his pale and agitated countenance, replied—Fie, Ferdinand! your joke is ill-timed; and if this young gentleman is unaccustomed to the effervescence of your lively fancy, he may be apt to think you—what I am sure you never are intentionally—rude.”

The seriousness with which Mary took up the matter, roused Sullivan to a sense of something like shame at the cowardice of his conduct. Conscious integrity—the stay on which innocence rests—had failed to support him: he had shrunk abashed before the good humoured hilarity, and joyous spirits of his lively associate, and looked indeed like the criminal he dreaded to be thought. A momentary silence succeeded the young lady’s gentle rebuke, which Sullivan with an effort of desperation determined to use; whether advantageously or not, must rest with his auditors. “Mr. Fitz-Auburn,” he began, drawing forth the packet, and laying it upon the table, “the gentleman to whom you delivered your card, after the unsuccessful search made upon the robber, is my particular friend. Indeed, in this great and populous city, which I entered yesterday for the first time, I am unknown, except by him. We were returning from the theatre, when your cry of stop thief, was followed by my companion seizing him as he passed, and we succeeded in securing him, when this young lady and yourself came up, as did likewise several other passengers. Finding myself useless in the search then going on, and observing the deserted, and I thought dangerous situation, of a young and fascinating female, I drew near, in order by my presence to screen her at least from impertinence. How I succeeded, I need not repeat; suffice it to say, we adjourned to our lodgings, and accidentally putting my hand in my pocket, I drew forth—to the no



less astonishment of my friend Orion than myself—this valuable ornament.” He then opened the paper, and presenting the watch to Miss Fitz-Auburn, continued, “New to the world—having passed the twenty years of my existence in almost total seclusion—I would have declined this visit, from a consciousness of my own ignorance in points of form and etiquette; but Orion over-ruled my resolve; and many times since I entered this apartment, have I wished myself amid the wilds of Connaught, where suspicion of purloining the property of others, to which I know myself at present liable, could never reach me.”

“Your fancy must have been in a very uncharitable mood,” said Mary, “when it painted a group, who could suppose you capable of purloining—.”

“Any thing except a heart,” said Ferdinand. “That was what you were going to say Mary. But thinking maiden modesty was outstepping the bounds of propriety, I have said it for you. I have now to beg Mr. O’Sullivan’s pardon for suspecting him—not of theft—but of temporal inconveniences it might perhaps be in my power, through interest, or recommendation, to soften. In fact, he had so much the air of a man come to solicit favour—but not knowing exactly how to go about it—that I—officiously I grant—attempting to lift the lame dog over the stile, doubtless impeded the eclairsissement, and added to the embarrassments, modesty, and the seclusions of Connaught castle render so apparent. Am I right Mr. O’Sullivan?”

“Correctly so,” replied Silvester. “But how you, a stranger, discovered my paternal residence, I am at a loss to find out.”

“You inadvertantly mentioned the wilds of Connaught; and that, joined to the name of O’Sullivan, brought my deceased father’s early friend, Sir Patrick O’Sullivan of Connaught castle to my recollection. Am I right in supposing you his heir?” “My

brother," replied our hero, "inherits my dear deceased parent's title—his virtues, alas! died with him."

"Not so, Mr. O'Sullivan," replied Mary. "We profess to be deeply read in Lavater, and your countenance gives a direct contradiction to your words."

Sullivan returned home delighted with his visit, and charmed with every thing he had seen and heard. His friend was out, and to this intelligence Mrs. Blarney, his landlady, added in a coarse Irish brogue, "Sure, Mr. O'Sullivan, you are looking charmingly to-day. The noble blood of your family mantles in the cherry-coloured chamber of your cheeks, in spite of the fog and filthy air of Dublin, and bad luck to the ladies if they once catch a copy of your countenance. To be sure, you'll not go back to Connaught without a companion. Och! that's a sweet country you come from! and the O'Sullivan's—devil a better family in the kingdom of Ireland, no disparagement to the O'Blarney's, who are both ancient and numerous. Mr. Blarney," addressing her husband, "don't you think our Jemmy had very much the look of Mr. O'Sullivan, before he went for a *soger*? Oh! the devil fly away with the wars! I say. There's no keeping a son nor a daughter for them, the boys go a fighting, and the girls run after them."

"Can't you be *aisy*, dear," interrupted her husband, "and not be bothering the gentleman about our Jemmy, and folks he knows nothing at all about. How did you find Lord Changeable to-day, sir?" "I have not yet been introduced to his Lordship," replied Silvester. "And if he had," said the loquacious hostess, "it would not be *dacent* to be enquiring after a nobleman's health at the first interview. Taking liberties with great folks, is neither proper nor *politicious*; but sure I have no occasion to be telling this to Mr. O'Sullivan: he has not lived at Castle Connaught all his life, to be taught behaviour by Betty Blarney. Oh you'll find his Lordship a jewel

of a man. Such speeches he makes in the papers about the liberty of the subject—the necessity of peace—and the good of the country. Och! he's a right Irishman for that. Would your honour like a *drap* of whiskey after your walk?" Sullivan declined her offer, and retired to his apartment.

When Orion returned, he informed his friend that the succeeding morning was appointed for his introduction to Lord Changeable, adding, "Let me, my dear Sullivan, give you one caution, and that is, not to let your inveterate love of sincerity get the better of your prudence. In the world, more especially the great world, nothing is such a bugbear as truth. It is scouted in all polished societies. The courtier, the lawyer, the priest, the tradesman, shun it as certain ruin; and the man who lacks a competency, must walk the ways of dissimulation."

"Sure I dream," replied Sullivan. "This from you. You, from whom I have heard such different doctrine."

"I speak of the world," said Orion, "not of an insignificant individual like myself. What I formerly preached I still practise, as far as relates to my own immediate concerns. But if by non-resistance I can preserve a lucrative situation, would it not be the height of folly to deprive myself of it? and all for what? For the vain-glorious pleasure of hearing myself talk—or, at best, of shewing myself superior in knowledge to my adversary. This may do amongst equals; but if my Lord Changeable chose to assert that the planet we inhabit was a square, though I might not assent to so preposterous an opinion, I hope I should have too much worldly wisdom to contravert it."

"And this tergiversation—so I must call it"—replied Sullivan, "may be classed under the head of modern morals, I suppose. It is not the morality of the schools, nor the system you laid down when first we became acquainted."

"I grant it, my friend ; but it is the system by which you and I must make our way in the world." Sullivan sighed, and to divert his mind, Orion enquired how he had succeeded in the Square? On this subject our hero was animated beyond any thing his friend had hitherto conceived him capable of. Female attraction had before time been spoken of as a fanciful theory, men of study and reflection had no time to investigate ; but now he was practically convinced of its truth, no hero of romance could be more energetic. Orion smiled at his enthusiasm, but pretended to believe, because Sullivan wished it, that these raptures were the effect of common admiration. Love, he assured him, was out of the question for many reasons, one or two of which he was about to enumerate, when a fit of yawning seized his companion, and convinced him it was time to retire.

The friends were true to their appointment, and being shewn into his Lordship's study, the great man, having thrown a cursory glance at the new comer, said, "This is the young man, I presume, of whom you, Mr. Orion, made favourable mention. I like his appearance ; he possesses a studious aspect, and a modest deportment. You will acquaint him with his business, and let me have immediately a few lines of his writing on any subject—suppose we say politics—that I may form a judgment of his hand, and style of composition." The young men then retired, and having reached Orion's office, Sullivan exclaimed, "What shall I do? what knowledge can his Lordship imagine I possess of politics?"

"Come, come," said Orion, "write what strikes your judgment, and let me decide upon its propriety." Sullivan accordingly began. "The system of political knowledge is simple, easily understood, and comprised in one short sentence—the good of our country." "Stop, stop, my friend," cried Orion, "this will ruin you in the onset. Copy this." He then wrote as follows:—"The man who undertakes a

share in the legislative concerns of government, enters upon a mysterious labyrinth, in which he will be lost and bewildered, unless guided by the light of talent and indefatigable industry. The unfathomable depth of political arcana, renders his life one scene of anxiety and mental drudgery; and whatever honours and emoluments his country may bestow, they are dear bought rewards, and ought to descend unimpaired to his posterity."

Having copied, Sullivan laid it before his patron, and respectfully withdrew. In a few minutes the great man entered, seemingly much pleased; and addressing Orion, said, "Your friend has a proper conception of ministerial toils, and writes a very fair hand. Set him to copy the pamphlet called *Thoughts on the Union*, that I may see it in the morning. Your salary, young man, shall be equal to Mr. Orion's."

Sullivan was agreeably surprised to find himself so immediately established, and added, "Your political rhapsody, my friend, has placed me in ease and affluence; and I hope there was nothing in it that in my cooler moments I shall think wrong. Certainly the labourer is worthy of his hire; and the man who truly and disinterestedly serves his country, is entitled to the rewards of well doing; and these rewards, whether honorary or pecuniary, ought to descend to his posterity."

Orion, smiling at the latter part of his friend's speech, replied, "Whether Lord Changeable be the man whose character you have thus drawn, time must develope. He is, as you will find before you have completed your task, a warm and staunch advocate for the union between England and this country, on which subject he is now corresponding with the English ministers; whilst here, in our own House of Parliament, he deprecates both the men and their measures, and talks with as much seeming earnestness about a reform in the representation, as those who have given indubitable proofs of their sincerity. So



that I fear our patron conceals ambition and aggrandisement under the mask of patriotism, and will at some future period be found wanting."

Sullivan, having copied lord Changeable's thoughts on union, no other business of importance took place for several days. During this period, the libraries, the news rooms, the courts of justice, and the Parliament house were in their turns visited, and afforded our novice peculiar delight. One evening they went to the theatre, to see Kotzebue's charming play of the Stranger, in which the celebrated George Cooke was to make his appearance. They had scarcely taken their seats, when the entrance of a little plain-looking man into the lower boxes drew the attention of the audience; and a general burst of applause, that seemed to speak unbounded approbation, followed. "Is it the Lord Lieutenant," enquired Sullivan, "or one of the Royal Family from England, that the people seem so enraptured at his presence?"

"Neither, my friend," replied Orion. "That little man has a great soul. He is neither prince nor duke; but he is a person of high distinction—the highest of all distinctions—an honest man, and a true friend of the people. You see they know how to estimate his character, whilst the lord we serve sits in the adjoining box unnoticed. He has been tried, and found wanting, but the name of *Grattan* awakens, in an Irishman's breast, a sensation of gratitude that knows no bounds."

When Mr. Cooke made his appearance, evident marks of agitation were visible in his countenance and gesture. This, by the generality of the audience, was called great acting; but those who were acquainted with his *failing*, classed it very properly under the head of intoxication. When the applause had ceased, with difficulty he pronounced—"Yonder hut—yonder hut—yonder hut," pointing to his cottage: then, beating his breast, and striking his forehead, he paced the stage in much apparent anxiety of

mind. Still this was taken for the *chef d'œuvre* of fine acting, and was followed by loud plaudits, and "bravo, bravo!" At length, having cast many a menacing look at the prompter, who repeatedly, though in vain, gave him the word, he came forward, and, with overacted feeling, thus addressed the audience: "You are a mercantile people—you know the value of money—a thousand pounds, my all, lent to serve a friend, is lost forever. My son too—pardon the feelings of a parent!—my only son—as brave a youth as ever fought his country's battles—is slain: not many hours ago I received the intelligence—but, thank God, he died in defence of his King!" Here his feelings became so powerful they choaked his utterance, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, he staggered off the stage, amidst the applause of those, who not knowing the man, pitied his situation.

Now the fact is, George Cooke never possessed a thousand pounds in his life, nor had ever the honour of being a father; but too much intoxicated to recollect his part, he invented this story, as the only way by which he could decently retire; and the sequel of the business was, that Mr. Cooke was sent home in a chair, and put to bed, whilst another actor played the part.

As our friends left the theatre, a voice they knew called out, "And is it you, gentlemen? To be sure we are not in luck. Miss Blarney would have fainted in the squeeze of that horrifying pit, if I had not observed, that we had no gentlemen of our party, and that it would not be *dacent* to throw ourselves upon the protection of strangers. Ah, I'm mightily shocked at that *baste* of a Cooke! for a person who sat next to us said, the story of his money and his son was all fudge; and just then I recollected, that whilst he was speechifying, he smelt of whiskey like a rum puncheon."

By this time, the old lady had taken Orion's arm; of course, Sullivan offered his to the young one;

which the mother no sooner observed than she added, "Did not I say so to Mr. Blarney to-day, ah, the *craters* ! they are made for each other. Don't you be after *staling* away now, Mr. O'Sullivan, with Miss Blarney ; *becase* why ? she is an heiress, and it is not lawful."

"Excuse my mother's freedom, Mr. O'Sullivan," said his companion, in a low and and sweet voice ; "she is fond of a j<sup>oke</sup>, but means no harm."

They now reached Mecklenberg-street, when the servant presented Sullivan with the following note.

"The Honourable Mrs. Fitz-Auburn expects the pleasure of Mr. O'Sullivan's company to dinner on Sunday. Mrs. Fitz-Auburn dines at seven.

Orion, knowing the value of such connexions, congratulated his friend on the fair prospect opening before him. "You must possess a microscopic eye," replied Sullivan, "to perceive any thing in prospect from this note, save a good dinner, in polished and pleasant society."

"I see further into futurity than you do," said Orion ; "and, believe me, the view gives me pleasure. Literary talents, without patronage, scarcely ever yield their possessor more than a bare existence. The Fitz-Auburns have powerful interest ; and if you are not your own enemy, you may profit by it. But 'still your finger on your lips.' Speak not all you think. You are too open—too sincere—to cope with this world's artifice ; and every attempt to mount Preferment's ladder will be impeded by it. Yet think not I would counsel you to be mean or servile, or to speak what you do not think. I trust you know me better. But surely it is the height of imprudence to volunteer opinions, probably inimical to the society you happen to be with, and thereby to court ruin, when the sacrifice can be of use to no one."

Repeated admonitions to this effect, though he knew they sprung from the truest friendship, had little influence upon Sullivan. Existence upon any other terms than speaking and acting as he thought consistent with truth, appeared scarcely worth having. He owned the policy of Orion's advice, but preferred penury in obscurity, with an untainted mind, to affluence and popularity without it.

On the day appointed, Sullivan, habited in a handsome and fashionable suit of black, prepared to attend Mrs. Fitz-Auburn; and a more prepossessing figure never entered her doors. His face was not what would generally be called handsome; but it expressed openness, candour, and benevolence. His eye was piercingly bright and penetrating, his complexion tinged with health, and his teeth white and regular; add to these a tall, genteel figure, with a demeanour modest, and rather approaching to bashfulness, and you have the outlines of Silvester Sullivan, as he appeared in the drawing room of the Honourable Mrs. Fitz-Auburn.

This lady possessed the remains of great personal beauty, notwithstanding the loss of an eye, which accident had deprived her of some years before. She was a bigotted member of the Romish church, and charitably denounced every creature who did not confess the Pope's supremacy. Not supposing it possible that our hero could have swerved from the well known faith of his ancestors; and fully acquainted with their worth and respectability; she made no hesitation in acceding to the wishes of her son and daughter, that a friendly intimacy might be established.

The family priest was the only person who joined the domestic circle; and to him Sullivan was introduced—to his no small confusion—as a member of the true church, and as having been a student at Maynooth. Father M-Quirk resembled in no one instance the good priest at Connaught Castle. His fat paunch, and rosy gills, betrayed the voluptuary; he was proud

and overbearing to his inferiors, and fawningly servile to those whom situation had placed above him, except where religion was concerned : there he was the high and mighty priest, and ruled the consciences of his little flock with arbitrary sway. In fact, those who best knew Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, wondered how a woman of her haughty spirit could submit to be governed, as she implicitly was, by her confessor. But this forms a part, and no trifling one, of the Romish tenets. The power of the priest is coeval with their religion, and one is nearly as much an article of faith as the other.

Fortunately M. Quirk was called away almost as soon as dinner was ended. Had he remained, 'tis probable a conversation would have ensued inimical to Sullivan's future reception at Auburn House ; for never more would its doors have opened to receive him, had his apostacy been known, and his native candour was an enemy to concealment.

The priest's departure was unregretted even by the mother ; but to the son and daughter it gave undisguised pleasure. They appeared to labour under restraint, which his absence removed ; and cheerful and friendly converse was relieved by music, in which both Mary and her brother excelled. Never before did Sullivan regret what he now fancied the errors of his education, and willingly at this moment would he have sacrificed his knowledge of Greek and Latin, if by that means he had been enabled to take Ferdinand's station behind his sister's chair, and with scientific skill have added to the harmony her voice and finger produced. This sentiment, but expressed in terms that bore no immediate reference to the lovely musician, he candidly avowed, adding, as some excuse for his own ignorance of so pleasing an accomplishment, "Ours was not a musical family. Sir Patrick and my mother, having no taste for 'the concord of sweet sounds,' never supposed it to be essential in the education of their offspring." "Nor is



it," replied Mrs. Fitz-Auburn. "Acquirements such as you possess, will ultimately turn to your advantage, both in point of fame, utility, and profit; whereas, if you had devoted those hours to music, which it requires to form a proficient, you would have been wanting in those essential requisites the priesthood requires, and which alone can qualify you for holy orders."

Sullivan, maugre his friend's cautionary advice, was on the point of declaring the real situation of his mind respecting religion, and the avocation he had entered upon, when Mary's pale and agitated countenance drew his attention exclusively to herself. The Pope, the priesthood, and his own recantation, were forgotten, whilst he exclaimed, "Miss Fitz-Auburn, I shall never forgive myself. I ought to have considered, that such repeated exertion must end in fatigue; but my excess of pleasure, the first of the kind I ever experienced, made me selfish, and forgetful of your ease."

Mary, pleased to hear her change of countenance attributed to any cause save the real one, with a faint smile replied, "Indeed I am not used to be so weak; but no blame rests with you. My feeble efforts to make the day pass cheerfully were due to you, both as a stranger, and as the son of my dear deceased parent's old and valuable friend; and if I have exerted myself too much, the fault is all my own."

Sullivan bowed, and, as if he feared a renewal of the former conversation, soon afterwards took leave.

On reaching his apartment, he found Orion anxiously waiting his return. "I augur good tidings," said he, as Sullivan entered; "your countenance betrays satisfaction."

"Indeed I have been highly gratified," replied our hero, "and save one circumstance, never spent so happy a day in my life." Having recounted every thing that passed, the active mind of Orion drew the following picture. "You appear to have gained the

friendship of the family ; but it hangs by a brittle tenure. You went to Auburn House free and unshackled ; you return in fetters. The old lady supposes you a priest—at least in embryo—and whilst she retains that opinion, you will have welcome ingress ; but when the truth comes to light, when she finds the intended Father O'Sullivan has renounced Romish superstition, and is become little better than one of the heathen ——”

“ How ? ”

“ I am speaking her sentiments. The doors of her mansion will be closed against you, and hatred, malice, and persecution, will be hurled at your head, with the fury of a demon.”

“ This is taking for granted,” said Sullivan, “ what I hope exists only in your own imagination.”

“ A thinking man is seldom positive,” replied Orion ; “ but in your case doubt is reduced to certainty. For instance, you are certainly in love with Mary Fitz-Auburn, and the odds are in your favour that she returns your passion. The old lady, ruled in every thing by her confessor, will never consent to your union ; and if you marry without it, all the saints in the calendar will be invoked against you, and you will have more subtle, crafty, and persecuting spirits to deal with, than your unsuspecting mind can form any conception of. But do not be dispirited. I have given you the dark side of the picture, to prepare you against the worst, and to let you see that caution and secrecy are necessary, if you value your interest at Auburn House.”

“ Am I to live a continual lie, then ? ” said Sullivan ; “ present myself before the emblem of truth and innocence, as a conscious hypocrite, practising deceit, and speaking falsehood ? Oh ! no, my friend : I would sooner give up every hope in life, nay life itself, than act so base a part.”

“ Then go no more to Auburn House,” replied Orion. “ For my part, I do not feel those scruples

that annoy you. I conceive the deception a venial one, since its objects is honourable happiness. The lady would obtain a husband every way worthy of her—your arguments might remove the film of superstition from her eyes—and she, in the end, become a rational Christian. As to Mrs. Fitz-Auburn and the ecclesiastic—but of them we will not talk at present. Go to bed, and on your pillow reflect and decide.”

Sullivan had scarcely been a day in Mrs. Blarney’s house, ere she sat him down as a proper husband for her daughter, and determined to leave no means untried to bring about so desirable an event. As yet, however, few opportunities had occurred; but these she made the most of, according to her own idea, by the grossest compliments to himself, and encomiums upon his fair intended. Judge then what reception the conversation above recited was fated to produce. Fond of intelligence, no matter how procured, she made herself mistress of every circumstance, and mad with rage and mortification, thus addressed her astonished daughter:—“It’s all over, Miss Blarney. Your chance is not worth the toss up of a copper; and you’ll hang on the hedge, like a linsey-wolsey petticoat, that’s so ordinary nobody cares to take it in.”

“To what do you allude, my dear mother?” enquired Ellen.

“Sure, Miss Blarney, you won’t be after bothering me with questions, when you know my *maning* is as plain as any thing at all. Mr. O’Sullivan has left you to wear the willow. Do you understand that? He is over head and ears in love with Miss Fitz-Auburn, and would not care whether you throw yourself over Essex bridge, or tie yourself to the first *bame* you come to.”

“I hope, madam, I am in no danger of doing either at present,” said Ellen faintly smiling, “Mr. O’Sullivan never made the slightest pretensions to

me ; and if he had, I hope I know my duty better than to have encouraged him."

"Duty!" repeated the mother, laughing, "arrah, sure you don't *mane* your duty to the man i' the moon! Depend upon't he'll never come back to reclaim you; and if he should, and find you engaged, you are no true woman if you can't make out a better story than his."

"I trust no such trial awaits me," said Ellen, with a sigh. "But this is talking merely for the sake of argument. The lovely daughter of Mrs. Fitz-Auburn is Mr. O'Sullivan's equal, and every way calculated to make him happy."

"Then you positively give him up, Miss Blarney, do you? You won't even break your heart if he marries another? Well, after this, I never *will* be surprised at any thing. But though you want spirit, I don't, and that he shall find."

"Surely, mother, you would not expose me to the contempt of Mr. O'Sullivan, which must be the case if he supposes me capable of fancying an attachment he never in the smallest degree professed. '

"Don't tell me. Though he was too modest to *spake* his passion, sure I *seen* him squint at you from the corners of his black eyes, in a way that would have melted the frozen heart of a Greenland ssvage. Then was not he after offering you his arm the night that Cooke palavered us about his son who was *kilt* at the battle of Nubibus, and his thousand pounds that he never lost at all, *becase* he never had it to lose? and if these are not proofs of affection, set me down for an ignoramus who knows nothing of the *tinder* passion."

## CHAP. XX.

## SULLIVAN'S HISTORY CONTINUED.

I HOPE my readers are by this time aware, that Ellen Blarney inherited none of her mother's bad or disgusting qualities. She had been brought up under the fostering care of a maiden aunt, whose sovereign contempt for her vulgar and illiterate sister, no length of time, nor distance of residence, could subdue. The little Ellen's education had been as liberal as the remote part of Ireland in which they dwelt would allow; and as she grew up, she became the pride of Miss Moorhead, and the paragon of the village. At the age of eighteen, before which period she had refused an apothecary, a lawyer's clerk, an exciseman, and an ensign of militia, an assembly in the neighbouring town of Killybegs was advertised, to celebrate some great and signal victory; and as the good maiden ranked loyalty amongst the cardinal virtues, she determined Ellen Moorhead, by which appellation she was universally known, should make one of the gay throng, equipped in a new, and somewhat expensive dress, from Ballyshannon.

It happened that a traveller riding through the town on this eventful day, heard of the intended rejoicings; and probably agreeing in sentiment with the loyal inhabitants of Killybegs, or perhaps merely for a frolic, determined to join the dancing party.



Ellen was beyond all comparison the prettiest and smartest girl in the room, thanks to the milliner of Ballyshannon ; and as Mr. Byrne, so he announced himself, arrived early, in order that he might lose none of the pleasures of a provincial assembly, he soon singled out the attractive Ellen, and found no difficulty in obtaining her hand for the evening.

Never had the youths and damsels of Killybegs experienced so much envy and heart-burning. There was an air of elegance and superiority in the movements of the stranger, they vainly endeavoured to copy ; and the comparison the former could not avoid making, between the cut of their own rustic suits, and the fashionable ease of his garments, convinced them that the tailor of Killybegs, or even the superior artist of Ballyshannon, were not the best of all possible operators.

Ellen was by no means a vulgar dancer. There was a natural ease and grace in her deportment, joined to much native modesty, which rendered the uncouth jumping and shuffling steps of her companions the more conspicuously inelegant. These awkward attempts at activity and grace, could not pass unobserved by her partner ; but he only took advantage of them to draw comparisons in Ellen's favour, and his compliments were delivered with so little apparent design—in fact his whole conversation was so obviously different from any thing she had been accustomed to—that it sunk imperceptibly into her heart, and left an impression his subsequent conduct was unable to eradicate.

The stranger, contrary to his original design, remained at Killybegs the ensuing day, and during his complimentary visit, gained so much upon the good liking of Miss Moorhead, that she conceived her niece in a fair train to become the happiest of women. The account he gave of himself was, that he held a lucrative situation under government—that his usual residence was Dublin—and that his mother and sis-

ter, the only near relations he had, lived with, but were not dependent upon him. This detail Miss Moorhead thought could not be otherwise than the forerunner of a serious declaration; and when he returned after a fortnight's absence, and made the wished for proposals, no impediment was thrown in the way of his immediate happiness. In a word, the nuptials were celebrated, and no honey-moon promised fairer.

At the expiration of a month, business, he informed the ladies, required his presence in Dublin; but no offer followed to make them the companions of his journey, and Ellen was too timid to signify her wishes. At the end of five weeks, during which she received as many letters, he returned, professedly more in love than ever; but Ellen, with pain, observed that his usual flow of spirits did not accompany him. This he attributed to a journey he was compelled to take, which would detain him three or four months; "but at the end of that period," he added, "something decisive must take place, for these repeated separations make me miserable."

When Ellen, after his departure, reflected upon these words, she concluded that his mother and sister were averse to receive her, and that the "something decisive" meant his separation from them. Within a week of his last sorrowful leave-taking, a large package arrived, filled with valuable presents both for herself and Miss Moorhead, which raised the almost sinking spirits of the latter, and convinced the anxious wife that no diminution of regard was attributable to him.

She was thinking of his return with rapture, since three months of the allotted period had expired, when a letter, dated London, informed her that in another fortnight he hoped to present her to the world as his real and truly beloved wife, adding, "your last dear letter, wherein you delicately hint that I am likely to

become a father, has fixed my wavering resolution, and convinced me that connubial

———“ love Heaven in our cup has thrown,  
To make the bitter draught of life go down.”

Ellen and her aunt were wondering over the contents of this epistle, which plainly evinced mystery, when the latter dropped from her chair in a state of insensibility. The screams of Mrs. Byrne alarmed their only domestic; and entering, she beheld the frantic endeavours of her young mistress to raise the inanimate form of her aged friend from the ground, on which it had fallen. To this she contributed, and having laid her on the sofa, ran to summon the village apothecary. Fortunately he was at home; and relating incoherently the scene she had left, he accompanied her on the instant.

Human help, however, proved vain. The vital spark had fled, and Ellen wept over the remains of her more than mother—her friend, her companion, and guide.

After a sleepless and perturbed night, she despatched a few hasty lines to Dublin, and reasoned herself into some degree of composure, by reflecting on the injury her unborn babe would sustain, and the hopes her husband's letter held forth of a speedy and lasting re-union.

By Miss Moorhead's will she became entitled to two thousand pounds, besides the moveables and plate; and as Mr. and Mrs. Blarney insisted upon her accompanying them to Dublin, she took a heart rending farewell of the spot rendered dear by associations both painful and pleasing. Her aunt was gone to receive the reward of a well spent life; but her husband, whom that regretted relative loved as a son, would make her forget every unpleasant sensation connected with the village, and probably sometimes

accompany her to a place, which now derived all its value from early attachment.

Mrs. Blarney had more than once remarked the incorrectness of her daughter's shape ; but attributing it to the want of proper stays, which Dublin, she said, would soon supply, no suspicion was entertained of the truth, and Ellen's spirits were for several days unequal to the task of confession. When at length, however, the mother proposed sending for a person of celebrity in the shape-mending line, and hinted at an eligible match she had in view, the wife of Byrne conceived it high time to enter upon her narrative.

Never was surprise equal to Mrs. Blarney's ; but as Ellen judiciously displayed the variety and elegance of her presents, and dwelt upon the income which could afford to purchase such costly articles, her anger was subdued, and curiosity to know what situation he filled occupied her entirely.

Fortunately she had a gossiping acquaintance amongst the castle establishment, with whom she frequently took a sociable cup of tea ; nor was importunity wanting to prolong her stay sometimes to a late hour. Nobody was so welcome as Mrs. Blarney—no one entertained their friends like Mrs. Connel—and as she knew every body, and every body's business, who so likely to inform her respecting her son-in-law?

Stimulated by the restlessness of discovery, the day did not elapse ere she entered the apartment of dear Mrs. Connel ; and after the usual compliments, enquired what situation Mr. Byrne held at the castle.

"Byrne—Byrne"—repeated this woman of general information, "I am sure I know the name, and to oblige you, will enquire immediately."

After a few minutes absence, she returned with information that Mr. Byrne was his Grace's under secretary ; that he was at present out of town, but expected the following day.

This intelligence appeared to mortify her visitor. "What!" exclaimed she, "is he only an under secretary then at last? Sure Ellen was bewitched to throw herself away in that manner; but it was all her old foolish aunt's doings."

A full communication now took place, not omitting his valuable presents; and ere Mrs. Blarney departed, her friend advised sending to the custom-house, and other public offices, in order, if possible, there to find the man, who, from his munificence, must possess an income far superior to that of a secretary.

This, without consulting either her husband or daughter, she herself put in practice; but all her pains and fatigue ended in a fruitless enquiry. No person of that name filled any of the respectable departments of office, and she was obliged to content herself with the under secretary for a son-in-law.

The ill success of her embassy was immediately communicated to Mrs. Connel, her letter ending with a wish to see Mr. Byrne on the following day at twelve, but on no account to impart her reason for such request.

Mrs. Blarney thought herself superior to all the world, save and except her friend at the Castle, in planning and managing schemes of difficulty; and under this head she chose to class her present proceeding; for what reason it would be difficult to guess, unless the mystery in which it was clothed, gave it that character; for a simple question addressed to her Grace's housekeeper had discovered Mr. Byrne, and the information could not fail of pleasing her daughter. Then what occasion for secrecy? Mrs. Blarney herself could scarcely have answered the question.

Mr. Byrne, it appears, had a particular engagement at twelve; but curious to learn the business on which Mrs. Blarney wished to confer, he made his



call at eleven, the hour she always employed in exploring the markets ; but informing the servant he came by appointment, Ellen requested he would walk in. And now my reader is doubtless prepared for a scream of joyful surprise on the one side, and rapturous delight on the other. Nothing of the kind, however, took place. They met as strangers, and were discussing the common occurrences of the day, when Mrs. Blarney entered, and addressing her daughter, said, " Ellen, sure dear it was not my intention that you should be taken by surprise at all, *because* it might be dangerous in your situation." Ellen blushed at her mother's want of delicacy. " I appointed this meeting," she continued, " to prepare you both, and now Mr. Blarney himself would not have contrived things more *cantankerous*." Ellen and Byrne both wondered where this would end ; but without noticing their consternation, she added, addressing the latter, " Arrah, now you are after wondering how I discovered you ; and sure the thing was quite ingeniously contrived. I knew, of course, that you held a situation under the government ; so, thinks I, I'll ferret him out, without Ellen knowing any thing of the matter at all."

" Well, madam," said the secretary, " now you have ferretted me out, as you facetiously call it, what are your commands ? My time is not just now at my own disposal, and I should be glad to be dismissed."

" I am sorry—sure I am—that you should be so particularly engaged to-day," said Mrs. Blarney, "*because* I have purchased a fine fat turkey, and my daughter will be greatly disappointed if you dine any where else."

" Your daughter does me honour, madam ; and some other day, if you allow me, I will avail myself of your hospitality. But I suppose, madam, your business with me, since Mrs. Connel said it was of

a particular and private nature, extends beyond an invitation to dinner."

"Och! to be sure it does, honey. If our residence is not too far from the Castle, and on that account inconvenient, we would be mighty glad to have you for an inmate. It shall be more agreeable to Ellen to take her bed under her mother's roof, than amongst strangers. Oh! here comes my husband just in the nick of time. Blarney, dear, this is Mr. Byrne;—Mr. Byrne, your father-in-law."

Before the entrance of her father, Ellen had discovered the mistake; but the rapidity of her mother's utterance would allow of no interruption until the introduction had taken place. She then, without noticing the young man's consternation, said, "My dear mother, you labour under a most egregious error. This gentleman and I are strangers, and much apology is due for the trouble we have given him."

"Is not your name Byrne?" enquired Mrs. Blarney.

"Certainly, madam."

"Secretary to the Duke?"

"Most assuredly, madam."

"And not your husband, Ellen?"

"I never saw the gentleman before."

Then the man you have married is an imposter. To be sure I have not walked till my heels ached, and talked till I was hoarse. The devil a soul at any of the public offices would own the name; so finding nothing better was to be had, I was glad to accept the Duke's under secretary for a son-in-law; and now you both deny the banns, and the unborn babe may whistle for his father long enough before he arrives."

Ellen, whose spirits had not yet recovered their usual tone, fainted away at this intelligence; and one fit succeeded another so rapidly, that the doctor prognosticated a miscarriage. In this he was not deceived, and Ellen for several weeks languished be-

tween life and death. A naturally good constitution, however, at length conquered disease; and country air was prescribed as the only thing wanting to complete her recovery.

During the period of her convalescence, Mr. and Mrs. Blarney, both in person and by agency, left no means untried to discover Ellen's husband, but all proved vain. The name was no uncommon one, but the description he had given of himself, did not attach to any one who bore it. As a last resource, Mr. Blarney went to the village where his late sister-in-law resided, and enquired at every probable house, whether the gentleman he described as the husband of Ellen Moorhead, had been there since her aunt's death, and her own departure? A negative was the only reply to his various and often reiterated questions, and the poor man returned disconsolate to his family.

Notwithstanding these repeated disappointments, Ellen could not forego the hope of again seeing her husband; and this hope rested, in a great measure, upon the—almost—impossibility of his tracing her to Dublin. Miss Moorhead, we before observed, despised her sister too much to make her the theme of conversation; so that she was unknown, even by name, to her connexions in the village; and Ellen now first blamed her aunt, for interrupting the disclosure she was about to make respecting her parents, by desiring she would avoid a subject so disagreeable; adding, "He will know them too soon for his own comfort."

In opposition to this favourable side of the picture—for favourable she determined to think it, even after her father's return from her beloved village—there appeared the mystery so evident in his last conversation and letter; and the little truth discoverable in his stated avocation; and certainly these things, as matters now stood, were strongly against him.

Twelve months had rolled away without intelligence, when Mrs. Blarney proposed the match she had before projected ; adding, " Sure, Miss Blarney," by which appellation she invariably addressed her, " sure, I say, Miss Blarney, you are now convinced that the spalpeen you married, either never married you at all, or that he is a great big black-guard to desert his lawful wife ; and in either case, I think you are justified in taking another bed-fellow. If Paddy Murphy does not *plase* your delicate fancy, sure there's our two lodgers, and the devil a handsomer pair you'll find in the city of Dublin. Mr. *O'Rian* would be the man for my money, *because* he's so gay and genteel ; but Mr. O'Sullivan, as being next akin to a title, I think you had better set your cap at ; he is modest, and you are modest, and you'll suit each other to a hair."

Ever since their hopes of tracing Mr. Byrne had proved ineffectual, Ellen had been too much accustomed to this kind of conversation, to feel either surprise, or that indignation the first mention of another husband had produced. In general, she suffered her mother's eloquence to flow without interruption, until it wearied itself out ; but the passion of her manner, and the unintelligible tenor of her words, produced the dialogue which preceded this short narrative.

We now return to Sullivan, and find him recopying Lord Changeable's corrected thoughts on union, which were advertised for publication the ensuing week. The office in which our friends were employed, adjoined that where his lordship transacted business ; and Sullivan one morning, hearing him talk loud and earnestly, remarked it to Orion, wondering what could have thus irritated him.

" He is preparing a thundering philipic for the house this evening," replied his friend, " and always rehearses his speeches in this way—indeed, I am told most of our popular speakers do the same. Yester-

day he was most ably cut up by the little gentleman we saw at the play, and I make no doubt, to-day he will retaliate to the utmost of his abilities."

"Pray on what ground do those two public orators differ?"

"That, my friend, is a mystery I have not time at present to unravel. Suffice it to say, the one speaks from principle, the other for profit; the one, I fancy, will soon have a high station in the legislative body, the other will have nothing but the love of his country."

"Glorious reward!" exclaimed Sullivan, clasping his hands with enthusiasm, "who would not suffer the utmost cruelty that tyranny could inflict for such a blessing?"

"Such generally are the opinions of men," answered Orion, "until a knowledge of the world—the depravity of human nature—and the corrupt state of government—render them callous to those heavenly impulses, in which the love of our neighbour is so closely interwoven. He, my good friend, who sets up for a patriot in this our day, like the disciples of old, must prepare to encounter every evil the malice of man can invent;—loss of character, loss of property, and probably loss of life; for the horde of leeches who live by sucking the blood of the people, are, directly or indirectly, so numerous, that

"If you mention vice or bribe,

"'Tis so pat to all the tribe,

"Each cries—that was levelled at me."

And the speaker or writer of such home truths is punished accordingly. Now, as I have not the least of the spirit of martyrdom about me; and am confident, in the present state of things, no good can be done by constitutional efforts; I have made up my mind to pass through life in quietness; and painful as it may be, to sit supine amidst my country's ruin."



His lordship entered ere this sentence was well concluded ; and enquired, with a self-approving smile, what made him prognosticate his country's ruin? But without waiting for an answer, he added, " Indeed, the country in general is of your opinion : without an union, ruin is inevitable ; but I trust this day's debate will insure her salvation." Orion bit his lips. " These letters," added he, " are of vital importance to the public welfare, and it is no small trust, Mr. Orion, that I commit to your care. They are addressed to friends of our cause, by whose powerful eloquence and interest, I hope we shall this day gain a complete victory over the barking snarlers, whose only pride is to hear themselves talk, and the whole of their ambition, to be the idol of a mob."

The letters were delivered according to their directions, and that evening, or rather morning, Lord Changeable returned to his own house victorious. " Oh my poor country !" said Orion to his friend, as they retired from hearing this interesting debate, " thy doom is sealed, and grass will soon grow in the streets of this populous and once opulent city."

Sullivan's manuscript dwelt less upon those circumstances in which his passion for the daughter of Mrs. Fitz-Auburn were concerned, than upon matters in which feeling had no share ; this may be attributed to his modesty, and dislike of any thing that savoured of egotism. We learn, however, from his written document, that after a few visits at Auburn House, Silvester and Mary became mutually attached—that her brother was the confidant of the former, from whom he concealed not the change in his religious principles—and that Ferdinand gave him a clear insight into the difficulties that would arise from the bigotry and superstition of his mother, backed by the pride and intolerance of Father M-Quirk. " In fact," continued he, " you would never have entered

this house a second time, had either of them suspected your dereliction from the principles in which you were educated. A younger brother, with your personal pretensions, would never have been tolerated, because obviously dangerous to the peace of a sentimental young woman, had they not been fully persuaded that you were devoted, soul and body, to the sacred function. In truth, Sullivan, I know not what to advise. If you marry, how are you to support a wife? From Mrs. Fitz-Auburn nothing can be expected, and during her life my income does not equal my expenditure."

Sullivan sighed as he reflected on the impossibility of maintaining his beloved Mary, even in humble mediocrity. His present income, though amply sufficient for his own outgoings, would be a paltry pittance when a wife—perhaps a family—shared it: besides being precarious, and dependent upon the caprice of a man whose steadiness he had reason to call in question.

Mary grieved at his change of faith; but love, ever sanguine in its hopes, whispered the probability that she might be the humble instrument appointed by Providence to recal the wanderer from the error of his ways. There was consolation in the thought, and poverty, with all its train of evils, vanished before the vision her fancy had created.

Father M. Quirk had been absent ever since Sullivan's first visit at Auburn House, otherwise 'tis scarcely probable his changed prospects could have been thus concealed. About the period at which we are now arrived he returned; but instead of meeting Sullivan with the politeness every guest of his patroness was entitled to, he viewed him with the malignity of a demon."

"Father," said Ferdinand, "you seem to have no recollection of Mr. O'Sullivan, though I think you met him once before at Auburn House."

“Oh! I recollect the gentleman perfectly,” replied M·Quirk scornfully; “but it would ill become a person of my holy function to countenance a hypocrite and an infidel.” Mary’s work dropped from her trembling fingers, whilst Mrs. Fitz-Auburn turned her eyes from the priest, and fixed them with a scrutinising glance upon Sullivan. His attention was turned, with melancholy forebodings, upon his agitated mistress; and Ferdinand, in order to break the silence he saw impending, replied, “Your epithets, father, are strong, and require apology.”

“Indeed, young man!” replied the inflated priest: “Who made you my judge? If my language be strong, it suits my subject—the exposure of a lying, hypocritical apostate.”

“If there be one vice my soul holds in greater detestation than another,” said Sullivan, addressing Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, “it is that of which I am now accused, namely falsehood, of which hypocrisy forms a part. The good, the virtuous Father O’Leary taught me to shun it, as the rock on which virtue and reputation too frequently split. I have avoided it hitherto, and impute Mr. M·Quirk’s intemperate language to misinformation, misconception, or any cause, save a wish to injure me in the eyes of this respectable company. Have I your leave, madam, to request an explanation of this gentleman’s meaning?”

“You have a right to demand it,” said Mrs. Fitz-Auburn.

“You hear, father,” observed Ferdinand.

“I do, meddling sir,” replied M·Quirk. “Know then, degenerate young man,” addressing Sullivan, “that during my absence I have visited the college of Maynooth ——”

“Proceed, father,” said Sullivan, observing his eyes fixed upon him, as if at the name of his college he ought to shrink and tremble.

“During my abode there, I learnt with horror, that you had not only rejected the high calling for

which you were intended, but likewise declined confession, denied the blessed sacrament, and more than once spoke with irreverence of the apostolic see. In a word, that you had abandoned our most holy religion, and linked yourself with reprobates and heretics."

"Have you done, sir?" enquired Sullivan.

"Not quite, sir," replied the priest. "I accidentally, during my journey, stumbled upon your most pious and honourable brother, Sir Charles O'Sullivan."

Sullivan looked a part of the scorn he felt at hearing his brother's name associated with piety. But the priest having construed his change of countenance into guilt, added, under that supposition, "What you can feel, I see."

"*Most keenly.*" replied Sullivan.

"The good, the virtuous Sir Charles," continued the priest, "deplored the depravity of your nature whilst yet a child, and piously crossed himself as he returned thanks to the Virgin that you were spared the heinous sin of fratricide, owing, as he observed, to a strength of constitution, which enabled him to resist the powerful poison administered by a brother's hand."

"*A brother's!*" repeated Sullivan. "Did not his countenance give the lie to his speech when he said *a brother's?*"

"I see an insinuation conveyed under that strong emphasis," said M'Quirk; "but unfortunately for your veracity, the story, with every diabolical circumstance, has reached me from the fountain head of truth; and therefore your throwing the blame upon her who died in the bosom of the true church, and will at the last day exult over the misery of an apostate, avails nothing."

"Now you have finished this black catalogue of guilt," said Sullivan, "I would fain know under

what circumstances I am to rebut your charge of lying and hypocrisy? whether it apply to family circumstances, or to matter more recent?"

"It applies to your conduct when first introduced to this respectable family," replied the father; "and finding you still received, I naturally suppose it to be in the character of a true member of the catholic church, who hopes one day to receive priest's orders. Such you represented yourself in this house, and to the world in general."

"Never," exclaimed Sullivan with energy.

"How, Mr. O'Sullivan?" said Mrs. Fitz-Auburn. "Did not you mention having received your education at Maynooth, and that the good Sir Patrick designed you for the priesthood?"

"I did, Madam, in answer to general questions proposed by yourself. But does this convict me of falsehood and hypocrisy? Certainly not. And had your interrogations embraced my present designs and opinions, I should have replied to them without equivocation or subterfuge, though the confession had lost me, what I highly value, your good opinion. That I ever represented myself, either in this house or in this city, as a catholic, or a candidate for the church, I deny. My opinions, from reading and deep investigation, underwent a change during my residence at Maynooth: and if that be a crime, so far I am guilty; but do not consider myself accountable for it to any earthly tribunal. With respect to the communication so unnecessarily, I might add, wickedly made by Sir Charles, I shall say nothing; except that I stand acquitted before God—that my parents died rejoicing in my innocence—that Father O'Leary is a living testimony of it—and that being a family transaction, it would be better for all our sakes to bury it in oblivion, since it reflects no honour either on the dead or the living."

Mrs. Fitz-Auburn with difficulty restrained her choler until Sullivan brought his discourse to a pause.



The moment he confessed the change in his religious sentiments, the death blow was given to every favourable impression—her lips quivered with pious rage—she crossed herself with devout zeal—and ere he had well concluded, exclaimed “Well might our holy father’s countenance change its hue, and his temper its usual forbearance, knowing, as he did, the vileness with which we associated.”

“Vileness, Madam?” said Ferdinand, casting a benevolent glance at the agitated Sullivan.

“I have said it, son. The wretch who abandons his God, and renounces our most holy faith, shall be denounced and persecuted in this world, and find no advocate in the other, to soften the pangs of eternal suffering.”

Sullivan shuddered at hearing such illiberal, such unchristian-like doctrine. Bigotry and persecution he now felt to be synonymous, and his heart rose in thankful acknowledgment to the Deity for enlightening his mind, and freeing it from the narrow prejudices and superstitions in which he had been educated.

The priest, complimenting in terms almost of idolatry, his dear daughter’s zeal, proceeded to anathematise the victim of his holy resentment; in which he spared no term of reproach the church knows so well how to pour upon heretics. He even threatened those with ecclesiastical vengeance who countenanced the vile apostate; adding, as he cast a malignant look at Ferdinand and Mary, “I suspect daughter, from the little surprise exhibited by my young friends here, that the present discovery is not new to them. He has doubtless been distilling his abominable heresies into their young and ductile minds, and like Satan of old, tempting them to taste the forbidden fruit. That his hellish and sacrilegious schemes may be defeated, the sooner he is dismissed, with the ignominy and contempt he deserves, the better. There is contamination in his presence, and I trust

the doors of Auburn House will this day shut him out for ever."

Mary's feelings during this scene had been wrought up to a pitch of distraction, rendered the more acute by her efforts to conceal them. In these she had been unsuccessful. The prying eyes of M. Quirk read her distress in the agitation of her look and manner; and fixing his attention exclusively upon her at the close of his speech, her strength was unable longer to sustain her, and she fainted away.

Every one flew to her assistance. Even Sullivan, regardless of the discovery his anxiety might occasion, rushed to the support of his adored Mary; and in language the most passionate deplored the hurry her spirits had sustained, and blamed himself as the cause. Then turning to her mother with a look at once calm and decided, he added, "For myself I care not. Your resentment, or the thundering philippics of the church, hurled at my head by fanaticism and intolerance, would be received with philosophic calm composure, were not this gentle maid—dearer to my heart than the vital spark that plays around it—involved in my wretchedness. But her sufferings—for suffer I know she will, all that priestcraft can invent to terrify her—wring my soul with agony."

M. Quirk felt the full force of Sullivan's words, and looked as though he only wanted opportunity to put them in force. Mary's recovery however prevented his giving utterance to his thoughts, and as Mrs. Fitz-Auburn hurried her out of the room immediately, Sullivan casting a look of anguish at Ferdinand, left the house.

Mrs. Blarney obeyed his well-known knock, and the moment she observed his pale and agitated looks, exclaimed "Sure, dear, some mighty big misfortune has happened; for you are white as a clout, and tremble all over, like a maid when she's going to be married. I hope the quality at Auburn House, not forgetting the good priest, have thrown no impedi-

ment in the way of your happiness ; *becase* such things are done as soon as said, and cause mighty tribulation to young *craturs*."

Sullivan looked surprised, but passed her in silence, and ascended the stairs. Still she followed him, and pretending to put the room in order, continued "Sure your honour need not take on so. If one wont, another will : and Miss Blarney, let me tell you, is not to be sneezed at. She has two thousand good pounds in the bank—plate, linen, and china—beds, chairs, and tables—besides kitchen utensils and crockery that would do your heart good to look at. And though comparisons are vulgar, and for that reason I never pop one out of my mouth, Miss Fitz-Aaburn is no more——" "Oh yes, thank God !" said Sullivan, attending only to the words which concerned Mary, "She recovered before I left the house, and I trust will long remain a blessing to society, whatever becomes of the wretched Sullivan."

"Sure the young lady has not been dangerously ill, has she dear ?" said this troublesome woman.

"Dangerously ? Did not gossiping report tell you she was dead ?"

"Not at all, honey."

"What then were you talking about ?"

"Talking about, did you say ? Och ! sure I was talking about Miss Blarney, and recommending her to your honour for a wife—devil a better in all Dublin." An emphatic "pshaw !" was all the answer he condescended to return, and throwing himself on the sofa, he made a motion for her to retire. The hint was thrown away, for seating herself in a chair by the window she continued "I *would* be mighty glad to give you consolation Mr. O'Sullivan ; but when people run a wrong course, and give up their *Clargy*, and associate with heretics and unbelievers, all the saints in the calendar, and good St. Winifred to boot, could not assist them, let alone Betty Blarney."

"Leave me, woman," said Sullivan, irritated by her persevering rudeness.

"*Lave* you, Mr. O'Sullivan! Sure you would not desire that thing, when it's plain to the *manest* capacity that the blue devils have got *hould* of you, and are tempting you to commit one of the seven deadly sins." A loud shriek interrupted her discourse; and rushing down stairs, she beheld her daughter apparently lifeless in the arms of a stranger. "Sure the devil has set his foot in this house," exclaimed the voluble woman. "and I would not wonder at all if my turn comes next. There's Mr. O'Sullivan sick above stairs, and Miss Blarney fainting below; whilst a person I never seen before—tall and genteel it must be confessed—drops from the clouds, I believe, on purpose to assist her. Hold her still, honey, whilst I pour a *drap* of whiskey down her throat."

As she returned with the bottle, Ellen began to shew signs of animation, when the mother continued, "Ellen dear, how could you serve me so? The fright has almost *kilt* me, as this gentleman knows; nay, I *would* have died ontright, if it had not been for a *drap* of whiskey. Here, honey, take a thimble full, and I hope his honour will pledge you."

The stranger would neither taste the reviving cordial himself, nor suffer Ellen to profit by it. This displeased the old lady much. She looked upon whiskey as a sovereign remedy in most disorders; and to show her own partiality for the exhilarating beverage, drank a glass to their better acquaintance.

Ellen now opened her eyes, and faintly articulated the name of "Charles"—her "*dear Charles*."

"Charles!" repeated Mrs. Blarney, viewing the stranger most attentively; "why, sure, you are not the scape-grace, her husband, who *kilt* his own flesh and blood before ever it was alive, and could not be found in the castle, or the custom house, *becuse* he never belonged to either!"

Ellen's long sought wanderer—such indeed he

proved—appeared not to notice the vehemence of Mrs. Blarney : all his attention was fixed upon her daughter, whose eyes once more sparkled with love, but were not blind to the more than indifference with which he viewed her parent. This drew a sigh from her bosom ; but gently pressing her hand, he bade her in an under voice take comfort, since to her happiness he would sacrifice a great deal. These words she thought could only allude to her mother, and bitterly she felt that it would be a sacrifice of no common kind, to associate and own kindred with a spirit so ungenial, and habits and manners so unlike his own. “ How did you discover me ? ” she asked in the same low tone.

“ Sure it is not manners to whisper before company,” said Mrs. Blarney ; “ but I suppose you would be after hinting that I should make myself scarce ; and sure I will, if it be only to convince you that I know what belongs to good breeding better than some folks.”

She then withdrew ; but leaving the door ajar, hoped to gather more by this seeming conformity to their wishes, than it was possible to obtain from the suppressed tones in which they conversed. Ellen, knowing her mother’s foible, secured the entrance, and withdrawing to the further part of the room, led the conversation in a key scarcely more audible than before her mother’s departure. Again she enquired how he had traced her, and whether he had visited the village since her aunt’s decease.

To the first he carefully avoided an answer, but assured her he had called at Miss Moorhead’s within a week after the funeral, and learnt, with grief unspeakable, that no clue could be obtained of his dear Ellen’s retreat. “ Finding every enquiry fruitless,” he added, “ I left a letter with the landlord of the inn, to be delivered to yourself, or any person sent by you. Surely you received it ? ” Ellen then related her father’s unsuccessful journey, and after much conjec-



ture, it was at length agreed that the letter had been destroyed, probably by accident, and the man, not choosing to own his carelessness, had denied all knowledge of it.

The stranger's attachment appeared to have suffered no decrease ; but there was a hesitating embarrassment in his manner that shewed all was not right, and forcibly recalled to Ellen's mind the mystery so apparent in his London letter. To this she timidly reverted, and also to the loss of her child and subsequent illness ; but dwelt more at large upon the enquiries made by her mother at the public departments of office ; "enquiries," she added, tapping him playfully upon the cheek, "you too well knew would be unavailing. But why deceive your Ellen?"

"Aye, there's the rub, my angel," he replied. "There is a long arrear of explanation due to thee, Ellen, and it shall be paid with interest, but not now. I have much to reflect upon—much to propose—and very much to confess. Allow me this night for meditation, and to-morrow you shall decide how far irregularity may be excused by situation, and the opinion of the world, and how we can best reconcile ourselves to its usages.

"Your words, my dear Charles, are dark and obscure, but, I trust, refer not to our final separation. I can submit to any evil that poverty may bring, so I am secure of your love and protection."

"Rest assured of both, my love. But how can I send a letter, for my confession must be in writing, unknown to Mrs. Blarney or your father? I have the most unanswerable reasons for wishing them to remain ignorant of all that concerns me ; and this it would be difficult to accomplish if we are known to correspond. Is there any confidential person you can send, unknown to them, to the Bedford coffee-house?"

"The mystery Charles in which you seem wrapped is very alarming ;" said Ellen, the tear standing

in her eye, "but as you assure me I have nothing to fear on the score of affection, I think I am prepared for every other evil."

It being agreed that she should send the following day at six, he bade her tenderly farewell.

As Ellen had foreseen, her mother never left the door; for as it opened, she was discovered in the attempt to run away. Quickly however recovering her usual intrepid assurance, she turned, and advancing to the street door, exclaimed "To be sure son-in-law you wont be after *laving* us so soon. I have a thousand questions to ask, besides a great *dale* of family communication to make; and you are no sooner found, without looking for at all, than you *lave* us, without hinting a word of the situation you *hould* under government; and that sets me a thinking the devil a one you have to brag of."

Without noticing this speech otherwise than by a smile and a slight bow, he left the house, and Ellen to bear the brunt of her mother's coarse anger. This was rendered the more violent by her confessed ignorance of his prospects and pursuits, and her inability to name even the period of his return. In fact, there is no knowing where her ill humour would have ended, had she not been summoned to Sullivan's apartment.

At the appointed time Ellen's trusty messenger brought the following letter, without signature.

"My beloved Ellen,

"Descended from an ancient and honourable family, my education tended to establish those distinctions in society, which throw the middling class to such disdainful distance, that it is held disgraceful, almost criminal to intermarry, or even distantly claim acquaintance with them. These prejudices, imbibed in childhood, were carefully impressed upon

my ductile mind, not more by theory than example, as I advanced in years.

“The line of demarcation, so necessary, I was told, to separate the patrician from the plebeian orders, had never been broken or encroached upon by my ancestors, male or female; and should I introduce disgrace into the family, there was no knowing where the mischief would end. Such, Ellen, were my early impressions, and such the state of my mind, when I passed through Kilbiggin, on the memorable day set apart for rejoicing. Love of frolic, and a wish to see human nature in all its varieties, induced me, after sending forward my servant, to join the festive throng. How shall I describe my feelings on the first view of my Ellen? Decorated with modest propriety, the bewitching simplicity of your manner, and the easy elegance of your deportment, the more conspicuous from being surrounded by every thing vulgar and ridiculous, threw my heart into a tumult I never before experienced; and without weighing consequences, I determined such beauties should be mine. Not lawfully: marriage, Ellen, was never in my contemplation; for I had been taught to look upon seduction as a venial trespass, compared with the heinous crime of bestowing my highly prized name on modest, but humble worth. A further acquaintance with my Ellen, and her highly respectable relative, convinced me, however, that nothing short of marriage would be accepted; and as I determined to make you both as happy as affluence, amid the shades of retirement would allow, I flattered myself *that* would amply atone for the deception I meditated. I pass over the happy month after our *unlawful* nuptials; nor attempt to describe the misery I suffered during our temporary separations. Your letters, dictated by purity and innocence; your feelings, painted in language at once chaste and animated; brought repentance to my soul, and I viewed my conduct with horror. Still I wanted the virtue to

make you honourable amends : that triumph was reserved for parental solicitude. Pride and hereditary distinction yielded to the joy of hailing a child of my virtuous Ellen's by the real name of its father, and I flew on the wings of love and justice to your dear village.

“ But my treasure and her precious burthen were gone, and no inquiry could point out her destination. Almost distracted, I hastened to Dublin, after writing the letter I mentioned as having left with the landlord ; and having conquered my own pride, could make no allowance for that feeling in Miss Moorhead, which checked my Ellen whenever she would have named her parents. I now, too, blamed my own want of curiosity ; but possessing you, I cared little about the authors of your existence, especially as their near relation held them in, what she called, merited contempt. A second journey to the village produced nothing but disappointment. No inquiries had been made that led to a delivery of the letter ; and to commence a search in Dublin, with so few chances in my favour, appeared an act of Quixotism, no sane mind would undertake.

“ For several weeks I was in a continual state of hurry and flutter ; but time, that wonder-working power, aided by a flow of animal spirits, natives of our little Erin, conquered the irritability of my feelings, and would in the end, I doubt not, have conquered love also, had not you, my Ellen, unexpectedly answered my summons at your father's door yesterday, and convinced me, that the affection we feel for a virtuous and lovely young woman, is paramount to every other sensation.

“ Having read the confession of a repentant sinner, you must indulge me with a few reflections. That I anxiously wish to make you lawfully mine, I solemnly avow ; and that my mother's objections will cease when you are once known, I firmly believe : but can we expect the same indulgence towards Mr.

and Mrs. Blarney? Ah no! the thing is impossible. Even I, who am willing to give the most substantial proofs of my attachment to their daughter, could never be reconciled to the most distant chance of being recognised as their son. How then could my mother, with no such palliative to lean to, and whose family pride is excessive, be brought to countenance so heterogeneous a jumble of rank and manners.

Pardon me, Ellen, for being thus plain: the case requires it;—and I will now propose a plan, subject to any amendment you may hit upon, provided it be equally efficacious, which, I trust, will obviate in some measure the embarrassment of our situation. By my interest with the British ministers, I have no doubt of procuring Mr. Blarney a comfortable situation; but it must be in a provincial town in England, where no accident could bring us in contact. I must still, and for ever, be known to them as *Mr. Byrne*; and as you will probably occasionally correspond, it must of course be under the same signature.

“I spent a sleepless night in planning and digesting this letter, and shall not experience a moment’s peace until assured of my dear Ellen’s forgiveness, and that she attributes my errors to education, rather than wilful depravity. Let me hear from you to-morrow, addressed Mr. Byrne, Bedford coffee-house.”

Ellen, although expecting something unpleasant, was unprepared for a shock of this nature; and in the first ebullition of her feelings, devoutly thanked God that no living testimony of her shame existed.

The child, whose birth she looked forward to as a source of joy, no less anxiously expected by her husband than herself, and whose premature birth she so deeply regretted, would, had he been spared, have blushed for the authors of his existence, and proba-



bly cursed the hour of his birth. Her aunt, too, had died in happy ignorance of the culpability of her young friend; and this calamity, so bitter at the time, was now cause of rejoicing, since she was spared the heart-rending anguish of her adopted daughter's ruin, and the little less pain of finding her favourite a villain. Such were the first feelings caused by the *nameless* writer's letter, and many were the tears she shed in consequence.

A violent headache was the plea for keeping her room that evening, and a second perusal of the letter, because uninfluenced by passion or surprise, gave to reason and argument all the force the author intended, and pity was now the prevailing sentiment of her mind. The candour with which he confessed his faults, and the honourable amends he projected, added, at the third reading, admiration to pity; and ere she retired for the night, love, pure as her own innocent mind, superseded every other emotion.

An answer agreeable to the wishes and expectations of her correspondent was returned on the following day; and within a month Mr. and Mrs. Blarney, after extolling the generosity of their son-in-law, Mr. Byrne, and boasting of an income more than double its real value, sailed for England, to take possession of a lucrative situation provided for the former in the customs at Hull.

Meanwhile Mary Fitz-Auburn had, at the instigation of M. Quirk, been kept under lock and key, and threatened with the fulminations of the church if she held the slightest intercourse with the heretical son of perdition O'Sullivan. To this confinement she meekly submitted; but all the fire her nature was capable of, burst forth when Silvester's name was coupled with crime. On these occasions she never failed to defend him, except when religious apostacy was the theme. When that was mentioned, she sighed, and crossed herself, and silently petitioned the Virgin to make her the humble instrument of finally saving a

soul so precious. This hope strengthened the love she was not ashamed tacitly to confess for the highly favoured Sullivan, and stamped it with the seal of religious duty.

Seldom was Ferdinand admitted to her apartment, because they knew his society would be a grateful relief to her mind. But one day, after conversing with her upon common topics in the presence of his mother, he contrived to slip a note into her work-box, which, to her horror and astonishment, ran as follows :—“ If you wish to save yourself from monastic seclusion, and Sullivan from lingering torture, you have no time to lose. This morning I overheard—no matter how—but it was premeditated, and grounded upon horrible suspicion ;—I overheard, I say, a dialogue between Father M<sup>c</sup>Quirk and Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, in which the former proposed, having, he said, his brother’s sanction, to trepan or force Sullivan on board a vessel, and deliver him into the care of the Holy Inquisition ;—pretty care the bloodhounds would take of him. At first my mother objected to measures so desperate ; but the priest, by sophistry, and arguments that I thought could scarcely deceive a child, succeeded at length in convincing her that it would be an act of religious zeal, highly acceptable to the saints, and in fact beneficial to their victim, since it was the only means whereby there was a chance of finally saving him. The father, after he had obtained my mother’s unwilling consent, mentioned a convent of holy nuns in the neighbourhood of St. Omers, with the abbess of which he was particularly intimate ; and thought if you were to pass a year or two in their pious society, it would effectually cure you of, what he called, your shameful attachment to Sullivan, besides improving you in the French language, and various kinds of fine work. Sullivan has been languishing ever since his rude dismissal from Auburn House ; and as I can experimentally sympathise with the votaries of

little Cupid, I bind myself to you and our friend, in order to frustrate the hellish machinations of M<sup>r</sup> Quirk, and, if it be your wish, to aid your marriage, or otherwise secure you a retreat more congenial to a young woman's feelings than a convent. Write an answer; and my singing on the staircase must be your signal for squeezing it under the door."

Mary had heard enough of the Inquisition, though not half the diabolical cruelties practised there, to freeze her young blood when she thought of Sullivan being immured within its walls. Without hesitation she returned the following answer, and waited impatiently for Ferdinand's signal:—"Save—oh! save our friend, and waste not a thought upon Mary." The servant had removed her dinner, and placed candles, ere Ferdinand's welcome voice was heard; and having seized the paper, he silently withdrew.

During this perturbed night the cruelties of the Inquisition kept Mary waking; or if sleep for a moment closed her eyes, imagination, faithful to its trust, added new horrors to those already conceived; and having bound Sullivan to the rack, and given the word for torture, a fearful, self-uttered scream roused her from those agonies no waking moments can surpass, and filled her soul with thankfulness, that as yet these things were only the feverish workings of a diseased mind. "God grant," she piously exclaimed, "that they may never be realised!"

She was scarcely risen, when Ferdinand, repeating the same air, approached, and presently a small slip of paper appeared under the door. The writing was Sullivan's, and contained his final resolution. "I shall stay and meet my doom, unless you are the companion of my flight. Ferdinand, the best of brothers and of men, will aid your escape, and England afford us an asylum."

Mary's vision of the preceding night wrought wonders in her lover's favour; and Ferdinand reminding her, in a low voice, that he awaited her answer, she

replied, "Save your friend, and dispose of me as you please." On which he added, "Pack up a few useful articles, and this night wait the signal at your chamber window, between the hours of two and four."

Mary's apartment looked into the garden, and opening the window, she viewed, with mingled sensations of pain and pleasure, those objects which habit had rendered dear. "And must I leave you, and for ever?" she mentally exclaimed, "must I quit the abode of my forefathers, to seek refuge in a strange land, and amongst a people who know me not? Such, Sullivan, is thy will; and sanctioned by a brother's approbation, what have I to fear?"

She then closed the window, and commenced her preparations. These were, however, soon accomplished, and never did the hours appear to move so heavily. Her work, her books, her music, were alike incapable of amusement, and the clock of a neighbouring steeple was the only outward object that interested her. *That* hourly told the flight of time; but in her imagination it moved with leaden wings, and how much mischief, fatal to her Sullivan, might not be achieved ere midnight. During the day Mrs. Fitz-Auburn and the confessor paid her a visit, but never had either of them been less welcome. Towards the father she strove not to conceal her sentiments; he had never been a favourite either with herself or Ferdinand, and the discovery of his baseness and turpitude, the malice of his heart, and the never enough to be dreaded mischief of which his head was capable, made her shudder and turn pale at his approach.

"How now, daughter?" observed he with a satanic smile; "is the society of your honourable mother and myself so little wished, that your countenance changes at our approach? at the time, too, when we have been deliberating for your good. Having often heard you express a wish to visit France,

I this day prevailed upon my good lady to indulge you."

"Yes, Mary," added Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, "I have granted to this worthy man, who has your happiness much at heart, what no other person could have obtained, my consent to your passing a year in France, where you will have an opportunity, not merely of seeing the world, though that is an object, but of completing your education, and fitting yourself for that walk of life your family, your person and accomplishments demand. Ferdinand, I have no doubt, will gladly join Father M-Quirk as your escort, and at the end of twelve months I will myself convey you back, and form for you an establishment beyond your hopes."

Mary's hatred of every thing that bore ever so remotely upon duplicity, was, in her own family, become proverbial; but now she had too much at stake to risk a discovery by opposing her mother's will; and, if it be a fault, under existing circumstances, to temporise, Mary was guilty.

"When is it your pleasure that we set forward, madam?" she asked.

"As soon as your wardrobe can be prepared," answered her mother. "To-morrow we will set seriously about it; and, as a mark of my confidence, I make you a present of fifty pounds, to lay out in the purchase of what suits your own fancy, independent of the provision I shall make."

Mary hesitated at accepting a gift, which would be used for purposes so contrary to the donor's intention; but Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, attributing her blushes to gratified vanity, added, "Take it, my love; and show by your taste in the disposal of it, that I have not mistaken your character."

Mary without further hesitation placed it in her cabinet, and as her visitors withdrew, she fancied looks of triumph passed between them.



However this might be, the visit had not been without its uses. It convinced her of the truth of her brother's relation, as far as respected herself; which she sometimes fancied would prove a fabrication to serve his friend. It added to the scanty contents of her purse, a thing not immaterial to one on the point of launching into an expensive world; and it supplied food for reflection, whereby the intervening hours would be rendered less tedious.

At length, after the most tiresome day she had ever known, her watch told twelve, and the closing of various doors, intimated the hour of repose. Still a long interval must elapse ere she could hope to hear the welcome summons; and to beguile the time, she again looked over her wardrobe and drawers, to see that nothing useful had been omitted. Her mother's present too, was safely deposited in her trunk, and she was meditating a letter that should excuse or palliate her flight, when a heavy step sounded along the gallery, and seemingly approached her door.

Her first emotion was surprise; but fearful of being seen through the key-hole, prepared and equipped for a journey, she placed her candle behind the chimney-board, and shot the bolt to forbid intrusion. These necessary precautions were scarcely accomplished, when the monotonous and discordant voice of Father M·Quirk enquired the cause of her vigils. "No good can arise, daughter," he added, "from young women watching their tapers, at this late hour."

At first she resolved upon silence; but as he spoke upon a certainty of her not being in bed, and appeared to be waiting her answer, she replied, "Confinement, father, is no friend to sleep; and if I have composed my mind by reading, my repose will be the sweeter. But it seems I am not alone watchful. What has caused your vigils, good father?"

“Holy meditation and pious exercises keep the servants of God watchful, whilst their flock are enjoying calm and undisturbed slumber. My devotional aspirations have this night been poured forth, amid the umbrageous retirement of the garden, and seeing a light in your window, I feared some bodily infirmity kept you from repose, which my counsel perhaps might heal. Good night, daughter. The clock is going two. May the Virgin have you in her holy care.”

The clock indeed struck two, and Mary hoped M·Quirk's nocturnal wanderings were over for that night. Had he been an hour later—nay half an hour—perhaps less—he would probably have defeated their plans; and once suspected of having formed any, every future hope of escape, either for herself or Sullivan, would have been at an end. The creaking of the priest's shoes told his retreat, and the closing of a distant door convinced her all was safe. Once again she began her letter, when a second interruption caused the pen to drop from her nerveless fingers; and starting from her seat, she opened the window to admit her brother. Without speaking, he placed her upon the ladder, where Sullivan waited to receive her; then snatching up the trunk, to which she pointed, he descended with as much celerity as his burthen would permit. The garden door, of which he had secured the key, opened into a back street: Sullivan and Mary were already seated in the coach; Ferdinand, after disposing of the trunk, placed himself vis à vis, and the coachman was closing the door, when Vigo, the house dog, jumped in, and no gentle effort could dislodge him. The animal's attachment to his young mistress was remarkable, some people would have said troublesome, but Mary viewed it as a spontaneous feeling of gratitude, for having preserved his life in the hour of peril. “Poor Vigo!” said she, patting his fine head, “I wish he might share my fortunes.”

“Why, possession is I know not how many points of law ;” replied Ferdinand, “besides, nobody at home seemed to estimate the creature’s good qualities, save you and I, Mary ; and I cheerfully relinquish my share of him.”

The coach was proceeding at a smart pace, and in somewhat less than half an hour, discharged its cargo at a small, but pretty looking house, or rather cottage, in the village of Rathfarnham.

Orion, and a young and lovely female, were waiting to receive them, whom Sullivan, to his infinite surprise, recognised as Miss Blarney. Again he looked, as wishing to doubt the evidence of his senses—for to find her in a remote habitation, with no companion but his friend, shocked his native rectitude of soul, not more on her account than Orion’s ; besides the impropriety of introducing his virtuous Mary into such society. As no one attempted to elucidate what struck him as morally wrong ; he ventured to say, “Do I indeed behold Miss Blarney ?”

“Indeed you do not,” replied Ferdinand. “You behold Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, my wife ; and next to Sullivan’s Mary, the best little creature in the world.”

A general introduction now took place, and after the sisters had retired, a consultation was held respecting Sullivan’s marriage, and his future proceedings. Mary’s being a catholic and a minor, would necessarily delay their departure, since Ferdinand, very properly, insisted upon witnessing his sister’s nuptials, and during their abode in this land of danger, the strictest concealment must be observed.

By this time the morning dawned, and it being necessary that young Fitz-Auburn should be at his post when the elopement was discovered, to prevent his being thought an accessory ; Orion—who had been his chief adviser with respect to both Ellen and her parents—walked with him to the city ; and as the

helper in the stables was already up, he entered the back way, and glided to his own apartment.

Mrs. Fitz-Auburn was, for a woman of fashion rather an early riser; the Father more than commonly so; and as her son was always the last person who joined the breakfast table, no wonder was expressed when, at ten o'clock, he was still invisible. At length, tired with waiting, she ordered him to be called, and added, "When Jane carries her young lady's breakfast, she must tell her to prepare for an excursion into the city; whither I am going immediately after our repast, therefore order the carriage."

Ferdinand now entered, and enquiring where his mother was going so early, seated himself leisurely at the breakfast table. Before, however, he had devoured one muffin, though he ate and talked without ceasing, Jane entered, pale and trembling, with information that her young lady was missing—that she had never been in bed—and that the chamber window was wide open.

Mrs. Fitz-Auburn gave a faint scream, and fell back in her chair. Her senses, however, did not forsake her, for casting a look of terrible meaning at the priest, she exclaimed, "Then all our plans are defeated, and that accursed viper has brought perdition on my child."

M. Quirk preached patience, and promised to exert every means the church allowed to bring back the young lady, and to punish her vile seducer. "Our power is ample, and all-sufficient," he added, with the smile of a fiend. "The bitterest vengeance against the enemies of our faith is not only tolerated, but enforced; and never did I forward any thing with half the zeal that I shall exert for the discovery and punishment of this detested renegade."

Ferdinand shuddered at these unchristianlike threats and revilings, and determined to be as watchful for the safety of his friend, as the father was for

his destruction; and as no suspicion of his agency appeared to exist, he resolved to be doubly guarded in his conduct, and to make his visitations to the cottage of Ellen as seldom, and with as much privacy as possible. Whilst these thoughts occurred, the dowager went to her daughter's apartment, and presently returned with the paper on which Mary had begun her letter.

"The artful, little hypocrite," she exclaimed, "appears to have been conveyed away sooner than she expected, for here is the beginning of a letter, which she had either not time to finish, or thought it a business quite inconsequential."

"What does she say for herself?" asked Ferdinand, as if he thought something would be expected from him.

"Oh, the old cant of all run-away misses—'My dearest mother,—in what terms shall I palliate the seeming errors of my conduct——' "

"Seeming!" interrupted the priest, "Dare she say *seeming*, daughter?"

"Ladies under her circumstances *dare* say any thing, father. Shame has ceased to influence the mind, when girls, scarcely out of their leading strings, can risk their necks and reputation by flying into the arms of needy, profligate, unprincipled fortune-hunters."

McQuirk requested her to be composed, and proceed with the letter.

"In what terms," repeated the lady, "shall I palliate the seeming errors of my conduct, or express the love and reverence with which my mind teems for the dear author of my being? Believe me, madam, nothing but circumstances of an imperious nature, and ——"

"There ends the detested scroll," continued Mrs. Fitz-Auburn, throwing it disdainfully on the table, "and posterity must remain ignorant of the very *pressing circumstances*, that could lead a well educated fe-



male to disgrace her family, her religion, and her modesty, by throwing herself away upon an adventurer, not worth a shilling—an apostate from his God—and who took advantage of my friendly hospitality, to injure me in the tenderest point. But as you justly observe, father, the church is all powerful—let every exertion be used, set every engine to work—get the undutiful girl and her paramour once in your power, and the proceedings I formerly objected to, shall be carried into effect with religious strictness.”

This hint, supposed to be understood only by M<sup>c</sup>Quirk, roused Ferdinand’s indignation; and he never saw his mother, or the religion which authorised such proceedings, with so little reverence.—Whilst he was meditating on ways to counteract their plans, and expedite his sister and Sullivan’s departure, a whispering conversation was carried on by the lady and her confessor, at the end of which they withdrew. Ferdinand immediately penned a note to Orion, expressive of his fears; at the same time informing him, that he should be at the cottage at twelve that night, with a priest in whom he could confide, who would tie the nuptial knot according to their church; after which, if such a thing were practicable, on so short a notice, he would wish to see the young couple on their way to England, where he would trust Sullivan’s honour for the other part of the ceremony, rather than run the risk which threatened both, by a protracted stay in their native country.

Not a moment was lost in forwarding Ferdinand’s wishes; and ere father M<sup>c</sup>Quirk, and his coadjutor in mischief, rose on the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. O’Sullivan and their firm friend Orion, were ploughing the deep, in a vessel bound for Falmouth.

Every thing conspired to render the voyage delightful. Pleasant weather—a gentle, and somewhat polished captain—agreeable company, consisting of a

Unitarian minister and his daughter, returning to Truro, their native place—made time appear to fly so rapidly, that one of the party—perhaps two—heard without pleasure the order for landing. Orion had found the Rev. Mr. Frampton entirely the man after his own heart; and his daughter Susan, a young woman about his own age, so well informed and sweet tempered, that, though far from handsome, he declared her the most fascinating woman he had ever conversed with; and readily prevailed upon Sullivan to take up their abode at Truro, during the time it was necessary to wait, ere they could be united according to the laws of the Protestant church.

Before this period arrived, Orion had so far won upon the affections of Susan, that the worthy minister acted as father to both the brides, and requested the double wedding might be celebrated at his house. Orion, without delay, informed his friends of the change in his prospects, and of Mr. Frampton's wish, that he should commence his studies, and prepare himself for the ministry. "This," he added, "would be perfectly agreeable to my own views and wishes, could I flatter myself with possessing those requisites, my good father assures me application and practice will bring to perfection."

Sullivan despatched a letter by the same mail, to Mary's brother. After detailing the particulars we have related above, he continued, "We intend to remain in Truro the two or three ensuing months, for several reasons; the most important of which is, that we can here enjoy the society of deservedly esteemed friends, without launching into expenses we can at present ill afford. Here, too, I can invoke the muses, and devote my mind to general literary pursuits, with much greater expectation of success, than amid the hurry and bustle of the British metropolis. And as on that I build for future subsistence, the sooner I prepare certain materials for the press, the bet-

ter. Mary is every thing the fondest heart could wish ; and my gratitude to you for bestowing such a treasure, no power of language can express. Still her affectionate heart pants to be reconciled ; and when I assure her, her cause cannot be in better hands than our dear Ferdinand's, and that Mrs. Fitz-Auburn will at length listen to the voice of reason, she sighs, folds her hands upon her bosom, and, with a look of seraphic meaning, replies—Would my Sullivan suffer his Mary to lead him into the fold, from which he has unhappily strayed ; with what assured rapture could she then present him to those friends who view him in every other respect with partial eyes. Believe me, Mrs. Fitz-Auburn is uninfluenced by worldly considerations. Want of wealth would be no impediment to a reconciliation, were you once again within the pale of salvation. But whilst she looks upon you, as not only doomed to destruction yourself, but as the probable cause of eternal misery to her child, can you wonder if she continue violent and inflexible ?—Sweet saint ! her aspirations in my behalf are energetic and sincere ; and though her zeal be misapplied, it calls forth my warmest gratitude and admiration. But I seem to forget that I address one who worships God in the same temple as my beloved. That you may have no fears for your sister, I pledge myself, never, directly or indirectly, without your especial leave, to influence her religious opinions, since I have no fears for *her* future bliss, whatever she may have of *mine*."

Ferdinand's answer was most friendly. It informed the absentees, that father McQuirk conducted his proceedings for the recovery of one or both, with such secrecy that nothing transpired ; but that he and Mrs. Fitz-Auburn held long and daily conferences ; that an English Nobleman, of singular appearance and character, had been introduced to his mother on the day Sullivan and Mary sailed for Britain ; and if appearances might be credited, was in

a fair way of becoming their step-father. The letter contained a bank-note for a hundred pounds, and was the sisterly gift of "Ellen Fitz-Auburn to Mary O'Sullivan."

A Dublin paper arrived on the following day, announcing the marriage of the Right Honourable Lord Skipton to the Honourable Mrs. Fitz-Auburn. Mary crossed herself, and ejaculated a prayer for her mother's happiness.

Our interesting couple had resided six weeks in Cornwall, during which period Sullivan had been indefatigably industrious, and now meditated a journey to the metropolis. To forward this, he and Orion walked to Falmouth, to enquire if a vessel would shortly sail to London. Susan and Mary, accompanied by her faithful Vigo, joined their excursion for about two miles; but as a pleasanter course, and to extend their walk, they left the high way, on their return, and explored the neighbouring fields. These led by imperceptible degrees from the public road: but Susan had, by this time, got such firm hold of her companion's attention, by discoursing, as opportunity afforded, upon religious topics, (than which nothing could be more interesting to either, from the hopes each entertained of making a convert): I say, the way was so beguiled by discourse of this nature, that they reflected not upon their distance from home, until stopped in their progress by a mill-stream, over which was placed a plank by way of bridge. This water, in general an inconsiderable rivulet, was now swelled by the late heavy rains into a formidable stream, and flowed rapidly. Susan knew they should regain the high road within a hundred yards of this mill, and having been in the habit of skipping over the plank in her juvenile days, no fears prevented her crossing it now. Mary, more timid from education and custom, thought the attempt would involve them in danger, and called loudly upon the inmates of the mill for assistance. No one however appear-

ed, and Susan laughing at her want of courage, walked leisurely over by way of example. Vigo followed and looked wistfully at his mistress, but seeing her stationary, recrossed and lay down at her feet. Susan likewise returned with an intention to hand her friend over; but now an objection was started on Vigo's account. "If he be upon the bridge at the time we are," said Mary, "'tis so elastic, that I shall never keep my footing; hold him fast and I will hazard the experiment alone." Vigo was accordingly secured; with hesitating steps the trembler advanced, gaining courage as she proceeded, and was within three paces of terra firma, when the firing of a gun, apparently very near, destroyed all self command, and poor Mary was precipitated into the stream. Susan, unmindful of honest Vigo's exertions, continued to scream and call for assistance, until the sportsman and his servant appeared: she then begged with almost frantic eagerness that they would save Mrs. O'Sullivan. The rapidity of the current had carried her several yards below the bridge, and human assistance arrived too late to preserve her from the dangers of the mill wheel. This the stranger observed, at the moment Vigo appeared struggling with the torrent; and ere he had time to express half his astonishment, mingled with admiration, Mary, motionless and insensible, was extended on the grass. Vigo, after shaking the wet from his shaggy sides, returned, and viewing his apparently lifeless mistress, sent forth a howl, so dismal, and full of meaning, that the stranger, who knew not how short a time she had been in the water, and his servant, a martyr to superstition, believed her really dead. Susan being under no such apprehensions, laid her head upon her lap, and requesting the servant might go to Truro for a carriage, eagerly awaited symptoms of returning animation. These appeared as soon as probability warranted, and ere the chaise arrived, Mary had walk-



ed, with the assistance of her friend and the stranger, several times across the field, and conversed with as much composure as though no such occurrence had happened.

I shall not dwell upon honest Vigo's joy when the well known accents of his mistress again cheered him. By some, his uncommon sensibility, or sagacity, would scarcely be credited—whilst others, with a smile of contempt, would wonder why so much—indeed any notice should be taken of the actions of a brute. Suffice it to say, the affectionate creature was in the chaise as soon as his mistress—the friends were soon set down at Sullivan's lodgings—and change of raiment was all that appeared necessary either for ease or comfort.

Sullivan had secured their passage in a vessel intending to sail in ten days ; and heard the account of his wife's adventure from a dozen different mouths at least—and told in almost a dozen different ways, as he walked through the town. But as they all agreed in pronouncing her safe and unhurt, joy and gratitude were the only sensations he experienced.

All was now bustling preparation ; during which Mary frequently saw the stranger's servant, and could not help wondering that no enquiry was made after her health ; particularly, as his master, at the time of the accident, expressed concern of no common kind, and anxiety for the consequences. Ignorance respecting her place of residence could not be pleaded, since the man never passed without looking earnestly at the house, and had more than once seen her at the window.

The surprise such pointed neglect caused, was however transient, and gave place to matters of more immediate concern.

Susan, we have before said, took every opportunity, when they were alone, of introducing religious topics. She had by this time rooted out many of her friend's prejudices, and time, she flattered herself,

was alone wanting to eradicate the errors of popery entirely from her mind. A day previous to the vessel sailing, Sullivan and Orion again went to Falmouth, in order to ship the packages; and Mary was deeply meditating upon the arguments used by Susan in their last conversation; when a message in the name of the latter desired she would follow her to a certain field, which they almost daily perambulated. Several doubts had arisen, which she was anxious to have cleared—this appeared the favourable moment, and with a mind panting after truth she sought the spot. It lay at an inconsiderable distance from the town, and having cleared the suburbs, a sharp angle led immediately to it. This she turned, and in her haste ran against a man, who catching her in his arms, conveyed her to a carriage, which was instantly set in motion with all the speed four horses could exert. This was the work of a moment, but it proved long enough to deprive Mary of sensation, and when reason returned, she found herself in the arms of the *stranger*.

We shall not detail Sullivan's distraction when he found his Mary—the object dearer to him than life—thus mysteriously missing. Messengers were sent in every direction, with handsome rewards to those who should first discover, or trace the manner of her disappearance; whilst himself and Orion searched every pit and pool of water, and in fact every place, likely and unlikely, hoping almost impossibilities. Severely Sullivan blamed himself for taking Vigo to Falmouth; from an idea, that he would have been found as powerful a protector by land as he had proved himself by water. The only intelligence that could be gathered, and that almost amounted to nothing, was, that a chaise had been seen standing at the outskirts of the town, on the day she was missing; but so little curiosity had it raised in the spectator, that he pursued his way without making any other remark, than that four horses were attached to it.

This led to another expedition. Every town within a dozen miles was visited, but no chaise had been hired for Truro on the day mentioned, nor had any carriage with four horses stopped to change.

Whilst this search agitated the distracted husband and his friends, the vessel was on her way to London with nearly all Sullivan's property on board; but this in his present frame of mind was a trifling consideration. What was property—what the world—without his Mary?

On the sixth day after her disappearance, the unhappy man was roused from a state bordering on mental derangement, by a letter left at the door by a stranger on horseback. Trembling at sight of his wife's well-known hand, with eager haste he read as follows:

“ My beloved Sullivan,

“ I am only allowed to inform you of my health and safety, and that I am in honourable hands. Had I not pledged myself to secrecy, respecting my disappearance and present circumstances, this trifling consolation would have been withheld; but knowing your anxiety, I would have promised almost any thing to relieve it. Should it please the disposer of all things to separate us finally in this world, we shall meet again in that abode of peace and tranquillity, appointed to receive the good of all religions. Yes, my Silvester—be it your comfort to know, that your Mary has so far conquered the prejudices of education—thanks to Mrs. Orion—as to allow salvation to good people of every denomination. I would recommend your immediate departure for London, as the only place where talents such as you possess, meet with encouragement. Farewel, may every good angel guard you.”

Susan, whose apprehension was uncommonly acute, thought this advice conveyed a double meaning; and

that the one not expressed, related to her own residence in the metropolis. Sullivan, happy to catch at the slightest hope, left Cornwall on the following day; Orion having previously procured every necessary information respecting the vessel, and the merchants to whom her cargo was consigned. He likewise, knowing how liable his friend was to imposition, procured from one of Mr. Frampton's congregation, a letter to his brother in the city; in which he was requested either to accommodate Mr. O'Sullivan with a lodging in his own family, or procure him one in a decent and respectable house.

We now find Sullivan settled in Fulwood's Rents, where the first pursuit he engaged in, was the recovery of his luggage. For this purpose he made several unproductive journeys to Shadwell. One time the vessel was not arrived, at another she was not yet discharged; and the last time the owner of the warehouse was absent with the key in his pocket. Dispirited and weary, he was entering a public house for rest and refreshment, when a person whom he had generally seen loitering about the dock, and frequently spoken to, expressed his sorrow that he should have had so many fruitless journeys, and offered his services in any way that could be useful; at the same time saying, he was intimately acquainted with the merchants in whose ware rooms his property lay.

Sullivan was pleased with the man's civility—an unusual thing he thought at Shadwell—and ere they had finished a tankard of porter, he gave him an order to receive his trunks, and a direction where in the city to send them. Day after day however passed without intelligence from his new acquaintance, and again he took the road so often trod in vain; but learnt to his infinite vexation, that all the packages directed to Mr. Silvester O'Sullivan had been taken away several days before, by virtue of an order describing minutely every box and parcel, and

signed with his own name. Sullivan enquiring if they knew the person to whom they were delivered, the man stared as he replied, "No, Sir," but I hope you do. I made him give a receipt, as we always do, but the name he signed may no more belong to him, than the boxes did." The book being produced, Sullivan saw, with equal surprise and mortification, the signature, and, as far as he could recollect, the hand writing of Edward Enamel, the *ci-devant* dentist!

Every hope of recovering his property fled, the moment he discovered the name of the swindler; but surely it was not the incendiary at Connaught Castle, to whom he had given the order! Appearance—voice—complexion—every thing spoke the contrary. Mentioning this to the porter, the man observed in reply, "Bless your honour! such rascals herd in gangs. 'Tis not likely any body you know would attempt such a barefaced trick; but he marked the game, and set somebody else to hunt it."

Good and evil—pleasure and pain—are all comparative. Had Sullivan sustained this deprivation prior to the loss of his Mary, he would have considered it as a heavy calamity—and so it was to a person in his circumstances—but having experienced the greatest misfortune that could befall him, save the knowledge of her death, he was prepared to encounter minor evils with the calmness of a philosopher. 'Tis true, he was without a second coat—but he had a change of linen; and though his hat, and in fact the whole of his outer habiliments were shabby, being chosen from a well-stored wardrobe, as peculiarly adapted to the coarse accommodations of a ship—he had fortunately preserved his manuscripts, and they would be exchanged for specie long before he could positively be said to want any additional clothing.

Sullivan wrote instantly to his friends in Cornwall; and after stating his loss, added "To the pro-



vident care of Mr. Frampton I am indebted for the means of future provision. Had he not almost insisted upon my never losing sight of the trunk in which my manuscripts were packed, it would have shared the same fate as my other property, and I should not have possessed even the comforts of a change of linen."

The first work Sullivan offered to the booksellers, was on Theology; and greatly admired by his Cornish friends for the sound reasoning, and unanswerable arguments with which it abounded. Alas for Sullivan! The London publishers understood not his reasoning, and his arguments were equally unfortunate. In fine—after offering it to at least half a dozen popular men in their way, he learnt to his unspeakable astonishment, that nobody troubled their heads about theology—that religious tracts were sold to the butter shops at so much a pound—but that if he would write a satirical novel—the more abusive and calumnious the better—he would establish his fame, and fortune would of course follow.

We shall not trace him through the whole of his literary career—indeed it would fill a volume, and his adventures have already exceeded our original intention. The reader, however, may form a pretty correct estimate of his disappointments and mortifications, and the contemptuous treatment he received from booksellers, by the philippic he inadvertently uttered, when first introduced to his acquaintance at the chop-house. He had at that period been resident in London eight months, and during the time, there was scarcely a publisher he had not applied to. Some cajoled him with fair words, and promises they never meant to perform; whilst others—less cruel—bluntly, often rudely, told him, their shelves were weighed down with such lumber as his; and that moral essays, theological dissertations, and political tracts, unless greatly patronised, never paid for the printing.

When the cruel disappointment of all his sanguine expectations was fully ascertained, and his outward

appearance began to grow more than shabby ; he wrote, as he faithfully promised whenever circumstances proved untoward, to his friend Orion for a loan ; and was making out a catalogue of a few indispensable necessities to be immediately purchased, when a letter arrived, for which the postman demanded two shillings. It would at this moment have puzzled Sullivan to produce two pence ; but certain in his own mind of the intrinsic value of a two shilling letter, he made no scruple upon the strength of it, to borrow for the first time of his landlord.

Eagerly he flew up stairs to peruse the welcome letter—his Cornish friends having been for a length of time unaccountably silent—when looking at the direction, he saw to his surprise, characters totally unknown. His heart beat with alarm of he knew not what, and tearing it open he found his own letter inclosed in an envelope from the general post-office. On the reverse of that designed for Orion, was written “*gone to America four months ago.*”

These few words seemed to decide the fate of poor Sullivan—for Ferdinand Fitz-Auburn and Ellen, we should have informed our reader, went to reside in Switzerland soon after his mother’s marriage. A sickness at the heart was attended by giddiness, and he dropped extended on the floor. The honest shoemaker, first calling to know if any thing was the matter, rushed up stairs, and found his lodger without sense or motion. A brain fever succeeded this attack upon his feelings, during which he raved incessantly upon Mary and Orion ; dwelt upon their unkind desertion, and compared it to striking a dagger to his heart. For several weeks after the fever left him, he was kept alive by nourishing, and somewhat expensive aliment, and this he at first took too sparingly to be of any essential use, from a firm persuasion that he was trespassing upon people who could ill afford to supply his wants. But when informed by Shore that every thing was purchased with his own money, though where it came from he

refused to say, the invalid submitted to use the means prescribed for his recovery. The truth is, Shore had a generous and feeling heart, but circumstances not allowing it full exercise, he made known the situation of his lodger to a lady possessing both means and inclination; and her purse provided the salutary supplies, on the express condition, that not even Mrs. Shore should know from whence they came.

Sullivan was eager to go abroad, from anxiety to know the fate of some manuscript poems left with a bookseller, who promised fair, the day preceding his attack. But to this an obstacle interposed, which he was at present unable to overcome. His head, during the height of the fever, had been deprived of its honours, and, without a wig, he could not appear abroad. This, Shore did his best to obviate, by producing the identical bob so frequently reverted to in his history. Sullivan retired with his treasure—shook it—combed it—tried it on—and endeavoured to alter the form and shape, by pulling it in every possible way. Still it was stubbornly fixed in its original cut; and that was now not only obsolete, but the most unbecoming thing in the world, both to his age, complexion, and visage. It had likewise another inconvenience. It was so fruitful in materials of one kind or other, that his hat, instead of being as usual, drawn modestly over his forehead, kept aloof, and barely rested on the luxuriant antiquated bob; leaving his countenance exposed at once to observation and the weather.

In fact, from illness and other circumstances, Sullivan was altogether so altered, that Mary herself might have passed him without recognition.

Thus equipped, he sallied forth; and when he had succeeded in convincing the bookseller, that he was the identical Sullivan, who, two months before, had left a book of manuscript poetry, he was assured, after much depreciation, that these things were quite a drug; but that if two guineas were any object to

the author, he, the bookseller, would run the hazard of printing.

"Two guineas!" replied our astonished bard, "surely you do not seriously make so paltry an offer?"

The vender assured him, it was the common trade price for trifles of that kind.

"Trifling as they may appear to you," said Sullivan, "they are the produce of infinite labour and pains—of many wakeful, anxious hours—and shall two guineas be the only remuneration? *You* are no poet, I presume?" added he, looking earnestly at the retailer.

"No, thank God!" replied he, looking round his shop, with conscious superiority.

"For what are you so devoutly thankful?" enquired Sullivan; "is it that nature has blessed you with a lack of talent, or that you have an opportunity of undervaluing works of genius—of keeping their authors poor and dependent, that you may roll in your carriage by the sale of what costs you comparatively nothing?"

"My time is too precious," said the bookseller, "to be wasted in listening to the effusions of disappointed vanity. Will you accept the two guineas?"

"No," replied Sullivan; "but make them five, and such is the nature of my present situation, that I *must* accept them."

The man, instead of advancing in liberality upon this declaration, began to think he had been too bountiful. Pale and meagre was the poor poet's visage, and it was the rule of the trade to offer in proportion to the wants of the applicant, not with a view to relieve those wants, but to drive a bargain according to their urgency. "The tenderness of my nature," said the tradesman, "has already carried me beyond prudence. Your looks bespeak distress, and to avoid wounding your sensibility by a whatever might be his religious tenets; constantly

gift, I offered it in the less offensive form of a bargain."

"Setting your feelings aside then," said Sullivan, "you would not have offered me even that poor pittance for my poems."

"As I told you before, poetry is a drug; except it be a satire upon well known characters, nobody reads it. Nevertheless, I will risk something to serve a gentleman who has, doubtless, seen better days."

"I cannot suffer you to risk the immense sum of two guineas upon this manuscript," said Sullivan, buttoning it under his coat, "much less can I accept it from a stranger, as a tribute of feeling."—With a slight bow, he was leaving the shop, when the man of business called him back—laid five guineas upon the counter—sent the despised poetry to his printer—and, in somewhat less than a month, cleared one hundred and fifty pounds by it!

Mary being treated, during her enforced journey, with every possible care and tenderness, was, on her arrival in London, placed under the protection of her mother, and now first learnt that her betrayer, the man who had so cruelly separated her from Sullivan, was her step-father, Lord Skipton. That his appearance in Cornwall had no reference whatever to herself; but hearing the name of O'Sullivan pronounced by Mrs. Orion, in the height of her alarm for Mary's life, it naturally induced a recollection of persons of whom his lady had so frequently spoken, and circumstances she never reverted to without the most violent agitation.

We shall not dwell upon the reasons which actuate zealous Catholics, to do what is in itself wrong, to forward their views; but briefly say, that Lady Skipton, finding her Lord a man of strict honour and integrity, and that he could never be brought to countenance the separation of Mary from her husband,



affirmed, that she was living in a state of concubinage, and that both her temporal and eternal good required her separation from the heretic Sullivan.

That any parent, especially a mother, should thus traduce her offspring—couple her fair fame with crime—and subject her to the shame of a supposed illicit intercourse—appears most unnatural and improbable; but what will not bigotry attempt, to accomplish its ends? And as his Lordship, through delicacy, avoided the subject of her late connexion, during the journey, he took for granted—indeed how could he do otherwise—whatever his Lady, with such apparent agony and plausibility, related.

Mary had scarcely recovered the fatigue of travelling when her persecutions commenced. For the first time, her Ladyship seriously regretted the absence of Father M<sup>c</sup>Quirk, since he would not only have seconded her endeavours respecting Mary, individually, but as the abode of Sullivan was ascertained, would forever have silenced his claims by the most dreadful and iniquitous proceedings.

Lord Skipton, early in their acquaintance, discovered in the priest those qualities which rendered him, to a person of liberal and generous feelings, an ineligible inmate, and made his dismissal one of the provisions of their marriage. Since when, no tidings had been heard of him.

Mary, in answer to her mother's arguments for a separation from her husband, brought forward her pregnancy, as an incontrovertible plea for the firmness with which she opposed every proposal that tended to a disunion. But this discovery, far from softening her mother, filled her with hopes, that through the medium of the child, she should be able to effect her wishes. Full of this new plan, she treated Mary—setting aside seclusion—with her accustomed kindness, not giving a hint of her designs until the period of her confinement drew nigh; When the truth burst upon her affrighted senses with a shock her frame scarcely sustained.

“Submit to a final separation from my husband, or be deprived of my child!” she repeated, when the first ebullition of her grief had subsided; “surely, madam, you are only trying the strength of my attachment. You can never seriously intend finally to part the wife from her husband—the mother from her child!”

This appeal to the lady’s feelings, produced much sophistical and idle rant; in which heretic, apostate, and never ending misery, were plentifully introduced. But as Mary had, in some measure, conquered her early prejudices, and extended the pale of salvation, it lost its effect. The threatened separation however, remained in full force, and well she knew her mother’s inflexibility, when any favourite point was to be carried.

“Oh Sullivan, my husband, where art thou now?” she exclaimed when left to brood over her miseries. “Could I trace thy wandering steps, some means might surely be found to leave this abode of tyranny and persecution; and no dread of poverty—no selfish fears should keep me from thee.”

Although confined to her apartment, no source of salutary comfort was withheld; and as reading had always been her favourite occupation, it now became doubly attractive, since no other employment had equal power to draw her ideas from self.

Amongst other things, the daily papers, of which Lord Skipton took several, were regularly sent to her apartment, and these she closely examined with a vague hope of finding the name she most loved some where introduced. Weeks and months however elapsed, and nothing appeared that could even remotely lead to Sullivan. At length, when hope had become nearly extinct, a volume of poems was advertised “by Silvester Sullivan.” Eagerly she devoured the intelligence, but alas! what comfort did it communicate? Her husband was most probably in London; but that was negative consolation, since no art or ingenuity she possessed could find him out.

As she still kept her eyes fixed upon the advertisement, the name of the publisher caught her attention, and by his means, could she get a note delivered, the abode of the author she hoped might be discovered.

Elated beyond measure, she finished and sealed her note, ere she had decided how to send it. The servants were all English, of course strangers to her, except Lady Skipton's maid, and the old butler, who lived in the family when she was born. The former she knew was too much devoted to her lady, and her religion, to serve her on the present occasion: but good old Murphy had welcomed her home with tears, and assured her of his firm and honest attachment.

The only difficulty lay in getting to the speech of him—for she knew him to be divested in a great measure of those prejudices inimical to her interest—and this puzzled her during the day, and the ensuing night.

At length a thought occurred. Murphy had a good mechanical genius, and often amused himself by making little ornamental articles. The first thing he produced, and that many years ago, was a small mahogany writing desk, opened by an invention of his own, and this he begged he might have the honour of presenting to his young lady. Of this desk, he had himself taken charge when the family left Dublin, and it now made part of the furniture of Mary's dressing room.

When her mother's attendant entered with the morning repast, Mary mentioned the dilemma she was in from having spoiled the spring of her writing box, and requested her lady would allow Murphy to come and look at it. This being complied with, Sullivan's wife, as briefly as possible made known her difficulties, and the means he had of affording her relief. When she had finished the history of her persecutions, the good old man crossed himself, and piously ejaculated, those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder. I am bound to honour my lady as

my superior, and my mistress ; but, sure I am under no obligation to abstain from my duty to my dear deceased master's child. Write your letter, my darling, and I'll be the post-man, and bring you an answer, never fear."

Honest Murphy took away the desk, to secure his re-admission, and, as he left her apartment, her heart seemed lightened of half its load. In less than two hours, he again entered her dressing room, but alas ! he was the harbinger of nothing good. Sullivan's residence was not known to the bookseller ; "but seeing me so anxious," added Murphy, "he promised if Mr. O'Sullivan called again, to procure his address."

"If he called again," said Mary, despondingly, "then he does not expect him, and probably my hopes will never be realised. Did you ask how he looked—whether he appeared in health?" "There again, my dear lady, I am the bearer of melancholy news. The man said that his appearance was wretched, and that he had but just recovered from a dangerous illness." "Good God !" said Mary, "Sullivan sick, and in poverty, and I not present to comfort and support him ! Oh mother ! what have you not to answer for?"

"Take comfort my lady ;" said the sympathising butler, "and fear not but we shall find him. Not a day shall pass over my head without calling at the shop, and something tells me, that I shall yet be the bearer of good news."

Mary thanked and dismissed the kind hearted old man, and being left alone, gave way to the most pungent sorrow. To her mother this excess of grief was no cause of surprise, since the time of her confinement was at hand, and within a month of that period, the heart-rending decision of parting for ever from her husband, or her child, was to be made.

A week passed without intelligence from Murphy, and on the eighth day she was delivered of a son, whom she strained to her beating bosom with all a

mother's fondness—and more than ever regretted the absence of her husband. His presence would have transformed her sick chamber into Elysium, and under his protecting care, no fears for her child would have found entrance into her breast; but exposed to the unrelenting severity of a bigoted and unfeeling parent, her worst apprehensions would be realised.

Sometimes she determined to appeal to Lord Skipton; but his lady had painted his character in colours so terrific—so different from that her fancy had formed during their short intercourse—that she unavoidably added hypocrisy to his other faults, and from that she turned with disgust; since dissimulation was, to her upright mind, more hateful than many evils which bear the more glaring stamp of crime, and are punished accordingly.

To Mary's no small mortification, she was pronounced by her surgeon, unable to supply her baby with its natural and most nourishing food; and any declaration made by herself to the contrary, was treated as childish ignorance and presumption. In fact, it was decided before the infant's birth, that this mode of proceeding would facilitate the plan of separating the mother and child; for to give up her husband, she had repeatedly declared, no power on earth should force her.

Nearly a month had already elapsed, since her accouchement, when the nurse delivered her a letter. With trembling fingers she tore it open, and read as follows.

“My dear young lady,

“I have faithfully fulfilled my promise, but as yet can gain no tidings of Mr. O'Sullivan; and from what I can gather, your child is to be torn from your arms in two days at furthest. To counteract plans which I am sure are unnatural and inconsistent with religion, I have taken a lodging, and am determined to aid your escape. This evening my lord and lady will be engaged at a ball in the neighbourhood—I



have made it the nurse's interest not to betray me—the porter I can easily dispose of—and at twelve o'clock I will give three knocks upon your dressing-room door. Be ready—speak not a word—and depend upon the duty and affection of

“Your old and faithful servant,

“DENNIS MURPHY.”

Mary pressed her child to her bosom, and addressing a grateful prayer to the Author of her existence, besought his further aid and support.

At the time appointed, the expected signal was given. Mary delivered her babe and a small trunk to the care of Murphy, and following with cautious steps, soon found herself on the outside of her mother's inhospitable door. A hackney coach waited at the end of the square, which quickly set her down at a comfortable and commodious lodging, where the good man had considerably ordered every thing to be prepared, that her situation or health might require.

It was now for the first time that Mary pressed her child with confidence—she now first felt the comfort of being a mother—since now only she was assured, that her blessing would not be torn from her. Peace and resignation sat upon her brow; and a foreboding of future happiness with her beloved Sullivan, gave to her heart the first sensation of joy it had experienced since their separation. To confirm her happiness, Murphy called the following morning with Sullivan's address; but advised her to postpone her departure until the evening, when he would bring a coach, and should be at leisure to attend her.

This arrangement she unwillingly submitted to; but the old man's presence would be a protection, and to that she yielded.

The day passed in all the agitation of impatience, but Murphy came not. Every coach that approached, filled her bosom with expectation; but when her watch told twelve, hope for that day was at an end.

At early dawn, she and her child were both equipped, and seated at the window ; and when the servant brought the morning repast, not a morsel could she swallow. The baby too, seemed to partake of her uneasiness ; it was restless, peevish, and relished not the victuals, though nicely prepared by a mother's hand.

Evening again approached, but Murphy neither came nor sent. What could detain him? " Alas !" said Mary, " the old man's feelings are blunted by age—mine are youthful and buoyant, and can no longer submit to controul. Having decided upon immediate departure, she rose to order a coach, when it first occurred that she was without the means of paying for it. This had been the first call for money she had experienced, and bitterly she felt the want of it. To borrow she had not been accustomed, neither could she submit to the exposure it would necessarily occasion.

In this dilemma she rang for the servant, and enquired the distance to Fulwood's Rents. Being informed it did not exceed a mile, her courage rose, and she determined to explore the retreat of her husband on foot. It was yet scarcely six o'clock, and allowing for weakness, and the delay occasioned by enquiry, an hour would bring her to him. Her infant cried himself to sleep : so folding him carefully in her mantle, and leaving a message for Murphy, she found herself, for the first time in her life, alone in the public streets. Timidly and slowly she pursued her way, according to the direction of the servant, who recommended a further enquiry at a given place. But whether in her impatience to depart, she had mistaken her instructions—or whether the girl pretended to more knowledge than she possessed—cannot now be ascertained ; assuredly, however, our poor wanderer traversed several streets without arriving at the place so particularly pointed out ; and when she enquired how far it was to Fulwood's Rents, she found, to her no small mortifica-

tion, that she was steering in a direction quite contrary, and that the desired haven was at least two miles off.

Again she listened to the road it would be proper to pursue ; but faint for want of nourishment—having tasted nothing that day but one cup of coffee—and fatigued with carrying an unaccustomed burthen—she sat down upon a step, and laying her still sleeping infant in her lap, rested her weary limbs. Here she remained unmolested for about half an hour, when a drizzling rain coming on, and a neighbouring clock striking seven, she conceived it high time to proceed. Her child, too, began to cry for that nourishment sleep prevented its taking before she set forth, and by her endeavours to soothe it, her progress was greatly retarded. To make sure of not again going astray, she carefully enquired at the end of every street ; and notwithstanding the increasing rain, and a boisterous wind, which blew it full in her face, continued her course with unrelaxing perseverance.

At length her drenched mantle added another inconvenience, to those her weak frame was before unable to contend against ; and seeing several people sheltering in a covered alley, she too entered, but had soon cause to repent her temerity. Three young men followed her almost instantly, and in such haste, that they ran against, and nearly upset her. The cries of her child by this rude attack, increased to a scream—the rudest of her assailants cursed the squalling brat—whilst another, endeavouring to draw aside her veil, called her his pretty dear, and hoped she was not married.

The rain and the wind—the exhaustion of her frame—all were forgotten in the company of these unmannered savages ; and she was endeavouring to squeeze herself past them, when the one who had been hitherto silent seized her hand, and enquired in a low voice if he might attend her home. A convulsive sob was the only answer—her sinews relaxed—she dropped her child—and before he could repeat his

impertinence, fell lifeless into his arms. A female immediately snatched up the baby, and recommended carrying the mother into an adjoining shop. There every attention was shewn to her, and in a short time she recovered to a sense of her forlorn situation. But the rain continuing with unabated violence, she was intreated to remain, or if that proved inconvenient, to take a coach, both for her own sake and the infant's.

She sighed as her inability to follow this salutary advice arose in her mind; but attributed her not profiting by it, to the shortness of her remaining walk, at the same time thankfully accepting the protection and shelter the shop afforded. One of the women endeavoured to soothe the restless uneasiness of the child, whilst the other offered something in the way of general conversation; but both failed in their good natured intentions. The former could only be quieted by food, of which there was none at hand, and Mary's thoughts were too intently fixed on Sullivan, and the walk that yet intervened before she could reach him, to attend to minor concerns.

At length the females commenced preparations for closing their shop, which they always did at nine o'clock, their habitation lying at some distance. Of this they civilly informed her, at the same time observing, that if her road lay in the same direction, they should be happy to accompany her. Mentioning her destination, it proved unfortunately that their route was different; so wishing her safe, they parted.

It was at least half after nine when she lost sight of her well meaning companions, for they had lingered as much for her sake as their own; and still the rain continued—still her baby cried—and her limbs were become stiff and painful from sitting in wet clothes. Exercise, she conceived, would prove the best restorative, so setting forward at as brisk a pace as she was able, and making constant enquiries, the distance lessened apace. At length she understood two turnings—one to the right, the other to the left

--would bring her to Fulwood's Rents ; and she was congratulating herself upon having escaped insult--save the impertinence of the men in the entry--when a drunken ruffian reeled up to her, and invited her to take a glass of gin at the next public house, adding "come my dear, I'll carry your child."

As he offered to take it from her, she screamed ; and giving him a push, he measured his length on the ground. At that moment, another man seeing what passed, crossed the street, when the prostrate wretch accused Mary of a design to rob him, and begged the stranger's assistance in conveying her to the watch-house.

The poor wanderer's distress was now arrived at a climax ; and without considering how unable she was to escape from her supposed enemies by flight, she took to her heels, calling at the same time upon Sullivan to save her. The name--the voice in which it was uttered--had a magical effect upon the last comer ; he rushed forward--caught her in his arms--and called her his Mary--his own--his worshipped Mary Sullivan.

The reader recollects what passed at Shore's, respecting the death of Mary's child, and her being conveyed thence by a portly lady with one eye. This lady he knows to be Mary's mother, and the person we have formerly called "little Esop," her father-in-law, Lord Skipton. His Lordship being accidentally at Bow-street during Sullivan's examination, was not only able to inform his lady of Mary's retreat, but learnt the professional pursuits of Romney, a knowledge of which so greatly surprised him at the picture shop in Holborn.

Lord Skipton was a good man in the strictest sense of the word, but very eccentric. His principal pursuits were mental, and he looked upon oratory as the first of human perfections. To gratify this treat of intellect, he frequented every place where it was practised. At the courts of law--in the houses of parliament--he was a constant listener, and was frequent-



ly seen with a book and pencil, marking any particular beauty either of imagination or sound doctrine. Even the debating societies were honoured with his presence, and where any preacher of celebrity officiated, there he was found also.

Another of his singularities consisted in concealing his rank, and throwing an air of mystery around him. This has been sufficiently developed during the reader's first acquaintance with him, and probably originated in the uncouthness of his figure—at any rate, this deformity added *character* to the eccentricity he delighted in, and promoted his views in many instances.

Mary entered the house of Lord Skipton, more dead than alive. The loss of her child weighed heavily on her mind, and to be again torn from her husband, was an aggravation that rendered life of little value. “Oh! why wert thou absent my Sullivan?” she exclaimed when solitude once more pervaded her apartment; “thy presence would have strengthened my too feeble mind, and enabled it to resist the tyrannous proceedings of a parent—proceedings calculated to render an only daughter miserable, and unless supported by the strong arm of Omnipotence, drive her to despair.”

Much as she wished to know the reason of Murphy's failing in his self appointed duty, she feared by naming him to excite, or perhaps confirm suspicions already formed; and this, since his further aid might be necessary, would be the height of imprudence. She was not, however, left long in suspense. His old fellow servant, Mrs. Bindon, informed her that the poor man was brought home in a fit, within an hour, as it should seem, after he left her lodgings, and was still confined to his bed.

Thus she seemed bereft of her last hope, and feelingly deplored the honest creature's calamity. Not another person durst she trust even with the conveyance of a letter, and of Sullivan's feelings when he found himself again deserted, she was fully aware.

All her hopes rested on the certainty of his knowing the person of her mother when described, as she doubtless would be by Shore. This would fully convince him of Lord Skipton's residence in London, and the house of a person of his consequence would be readily ascertained. But taking this for granted, what comfort would follow? 'Tis true Lady Skipton had acted in open violation of the laws, but against power what could poverty achieve?

She was buried in these reflections when Bindon again entered, and respectfully requested her keys, adding, "I am ordered, madam, to fill your trunk with your most useful wearing apparel." Mary's looks expressed surprise; but feeling the impropriety of arraigning her mother's conduct to a domestic, she silently observed her proceedings, and wondered where her persecutions would end.

That an absence of some duration was projected, there remained not a doubt, from a quantity of linen and other articles selected; and then it first occurred, that France was to be her destination, and a convent her safeguard. Were it indeed so, she should never again behold her husband, and without him, existence would lose every charm.

To circumvent her mother's—and doubtless Lord Skipton's plans, she knew would be impossible whilst under their roof, and no Murphy to assist her; but probably during the journey some scheme might be formed to elude their vigilance; and that she might not be entirely unprepared for such opportunity, she collected all her most valuable trinkets—money, alas! she had none—and provided herself with a change of linen, by adding a second of every thing to the one she then wore. This novel expedient marvellously increased the bulk of her naturally slim figure; but as Lady Skipton would not suspect, she would probably overlook it.

Without expressing surprise, or shewing repugnance, which would, she knew, avail nothing with a person of her mother's inflexibility, she entered the

travelling carriage, and sunk into a reverie Lady Skipton seemed not disposed to interrupt. In this silent manner they passed the suburbs of the metropolis, but in what direction Mary's ignorance of the geography of London prevented her knowing.

Twice they changed horses without alighting, and had arrived at the third stage, when her Ladyship left the carriage, and giving her hand to her daughter, entered the house. A slight repast was quickly served; but as Mary declined taking more than a biscuit, she paced the room whilst her mother satisfied the cravings of appetite.

Passing the window, her attention was attracted by several coaches, some receiving, others discharging their passengers. The towns through which the different stages passed, so glaringly painted on the pannels, next caught her eye; but the names were all strange, except Brighton, and this, as connected with the pleasures and amusements of fashionable people, she had frequently heard of.

At this moment a gentleman's carriage, superbly attended, drew up; but ere the company could alight, the waiter entered to say their own was ready.

Mary, sighing to think how far each hour removed her from her beloved Sullivan, slowly followed her mother; when at the door a stranger seized her ladyship's hand, and in a tone of joyful surprise congratulated himself on the fortunate rencontre. "We are on the wing for Brighton," he added, "and I hope your Ladyship is destined to the same part."

As he spoke, he drew her gently from the crowd, when Mary saw one of the coaches ready to set off. Eagerly she looked around—her mother's back was towards her—and taking advantage of one moment of negligence—she sprung towards the half closed door—flung herself into the only vacant seat—and covering her face with her handkerchief, relieved her agitated and bewildered mind, by a copious flood of tears.

Meanwhile the coach proceeded on its way, and

left Lady Skipton lost in wonder, and distracted with passion. To all her enquiries, describing the young Lady, no one could give an answer the least satisfactory. The crowd about the Inn was at the moment so great, that a much more remarkable personage than Mary would have passed unnoticed; and as her mother had not the slightest notion of the manner of her escape, no reference whatever was made to the coach passengers.

We shall leave Lady Skipton to regret her own momentary neglect, and follow our poor wanderer, who silently listened to the observations of her fellow travellers, on the more than ordinary grief, a separation from friends, as they supposed, had caused. "If the truth were known, Miss has parted from her sweetheart," observed a fat citizen on her left. An old Lady opposite, "well remembered the time," she said, "when her feelings were equally acute; but time," she added, "brings about strange revolutions in the human mind."

"Very true Ma'am," replied the citizen, "revolutions as strange and unwished for in the mind, as in the countenance. Why you, I dare say, in your time were reckoned a middling good looking body; but now——"

"Well Sir, what now?" enquired the old Lady, bridling.

"Nay, nothing. Ladies I know are sore upon these subjects, therefore the less that's said the better."

"How far are we from Brighton?" enquired Mary's right hand neighbour, who had been paring and polishing his nails for the last half hour. Being told the distance, he continued, "we shall be very gay I fancy, now his royal highness is down."

"We!" said the wit from the city, "you then are one of the Prince's pot companions I suppose."

The former speaker eyed him with a look of disdain—had again recourse to his nails—and spoke not a word more during the journey.

"The roads are insufferably dusty!" exclaimed a milliner with a large band box on her knee, at the same time covering it carefully with her handkerchief.

"That's right; take care of your frippery," said the general answerer. "That box I'll hold a wager contains something very spruce, or you would not dandle it on your knee all the way from London to Brighton. A man trap, I'll be sworn; come, let me see it that I may know how to avoid the danger."

"The maiden must be in a state of desperation indeed," replied the milliner, "who would set traps to catch such animals as you." "Bravo!" cried the cit in a tone of admiration, "I thought I should get an answer at last. By the Lord Harry, Madam, I like your spirit; and to convince you of it, will carry your gimcracks the remainder of the journey."

So saying, he took the box, and looking at the direction read aloud "Lady Skipton."

Mary, not observing the circumstance which called forth her mother's name, exclaimed, looking wildly out of the window "where—O where is Lady Skipton?"

"Her Ladyship is I suppose by this time at Brighton on her road to France," replied the communicative retailer of mode, "you are probably the young person she mentioned as the companion of her voyage, and need not fear meeting with the peeress at the end of your journey."

"And the finery contained in this box," said the voluble citizen, "is meant I suppose to strike French women dumb with wonder at the superiority of English taste."

"The articles," said the milliner, "are rather useful than elegant, and ordered in such a hurry, that my young people sat up all last night to finish them. Lady Skipton is a good customer, and such we make a point to oblige. Witness—my troubling myself with that box."

Mary no sooner perceived her mistake had called forth general attention, than she again retired be-



neath the cover of a thick veil, and heard her worst fears verified by the loquacious milliner. It was then she devoutly thanked God, who had presented the means, and given her courage to escape alone, and unfriended. Still her fears were very active. If Lady Skipton guessed, ever so remotely, at the means she had made use of, no idea of fatigue or trouble she knew would prevent a pursuit, and the sound of approaching wheels filled her with fears almost beyond endurance.

At length the coach was stopped by a voice, her apprehensive imagination thought could belong to no other than her mother's male attendant; and hearing a parley, certainly relating to the inside passengers; distress and terror took such firm possession of her mind that she fainted. Unfortunately, none of the company possessed the means usually applied on these occasions; at length a deaf old man, whom infirmity had kept silent, produced his snuff box, and declared a good pinch of right Scotch would bring her about, sooner than all the smelling bottles that ever were invented.

His favorite panacea however proved unavailing; and the coachman being asked if water could any where be procured, replied in the negative; but added "in five minutes we shall come to a public house, where a glass of right cognac will settle the business in a minute.

Thus it is:—what we like, that we recommend; but whether brandy would have been more efficacious than snuff, yet remains a mystery, as far as concerns Mary, since it was never tried. Her fit neither yielding to water nor volatiles, a surgeon who happened accidentally to be on the spot, ordered her to be conveyed to a room, and declared her unfit to proceed. It then first appeared that the young lady's fare was unpaid. This the landlady, seeing the fashionable elegance with which her guest was habited, cheerfully disbursed; and thus Mary found herself

on her recovery amongst strangers in an unknown place.

For several days a nervous lassitude confined her to the house, during which the Brighton surgeon called twice in the course of his diurnal visits, and the landlady made a discovery that diminished not her attention to the fair invalid. This discovery respected Mary's religious tenets. Mrs. Bull's was a catholic family, and to find her lodger of the same persuasion, added in her eyes proofs incontrovertible of her respectability, and made ample amends for what at first puzzled her—namely—her want of luggage.

After some preparatory discourse, the conscientious hostess begged leave to introduce the domestic confessor of a neighbouring family; adding, “the gentry at the abbey are the best people in the world, and would, were they at home, be glad to shew you every attention. The family will, I understand, return in a few days, meantime the pious priest will be a great comfort to you.”

Mary joyfully embraced the proposal; but judge reader of her astonishment, when the bloated figure presented to her view Father M·Quirk!

She started, and was almost retreating from his approach; when with humility he well knew how to assume, and surprise he strove not to suppress, he exclaimed, “Do I indeed behold the beloved offspring of my patroness? How and where is the dear good lady, and your worthy brother?” Mary having somewhat ambiguously answered this, as she thought, insincere effusion, he continued, “I am sorry, unfeignedly sorry, to hear you have been indisposed, daughter. But the blessed virgin has supported you, and will continue her holy protection. Be assured my prayers shall not be wanting, either for your spiritual or temporal happiness. How is the exalted personage, whom my lady your mother so greatly honoured with her hand?”

“He was well when I left town father, but——”

“But what daughter? Open your mind freely my dear child, for believe me, I am your entire friend. Formerly you had your doubts on that head, because I opposed your marriage with a person too fascinating, not to be dangerous; but believe me, my mind has undergone a revolution; and since what is passed cannot be concealed, I am disposed to mediate, if that be necessary, between Lady Skipton and Mrs. O’Sullivan.”

Mary fully persuaded that he now spoke the words of truth, and standing greatly in need of a counsellor, frankly informed him of her situation, and her wish to retire to some private dwelling, until she could hear from Sullivan, to whom she intended writing that day.

The priest with difficulty disguised his feelings during this narrative. Though he pretended to sympathise in her sufferings, his heart in reality swelled with the most rancorous passions; and conceiving something to his advantage might accrue from her unreserved communication, he was in haste to form and digest his plans. Before he bestowed his benediction, however, he advised a continuance in her present abode; first, because the people were good and pious members of the only true church; and again, since she would be under his own immediate and paternal protection.

From Mary’s apartment, he adjourned to a private one belonging to the hostess. In this room he had heretofore been accustomed to exchange spiritual for temporal comfort; but now religion was as little noticed, as the excellent viands and luscious cordials so liberally produced. Matters of moment to his worldly interest were alone discussed, and the good woman, yielding entire obedience to her ghostly pastor, promised in every thing to obey his orders.

After premising this, we shall not be surprised if Mary’s letter, written with all the feeling and pathos the subject suggested, never reached Sullivan; nor

wonder at the unexpected appearance of Lord and Lady Skipton.

But to account for Mary's rash attempt at suicide, we should observe, that the copy of a letter without signature, but written in the priest's hand, and addressed to Lady Skipton, was accidentally dropped in her apartment by this diabolical hypocrite, in which his former plans respecting herself and Sullivan were perseveringly recommended; with the additional assurance, that now they could not fail, since he had Mary completely in his power, and only waited her ladyship's arrival; and that the apostate wretch who had already given them so much trouble, was ascertained to be poor and friendless, and his residence so particularly pointed out by the direction of his wife's letter, that he could not again elude their vigilance.

This infernal scroll decided Mary's fate, as far as related to her own will, in this world. But a merciful Being, who distinguishes between error and guilt, sent relief in the time of need, and graciously preserved her, as a monument of his especial care.

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